



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

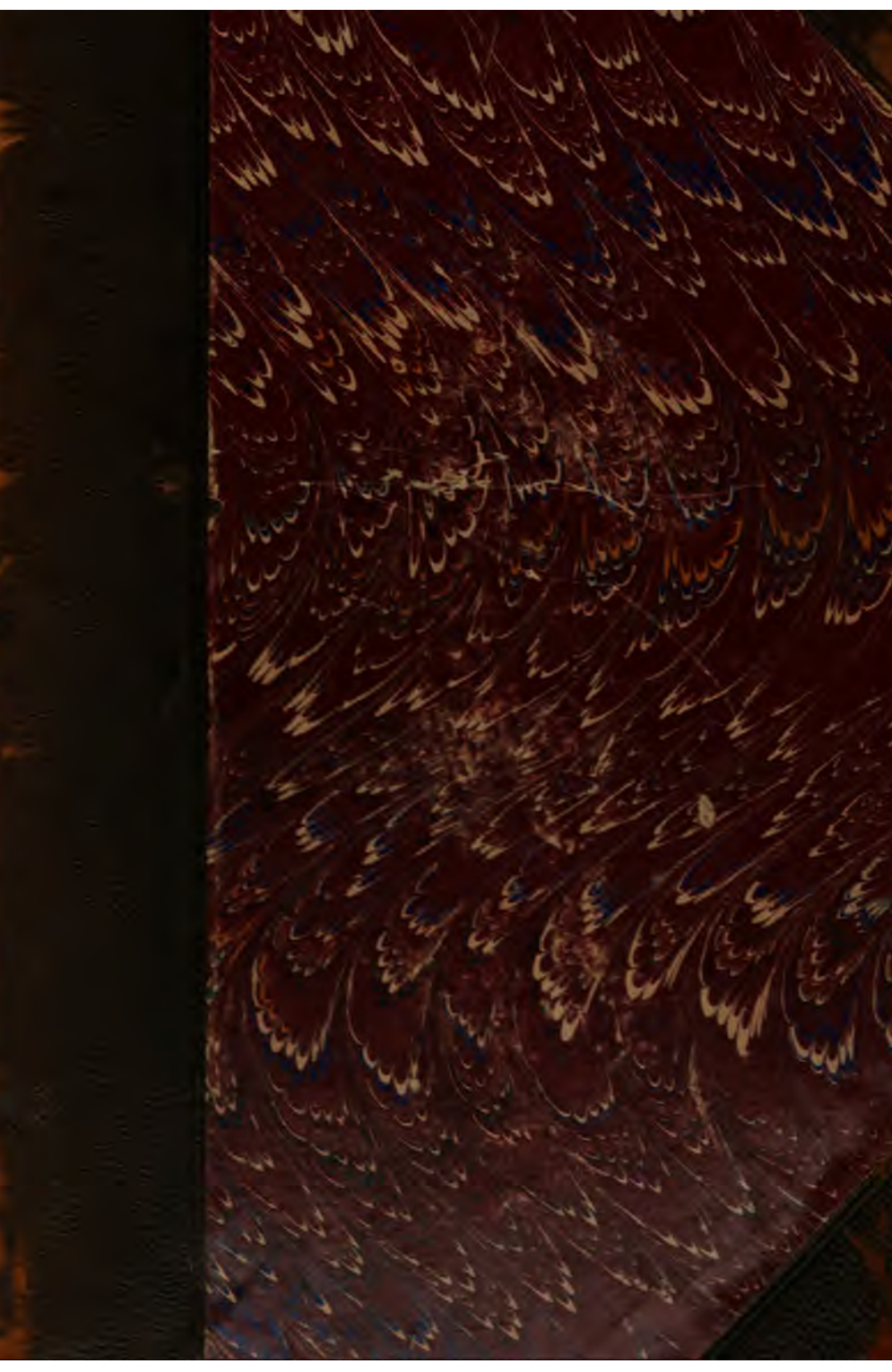
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

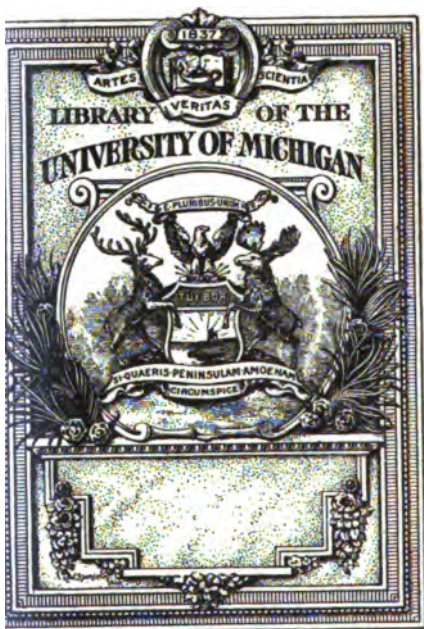
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





A
3
E



THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW
OR
CRITICAL JOURNAL.

FOR
JULY, 1844 OCTOBER, 1844.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

VOL. LXXX.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND HUGHES,
FOR LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS, LONDON;
AND ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK, EDINBURGH.

1844.



CONTENTS OF NO. CLXI.

	Page
ART. I. George Selwyn and his Contemporaries ; with Memoirs and Notes. By John Heneage Jesse,	1
II. The High'lands of Æthiopia described, during Eighteen Months' residence of a British Embassy at the Christian Court of Shoa. By Major W. Cornwallis Harris, of the Hon. E. I. Company's Engineers. (Second Edition.)	43
III. 1. Abstract of the Answers and Returns made pursuant to Acts 3 and 4 Vict. c. 99, and 4 Vict. c. 7, intituled, respectively, an Act for taking an Account of the Population of Great Britain ; and an Act to amend the Acts of the last Session for taking an Account of the Population. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1843.	
2. First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Annual Reports of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843,	67
IV. Mémoires Authentiques de Jacques Nompar de Caumont, Duc de la Force, Maréchal de France ; et de ses deux fils, les Marquis de Montpouillan et de Castelnaut : suivis de Documents Historiques, et de Correspondances Inédites de Henri III., Henri IV., Catharine de Bourbon, Louis XIII., Marie de Medicis, Condé, Sully, Villeroy, Pontchartrain, Bouillon, Biron, Montespan, Du Plessis Mornay, Schomberg, Chatillon, D'Effiat, Fouquières, Richelieu, Servien, Des Noyers, et autres personages célèbres, depuis la Saint Barthelemy jusqu'à la Fronde. Publiés, mis en ordre, et précédés d'une Introduction, par M. le Marquis de la Grange,	104

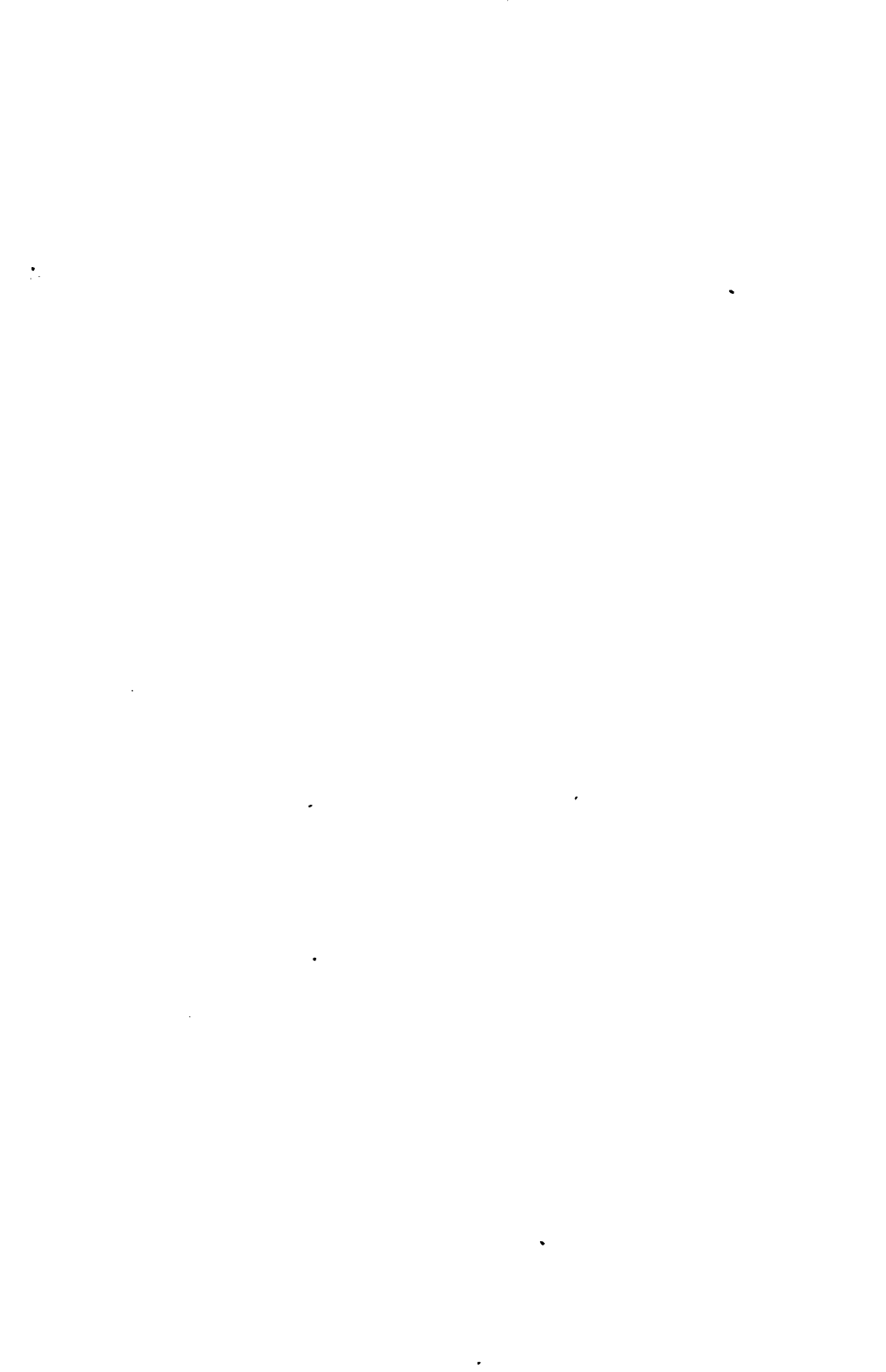
	Pa
ART. V. Travels through the Alps of Savoy, and other parts of the Pennine Chain; with Observations on the Phenomena of Glaciers. By James D. Forbes, F.R.S. Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, ...	1
VI. The Martyrs of Science; or, the Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler. By Sir David Brewster, K.H. D.C.L.	10
VII. Ellen Middleton. A Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton, ...	11
VIII. Memoirs of extraordinary Popular Delusions. By Charles Mackay, ...	20
IX. 1. The Life of Isaac Milner, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Carlisle, President of Queen's College, and Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge; comprising a portion of his Correspondence and other Writings, hitherto unpublished. By his Niece, Mary Milner.	
2. Memoir of the Life and Correspondence of John Lord Teignmouth. By his Son, Lord Teignmouth, ...	23

CONTENTS OF NO. CLXII.

	Page
ART. I. 1. Narrative of Events connected with the publication of the 'Tracts for the Times,' with Reflections on existing Tendencies to Romanism, and on the present Duties and Prospects of Members of the Church. By the Rev. William Palmer, M.A.	
2. The Holy Eucharist a Comfort to the Penitent. A Sermon preached before the University, in the Cathedral Church of Christ, in Oxford, on the Fourth Sunday after Easter. By the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew.	
3. Dr Pusey and the University of Oxford: A Letter to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford. By the Rev. J. Garbett, M.A.	
4. Some Remarks on the Sermon of the Rev. Dr Pusey, lately preached and published at Oxford. By Samuel Lee, D.D. Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge.	
5. An Essay on the Miracles Recorded in the Ecclesiastical History of the Early Ages. By John Henry Newman, B.D.	
6. <i>Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda, de rebus gestis Samsonis, Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi. Nunc primum typis mandata, curante Johanne Gage Rokewode. (Monastic and Social Life in the Twelfth Century, as exemplified in the Chronicles of Jocelin of Brakelond. Translated, with Notes, and an Introduction.)</i> By J. E. Tomlins, Esq.	

	Page
ART. I. 7. The Lives of the English Saints.—1. The Life of St Stephen, Abbot, Founder of the Cistercian Order.—2. The Family of St Richard the Saxon.—3. St Augustine of Canterbury.	
8. Ancient Christianity, and the Doctrines of the Oxford 'Tracts for the Times.' (Supplement, Part 9.)	
9. The Ideal of a Christian Church, considered in comparison with existing Practice; containing a Defence of certain Articles in the 'British Critic,' in Reply to Remarks in Mr Palmer's Narrative. By the Rev. W. G. Ward, M.A., Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford.	
10. A Charge to the Clergy of Dublin and Glandelagh, delivered in June 1843. By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. To which is appended a Petition to the House of Lords, praying for a Church Government,	309
II. The Life, Voyages, and Exploits of Admiral Sir Francis Drake, Knight. By John Barrow, Esq.,	376
III. Erpétologie Générale, ou Histoire Naturelle complète des Reptiles. Par A. M. C. Dumeril, Membre de l'Institut, et G. Bibron, Aide Naturaliste au Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle,	407
IV. On the Nature of Thunderstorms, and on the Means of Protecting Buildings and Shipping against the Destructive Effects of Lightning. By W. Snow Harris, F.R.S.,	444
V. 1. Speeches delivered in the House of Commons by the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, on the Renewal of the Bank Charter.	
2. Speech of Lord Monteagle in the House of Lords on the Import Duties, 13th June 1844.	
3. Speech of Viscount Howick on the Corn Laws, 25th June 1844.	
4. Speech of Viscount Palmerston on the Slave Trade, 16th July 1844,	474

	Page
ART. VI. Coningsby; or, the New Generation. By B. D'Israeli, M.P.	
2. Historic Fancies. By the Hon. George Sydney Smythe, M.P.	
3. England's Trust, and other Poems. By Lord John Manners, M.P.	517
VII. 1. Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.	
2. Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann,	526
Note,	596
Errata,	ib.
Index,	597



THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JULY, 1844.

N^o. CLXI.

ART. I.—*George Selwyn and his Contemporaries ; with Memoirs and Notes.* By JOHN HENEAGE JESSE. 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1843–4.

THERE is a charm in the bare title of this book. It is an *open sesame* to a world of pleasant things. As at the ringing of the manager's bell, the curtain rises, and discovers a brilliant *tableau* of wits, beauties, statesmen, and men of pleasure about town, attired in the quaint costume of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers ; or, better still, we feel as if we had obtained the reverse of Bentham's wish—to live a part of his life at the end of the *next* hundred years—by being permitted to live a part of ours about the beginning of the *last*, with an advantage he never stipulated for, of spending it with the pleasantest people of the day.

Let us suppose that only twenty-four hours were granted us ; how much might be done or seen within the time ! We take the privilege of long intimacy to drop in upon Selwyn in Chesterfield Street, about half-past ten or eleven in the morning ; we find him in his dressing-gown, playing with his dog Raton :—at twelve we walk down arm-in-arm to White's, where Selwyn's arrival is hailed with a joyous laugh, and Topham Beauclerk

hastens to initiate us into the newest bit of scandal. The day is warm, and a stroll to Betty's fruit-shop (St James's Street) is proposed. Lord March is already there, settling his famous bet with young Mr Pigot, that old Mr Pigot would die before Sir William Codrington. Just as this grave affair is settled, a cry is raised of 'the Gunnings are coming,' and out we all tumble to gaze and criticise. At Brookes's, our next house of call, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams is easily persuaded to entertain the party by reading his verses, not yet printed, on the marriage of Mr Hussey (an Irish gentleman) with the Duchess of Manchester (the best match in the kingdom,) and is made happy by our compliments; but looks rather blank on Rigby's hinting that the author will be obliged to fight half the Irishmen in town, which, considering the turn of the verses, seemed probable enough. To change at once the subject and the scene, we accompany him and Rigby to the House of Commons, where we find 'the Great Commoner' making a furious attack on the Attorney-General (Murray,) who (as Walpole phrases it) suffered for an hour. After hearing an animated reply from Fox (the first Lord Holland,) we rouse Selwyn, who is dozing behind the Treasury Bench, and, wishing to look in upon the Lords, make him introduce us. We find Lord Chesterfield speaking, the Chancellor (Hardwicke) expected to speak next, the Duke of Cumberland just come in, and the Duke of Newcastle shuffling about in a ludicrous state of perturbation, betokening a crisis; but Selwyn grows impatient, and we hurry off to Strawberry Hill, to join the rest of the celebrated *partie quarrée*, or 'out of town' party, who are long ago assembled. The *petit souper* appears on the instant, and as the champagne circulates, there circulates along with it a refined, fastidious, fashionable, anecdotic, gossiping kind of pleasantry, as exhilarating as its sparkle, and as volatile as its froth. We return too late to see Garrick, but time enough for the house-warming fête at Chesterfield house, where the Duke of Hamilton loses a thousand pounds at faro, because he chooses to ogle Elizabeth Gunning instead of attending to his cards.

We shall, perhaps, be reminded that we have seen nothing of Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Johnson, Collins, Akenside, Mason, or Gray; but our gay friends, alas! never once alluded to them, and for *us* to waste any part of so short a period in looking for men of letters, would be to act like the debtor in the Queen's Bench Prison, who, when he got a day rule, invariably spent it in the Fleet.

According to Mr Jesse, we owe this new glimpse into these times to a habit of Selwyn's, which it is difficult to reconcile with

his general carelessness. 'It seems to have been one of his peculiarities, to preserve not only every letter addressed to him during the course of his long life, but also the most trifling notes and unimportant memoranda.' Such was the practice of the most celebrated wit of the eighteenth century; the most celebrated wit of the nineteenth does precisely the reverse. 'Upon principle,' (said the Rev. Sydney Smith, in answer to an application about letters from Sir James Mackintosh,) 'I keep no letters, except those on business. I have not a single letter from him, nor from any human being, in my possession.'* We should certainly prefer being our contemporary's correspondent; but we must confess, that we are not sorry to come in for a share of the benefits accruing from Selwyn's savings to his posterity.

'To this peculiarity,' continues Mr Jesse, 'the reader is indebted for whatever amusement he may derive from the perusal of these volumes. The greater portion of their contents consist of letters addressed to Selwyn by persons who, in their day, moved in the first ranks of wit, genius, and fashion. Independent of their general merit as epistolary compositions, the editor conceives that they will be found in a high degree valuable and entertaining, from the light which they throw on the manners and customs of society in the last age, from their presenting a faithful chronicle of the passing events of the day, and from the mass of amusing gossip and lively anecdote which they contain.'

This is a rather injudicious paragraph. It excites expectations which are not fulfilled. There is very little anecdote—less altogether than will be found in any half dozen consecutive letters of Walpole; and two volumes would contain every thing in the book calculated to throw the faintest light on manners. It is, indeed, precisely of that kind which Bacon says should be read by deputy, *i. e.* through the medium of a Review; for the real meaning of the aphorism—'bad books make good reviews, as bad wine makes good vinegar'—is not, as the profane allege, because critics excel or exult in fault-finding, but because their chief utility consists in collecting scattered beauties, distilling essences, or separating the true metal from the dross. But it would be unjust to call this a bad book; it is certainly one which every possessor of a library should possess; yet it is one in which the quantity of print is out of all proportion to the useful or amusing matter; and the intelligent Editor is

* *Life of Mackintosh*, by his Son, Vol. ii. p. 99.—'We talked of letter-writing. "It is now," said Johnson, "become so much the fashion to publish letters, that, in order to avoid it, I put as little into mine as I can." "Do what you will, sir," replied Boswell, "you cannot avoid it."—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, Vol. viii. p. 80.

evidently conscious of the fact; for on what principle can his singularly liberal mode of annotation be defended, except as compensating for the poverty of the text? The legitimate use of editorial notes is to clear up doubtful allusions, or supply knowledge necessary to the understanding of the work. For example, it might be useful to tell us something about Gilly Williams; but the youngest reader knows enough of Garrick not to be puzzled by the incidental occurrence of his name. Yet we are favoured with a biographical notice of the great actor, occupying ten pages, *apropos* of this solitary line in one of Dr Warner's letters—'The chapter of Garrick (his 'death) is a very melancholy one for poor Harry Hoare and me.' This is book-making with a vengeance! At the same time, this mode of proceeding has answered the main purpose; it has made the book more readable, and may save the indolently curious much trouble, by placing all they can possibly wish to learn, or refer to, within reach. Thus, we find here a careful compilation of most of the scattered notices regarding Selwyn himself; and, with the help of the materials thus collected, we will endeavour, before tapping (to borrow Walpole's word) the chapter of his correspondence, to sketch an outline of his life.

George Augustus Selwyn entered the world with every advantage of birth and connexion; to which that of fortune was added in good time. His father, Colonel John Selwyn, of Matson in Gloucestershire, where the family ranked as one of the best in the county, had been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, commanded a regiment, sat many years in Parliament, and filled various situations about the court. His mother, a daughter of General Farrington, was woman of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline, and enjoyed a high reputation for social humour. As his father was a plain, straightforward, commonplace sort of man, it is fair to presume that he inherited his peculiar talent from her; thus adding another to the many instances of gifted men formed by mothers, or endowed by them with the best and brightest of their qualities. Schiller, Goethe, the Schlegels, Victor Hugo, Canning, Lord Brougham, occur to us on the instant; and Curran said—'The only inheritance 'I could boast of from my poor father, was the very scanty 'one of an unattractive face and person, like his own; and if 'the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable 'than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was that another 'and a dearer parent gave her child a fortune from the treasure 'of her mind.'

Selwyn was born on the 11th August 1719. He was educated at Eton, and on leaving it entered at Hertford College, Oxford.

After a short stay at the university, he started on the grand tour, and on his return, though a second son with an elder brother living, made London and Paris his headquarters, became a member of the clubs, and associated with the wits and men of fashion. Before he had completed his twenty-first year, he was appointed Clerk of the Irons and Surveyor of the Meltings at the Mint; offices usually performed by deputy. At all events, occasional attendance at the weekly dinner formerly provided for this department of the public service, was the only duty they imposed on Selwyn; the very man to act on Colonel Hanger's principle, who, when a friend in power suggested that a particular office, not being a sinecure, would hardly suit him, replied, 'Get me the place, and leave me alone for making it 'a sinecure.' The salary must have been small, for in a letter from Paris, (September 1742,) he says that his entire income, including the allowance made him by his father, was only L.220 a-year; and he appears to have been constantly in distress for money. In a letter to his former Eton tutor, Mr Vincent Matthias, (Paris, November 1742,) he entreats his advice as to the best mode of getting the colonel to advance a small sum over and above his yearly income; and gives a pitiable description of his circumstances, 'without clothes, linen, books, or credit.'

In 1744 Selwyn returned to Hertford College, and resumed the life of a college student;—unaccountably enough, for he was then a formed man of the world, and twenty-five. Probably he had thoughts of pursuing a profession, or, to please his father, pretended that he had. His influential position in the London world at this time, is shown by letters from Rigby and Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

'The Right Hon. Richard Rigby to George Selwyn.

'Tuesday, March 12, (1745,) 7 o'clock.

'Dear George,

'I thank you for your letter, which I have this moment received and read; and, that you may not be surprised at my readiness in answering it, I will begin with telling you the occasion of it. *I am just got home from a cock-match*, where I have won forty pounds in ready money, and, not having dined, am waiting till I hear the rattle of the coaches from the House of Commons, in order to dine at White's; and now I will begin my journal, for in that style I believe my letters will be best received, considering our situations.

'I saw Garrick act Othello that same night, in which I think he was very unmeaningly dressed, and succeeded in no degree of comparison with Quin, except in the scene where Iago gives him the first suspicion of Desdemona. He endeavoured throughout to play and speak every thing directly different from Quin, and failed, I think, in most of his alterations.'

This was the occasion when Quin went to the pit to see his rival act. It was at a time when Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode* was familiar to every one. One of the prints of that series represents a negro boy bringing in the tea-things. When Garrick, with his diminutive figure and blackened face, came forward as Othello, Quin exclaimed, 'Here is Pompey, but where is the 'tray?' The effect was electrical, and Garrick never attempted Othello again. When Dr Griffiths, many years afterwards, thoughtlessly enquired whether he had ever acted the part? 'Sir,' said he, evidently disconcerted, 'I once acted it to my cost.'

Sir Charles writes—

'I hope you divert yourself well at the expense of the whole university, though the object is not worthy you. The dullest fellow in it has parts enough to ridicule it, and you have parts to fly at nobler game.'

By disregarding this sensible hint Selwyn got into a scrape, which, had it happened in our time, would have fixed a lasting stigma on his character. In 1745, he so far forgot himself, in a drunken frolic, as to go through a profane mockery of a religious ceremony; and the circumstance having come to the knowledge of the heads of the University, he was expelled. Most of his gay friends looked on this affair in the same light as Sir William Maynard, who writes thus—

'Walthamstow, July 3, 1745.

'Dear George,

'I have this moment received yours, and have only time to tell you the sooner you come here, the greater the obligation will be to me. *D—n the university!*—*I wish they were both on fire, and one could hear the proctors cry like roasted lobsters.* My compliments to Dr Newton. Yours affectionately,

'W.M.'

Indeed the only palliation or apology, and that a poor one, that can be urged for Selwyn, is to be found in the bad taste and loose habits of his contemporaries. The famous Medenham Abbey club was founded soon afterwards. It consisted of twelve members, who met at Medenham Abbey, near Marlow, to indulge in ribaldry, profanity, and licentiousness. The motto (from Rabelais) over the grand entrance was: *Fay ce que voudrais*. Though the club became notorious, and their disgusting profanity was well known, it proved no bar either to the reception of the members in society, or to their advancement in the state. Sir Francis Dashwood, the founder, who officiated as high priest, became Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty; and Wilkes every thing that the sober citizens of London could make of him.

Selwyn's character at this time is given by one of the Oxford magnates: 'The upper part of the society here, with whom he

‘often converses, have, and always have had, a very good opinion of him. He is certainly not intemperate, nor dissolute, nor does he game that I know or have heard of. He has a good deal of vanity, and loves to be admired and caressed, and so suits himself with great ease to the gravest and the sprightliest.’

Colonel and Mrs Selwyn were, on this occasion, shocked and irritated in the highest degree; but the failing health of his elder brother John contributed to soften them, and procured him an extent of indulgence which would hardly have been granted, had it not become apparent that the family estate and honours must eventually devolve upon him. John Selwyn was the intimate friend of Marshal Conway, to whom, so early as 1740, Walpole writes: ‘I did not hurry myself to answer your last, but chose to write to poor Selwyn upon his illness. He deserves so much love from all that know him, and you owe him so much friendship, that I can scarce conceive a greater shock.’ He did not die till June 1751, when George Selwyn was in his thirty-second year. By this event he became the heir, but the estate was unentailed, and his prospects were still dubious enough to excite the apprehensions of his friends. In November 1751 Sir William Maynard writes—

‘The public papers informed me of your father’s being dangerously ill, which was confirmed to me last post. As you have always convinced me of your love for your father, (though I can’t persuade the world you will be sorry for his death,) I shall be glad to know, if you have one moment’s leisure, how he does, as you are so nearly concerned in his doing well. I can’t help thinking but it will be more for your interest that your father should recover, as I don’t yet imagine you quite established in his good opinion, and as you have so powerful an enemy at home.’

Who his powerful enemy at home was, does not appear. His mother is mentioned in a preceding letter as his advocate; yet one of Walpole’s anecdotes implies that at one time he had forfeited the affection of both parents. The notorious Lady Townshend had taken an extraordinary fancy to the rebel Lord Kilmarnock, whom she had never seen until the day of his trial. ‘George Selwyn dined with her, and not thinking her affliction so serious as she pretends, talked rather jokingly of the execution. She burst into a flood of tears and rage, *told him she now believed all his father and mother had said of him*, and, with a thousand other reproaches, flung up stairs. George coolly took Mrs Dorcas, her woman, and made her sit down to finish the bottle. “And pray, sir,” says Dorcas, “do you think my lady will be prevailed upon to let me go and see the execution? I have a friend that has promised to take care of me, and I can lie in the Tower the night before.”’

His father died in 1751 without tying up the property, which brought with it the power of nominating two members for Ludgershall, and interest enough at Gloucester to ensure his own return for that city. The change of circumstances made little change in his course of life. He had sat in Parliament for the family borough since 1747, when Gilly Williams writes:—‘I congratulate you on the near approach of Parliament, and figure you to myself before a glass at your rehearsals. I must intimate to you not to forget closing your periods with a significant stroke of the breast, and recommend Mr Barry as a pattern, who I think pathetically excels in that beauty.’ Spranger Barry, the actor, is the intended model; but Selwyn was not ambitious of senatorial honours, and when obliged to attend the House, and be in readiness for a division, he used either to withdraw to one of the committee-rooms for conversation, or to fall asleep. He generally sided with the court party, and was well rewarded for his constancy; being at the same time Clerk of the Irons and Surveyor of the Meltings at the Mint, Registrar of the Court of Chancery in Barbadoes, (where he had an estate,) and Paymaster of the Works—described as a very lucrative appointment. It was abolished in 1782 by Burke’s Economical Reform Bill; but in the course of the next year he was made Surveyor-General of the Works by Mr Pitt.

In 1768 he was opposed at Gloucester by a timber-merchant, and the manner in which his friends speak of his opponent is characteristic of the times. Gilly Williams calls him ‘a d—d carpenter;’ and Lord Carlisle asks—

‘Why did you not set his timber-yard a-fire? What can a man mean who has not an idea separated from the foot square of a Norway deal plank, by desiring to be in Parliament? Perhaps, if you could have got any body to have asked him his reasons for such an unnatural attempt, the fact of his being unable to answer what he had never thought about, might have made him desist. But these beasts are monstrously obstinate, and about as well bred as the great dogs they keep in their yards.’

It is currently related that Selwyn did his best to keep Sheridan out of Brookes’s, and was only prevented from black-balling him for the third or fourth time by a trick. According to one version, the Prince of Wales kept Selwyn in conversation at the door till the ballot was over. According to Wraxall’s, he was suddenly called away by a pretended message from his adopted daughter. Some attribute his dislike to aristocratic prejudice; others to party feeling; and Mr Jesse says that it arose in a great degree from Sheridan’s ‘having been one of the party ‘which had deprived Selwyn of a lucrative post’—that of Pay-

master of the Works. Yet Mr Jesse himself states that the black-balling occurred in 1780, and that the place was abolished in 1782. We are uncharitable enough to think that an established wit would feel something like an established beauty at the proposed introduction of a rival, and that a tinge of jealousy might have been the foundation of the dislike.

Selwyn had taken to gaming before his father's death—probably from his first introduction to the clubs. In 1748, Gilly Williams asks—‘What do you intend? I think the almanack bids you take care of colds, and abstain from physic; I say, avoid the knowing ones, and abstain from hazard.’ His stakes were high, though not extravagantly so, compared with the sums hazarded by his contemporaries. In 1765 he lost a thousand pounds to Mr Shafto, who applies for it in the language of an embarrassed tradesman—

July 1, 1765.

‘DEAR SIR,—I have this moment received the favour of your letter. I intended to have gone out of town on Thursday, but as you shall not receive your money before the end of this week, I must postpone my journey till Sunday. A month would have made no difference to me, had I not had others to pay before I leave town, and must pay; therefore must beg that you will leave the whole before the week is out, at White's, as it is to be paid away to others to whom I have lost, and do not choose to leave town till that is done. Be sure you could not wish an indulgence I should not be happy to grant, if in my power.’

Mr Jesse states, that latterly Selwyn entirely got the better of his propensity to play: observing, that it was too great a consumer of four things—time, health, fortune, and thinking. But an extract from the late Mr Wilberforce's Diary throws some doubt on the accuracy of this statement: ‘The first time I was at Brookes's, scarcely knowing any one, I joined, from mere shyness, at the faro-table, where George Selwyn kept bank. A friend who knew my inexperience, and regarded me as a victim decked out for sacrifice, called out to me, “What, Wilberforce! is that you?” Selwyn quite resented this interference, and turning to him said, in his most impressive tone, “Oh, sir! don't interrupt Mr Wilberforce, he could not be better employed.”’ This occurred in 1782, when Selwyn was sixty-three.

Previously we find him, in 1776, undergoing the process of dunning from Lord Derby; and in 1779 from Mr Crawford, ‘Fish Crawford’ as he was called, each of whom, like Mr Shafto, had a sum to make up.’

Gaming was his only vice. He indulged moderately in the pleasures of the table. In 1765 Williams writes, ‘You may eat boiled chicken and kiss Raton (his dog) as well on this

side the water.' As regards gallantry, we have good authority for doubting whether he was quite so much an anchorite as was supposed; but his coldness was a constant subject of banter among his friends. Lord Holland says—' My Lady Mary goes (to a masquerade,) dressed like Zara, and I wish you to attend her dressed like a black eunuch.'—Lord Carlisle—' In regard to her, (a mysterious unknown,) in every other light but as a friend, you shall see I shall be as cold as a stone, or as yourself.' Readers of the ' Rolliad ' may recall a broader joke; and Mr Jesse has ventured to print one of Gilly Williams's, levelled at Walpole as well as Selwyn, which we cannot venture to transcribe. As to his alleged intrigue with the Marchesa Fagniani, there is no better proof of it than his extreme fondness for her daughter, (Maria, Dowager-Marchioness of Hertford,) whom the gossips thence inferred to be his own. In contemporary opinion, Lord March shared the honours of paternity with Selwyn. He was equally intimate with her mother, and he left her an immense fortune at his death. Resemblance, too, must go for something; and Dr Warner, after an interview with Lord March, says—' The more I contemplate his face, the more I am struck with a certain likeness to the lower part of it; his very chin and lips, and they are rather singular. But you will never be *d'accord* upon this interesting subject, as I am sorry to be too much convinced; but that you know better than I.' In considering this question, it must not be forgotten that Selwyn's passion for children was one of the marked features of his character. Lord Carlisle's and Lord Coventry's, particularly Lady Anne Coventry, (afterwards Lady Anne Foley,) were among his especial favourites.

Selwyn paid frequent visits to Paris, and spoke French to perfection. ' I shall let Lord Huntingdon know (says Lord March) that you are thought to have a better pronunciation than any one that ever came from this country.' The Queen of Louis XV. took pleasure in conversing with him. ' I dined to-day (we are still quoting from Lord March) at what is called no dinner, at Madame de Coignie's. The Queen asked Madame de Mirepoix, " Si elle n'avait pas beaucoup entendu médire de Monsieur Selwyn et elle?" Elle a répondu, " Oui, beaucoup, Madame." " J'en suis bien-aise," dit la Reine.'

He was received on a perfect footing of equality, and, as it were, naturalized in that brilliant circle of which Madame du Deffand was the centre; and he often lingered longer in it than was agreeable to his English friends. ' Lady Hertford (writes Lord March in 1766) made a thousand enquiries about you; asked how long you intended to stay, and hoped you would

‘soon be tired of blind women, old Presidents, and Premiers,’—alluding to Madame du Deffand, the President Henault, and the Duc de Choiseul. Williams sarcastically enquires, ‘Cannot we get you an hospital in this island, where you can pass your evenings with some very sensible matrons? and, if they are not quite blind, they may have some natural infirmity equivalent to it.’

Nothing proves Selwyn’s real superiority more strongly than his reception in this brilliant coterie, and the enjoyment he found in it; for when he began making his periodical visits to Paris, national prejudice was at its height;—the French regarded the English as barbarians, and the English entertained a contemptuous aversion for the French. So late as 1769, Lord Carlisle thus amusingly alludes to the sentiments of the former—

‘I am very sorry to hear Mr Wood’s family were splashed by the sea. People who never travel know very little what dangers we run. I dare say most of your French acquaintances here wonder you do not go to England *by land*, but I believe they are very easy about us after we are gone. They think we are very little altered since the landing of Julius Cæsar; that we leave our clothes at Calais, having no further occasion for them, and that every one of us has a sun-flower cut out and painted upon his —, like the prints in Clarke’s Cæsar. I do not think that all entertain this idea of us; I only mean the *scavans*; those who can read.’

The French might be pardoned for supposing that the English left their clothes at Calais, for the tailors of Paris were then as much in requisition as the milliners; and Selwyn is invariably loaded with commissions for velvet coats, silk small-clothes, brocade dressing-gowns, lace ruffles, and various other articles, by the gravest as well as the gayest of his friends. As for the notion of reaching England *by land*, geography and the use of the globes were rare accomplishments in both countries. When Whiston foretold the destruction of the world within three years, the Duchess of Bolton avowed an intention of escaping the common ruin, by going to China.

Selwyn not only overcame the national prejudice in his own individual instance, but paved the way for the reception of his friends. It was he who made Horace Walpole acquainted with Madame du Deffand, and Gibbon with Madame de Geoffrin.

His habit of dozing in the House of Commons has been already noticed. He occasionally dozed in society. ‘We hear (says Williams) of your falling asleep standing at the old President’s (Henault’s,) and knocking him and three more old women into the fire. Are these things true?’ Walpole also hints at it. ‘When you have a quarter of an hour, *awake* and to spare, I wish you would bestow it on me.’ He is by no

means singular, as might be shown by many remarkable instances besides that of Lord North, who (according to Gibbon) 'might well indulge a short slumber on the Treasury bench, when supported by the majestic sense of Thurlow on the one side, and the skilful eloquence of Wedderburne on the other.' Lord Byron, in one of his Journals, records a dinner party of twelve, including Sheridan, Tierney, and Erskine, of whom five were fast asleep before the dessert was well upon the table. In another, he relates :—' At the Opposition meeting of the peers in 1812, at Lord Grenville's, where Lord Grey and he read to us the correspondence upon Moira's negotiation, I sat next to the present Duke of Grafton, and said what is to be done next ? "*Wake the Duke of Norfolk,*" (who was snoring away near us,) replied he; "I don't think the negotiators have left any thing else for us to do this turn." ' Considering the hours kept by modern wits and senators, they may be excused for dropping into a pleasing state of forgetfulness occasionally; but Selwyn had no such excuse. His mode of life is exhibited in a droll sketch, in a letter to himself, written by Lord Carlisle at Spa, in 1768. ' I rise at six; am on horseback till breakfast; play at cricket till dinner; and dance in the evening till I can scarce crawl to bed at eleven. There is a life for you! You get up at nine; play with Raton till twelve in your nightgown; then creep down to White's to abuse Fanshawe; are five hours at table; sleep till you can escape your supper reckoning; then make two wretches carry you, with three pints of claret in you, three miles for a shilling.'

Wits are seldom given to ruralities. Jekyll used to say that, if compelled to live in the country, he would have the road before his door paved like a street, and hire a hackney coach to drive up and down all day long. Selwyn partook largely of this feeling. The state of a gentleman's cellar was then, whatever it may be now, a fair indication of the use he made of his house, and Matson was very slenderly stocked. When Gilly Williams took up his quarters there in passing through Gloucester, he writes—' I asked Bell to dine here, but he is too weak to venture so far; so the Methodist and I will taste your new and old claret. I have been down in the cellar: there are about nine bottles of old, and five dozen of new.' Yet Matson was a highly agreeable residence, charmingly situated, and rich in historical associations. Charles II. and James II. (both boys at the time) were quartered there during the siege of Gloucester by the Royalists in 1643; and they amused themselves by cutting out their names, with various irregular emblazonments, on the window-shutters.

During one of his brief electioneering visits at Matson, Selwyn took it into his head to perform Justiceship; for (as Fielding observes with reference to a similar attempt on the part of Squire Western) it was, indeed, a syllable more than justice. 'What the devil (exclaims Gilly Williams) could tempt you to act as justice of the peace? This is Trapolin with a vengeance! What! evidence, party, and judge too! If you do not make it up with the man soon, some rogue of an attorney will plague your heart out in the King's Bench.' His gardener had been guilty of some speculation, for which Selwyn, without ceremony, committed him.

A little over-eagerness might be excused, as one of his strongest peculiarities was a passion for the details of criminal justice, from the warrant to the rope. His friends made a point of gratifying it by sending the earliest intelligence of remarkable crimes, criminals, trials, and executions, as well as every anecdote they could collect concerning them. When Walpole's house in Arlington Street was broken open, his first care, after securing the robber, was to send for Selwyn. 'I dispatched a courier to White's for George, who, you know, loves nothing upon earth so well as a criminal, except the execution of him. It happened very luckily that the Drawer who received my message has very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, stopped short, and with a hollow trembling voice said, "Mr Selwyn, Mr Walpole's compliments, and he's got a housebreaker for you." Gilly Williams, having no housebreaker for him, sends him a story about one instead:—"I will give you a Newgate anecdote, which I had from a gentleman who called on P. Lewis the night before the execution, and heard one runner call to another and order a chicken boiled for Rice's supper; "but" says he, "you need not be curious about the sauce, for he is to be hanged to-morrow." "That is true," says the other, "but the Ordinary sups with him, and you know he is a devil of a fellow for butter." If the continental air has not altered you, this will please you; at least I have known the time when you have gone a good way for such a morsel.'

The best stories regarding his taste for executions are related by Walpole, and well known. Innumerable are the jokes levelled at him for this peculiarity. The best is the first Lord Holland's, who was dying. 'The next time Mr Selwyn calls, show him up. If I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and if I am dead, he will be glad to see me.' Lord Holland was not the only statesman of the period who could joke under such

circumstances. Mr Legge (the story is Gilly Williams's) told a very fat fellow who came to see him the day he died—"Sir, you are a great weight; but, let me tell you, you are in at the death." Another of the same gentleman's stories is probably meant as a warning—"I remember a man seeing a military execution in Hyde Park, and when it was over, he turned about and said, "By G—, I thought there was more in it!" He shot himself the next morning.'

The writer of a letter in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for April 1791, supposed to be the Rev. Dr Warner, makes a gallant effort to rescue Selwyn's memory from what he terms an unjust and injurious imputation. After urging that nothing could be more abhorrent from Selwyn's character, and that he had the most tender and benevolent of hearts, he thus proceeds:—"This idle but wide-spread idea of his being fond of executions, (of which he never in his life attended but at one, and that rather accidentally from its lying in his way, than from design,) arose from the pleasantries which it pleased Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and the then Lord Chesterfield, to propagate from that one attendance, for the amusement of their common friends. Of the easiness with which such things sat upon him, you may judge from the following circumstance, which I have heard him more than once relate. Sir Charles was telling a large company a similar story to that of his attending upon executions, with many strokes of rich humour received with great glee, before his face, when a gentleman who sat next to the object of their mirth, said to him in a low voice—"It is strange, George, so intimate as we are, that I should never have heard of this story before." "Not at all strange," he replied in the same voice, "for Sir Charles has just invented it, and knows that I will not by contradiction spoil the pleasure of the company he is so highly entertaining." And such was his good-nature in every thing.' This may account for the pleasantries, but hardly for the facts stated by Walpole and others; or for such an epistle as the following:—"I can with great pleasure inform you, my dear Selwyn, that the head is ordered to be delivered on the first application made on your part. The expense is little more than a guinea; the person who calls should pay for it. Adieu, *mon cher mondain*, 'T. PHILLIPS.'

As to tenderness and benevolence, there surely was no necessity for assuming that the taste in question was irreconcilable with such qualities. It was simply a craving for strong excitement;—a modification of the feeling which still induces the Spanish women to attend Bull-fights, and formerly lured the

gentlest and noblest of the sex to Tournaments. Moreover, people were by no means so refined or squeamish in Selwyn's time as now, when the spectacle of bloody heads over Temple Bar would not be tolerated for an hour. Crowds of all classes pressed round to gaze on those of the rebel Lords in 1746; and telescopes were fixed for the use of the curious at a half-penny a peep. 'I remember,' (says Johnson, as reported by Boswell,) 'once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. 'While we surveyed the Poets' Corner, I said to him,

"Forsitan et nomen nostrum miscebitur istis."

'When we got to Temple Bar, he stopped me, pointed to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered me,

"Forsitan et nomen nostrum miscebitur istis."

Nay, not much more than twenty years ago, it was customary for the governor of Newgate to give a breakfast to thirteen or fourteen persons of distinction on the morning of an execution. The party attended the hanging, breakfasted, and then attended the cutting-down, but few had any appetite for the second and third parts of the ceremonial. A very pretty girl, (the governor's daughter, we believe,) who spoke of the sufferers as '*our people*,' distributed the tea and coffee. She assured us, in confidence, that the first call of the incipient amateur was invariably for brandy; and that the only guest who never failed to do justice to the broiled kidneys (for which she was famous) was the Ordinary.

Storer (one of the Selwyn set) writes in 1774:—"You will get by your edition of Madame de Sévigné's Letters, enough 'to pay for as much *Vin de Grave* as ever she drank *en Bretagne*.' Selwyn rivalled, or outran Walpole in his admiration of Madame de Sévigné, and paid a visit to her residence, *Les Rochers*, (excellently described, as at present existing, in Lady Morgan's 'Book of the Boudoir;') but we find no other proof of direct literary intentions on his part; and there is consequently no ground for disputing the applicability of the remark with which Mr Jesse introduces the topic of his Wit:—

'Perhaps no individual has ever acquired so general a reputation for mere wit as George Selwyn. Villiers Duke of Buckingham, Lords Dorset, Rochester, Chesterfield, and Hervey, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, Bubb Doddington, Sheridan, and (perhaps the most brilliant luminary in this galaxy of wit) the late Theodore Hook, were men who had one and all distinguished themselves in following the paths of literature, while more than one of them had rendered himself eminent in the senate. Thus, the character which each maintained for wit was supported by the adventitious aid of a reputation for literary or oratorical

talents, while the fame of George Selwyn stands exclusively on his character for social pleasantry and conversational wit.'

Not quite, we must observe. It stood also on his three seats in Parliament, and his family connexions. These, at the very outset, procured him that vantage ground, to which Sheridan and Hook were obliged to win their way at the risk of fretting a thousand vanities. This may not apply to the rest on Mr Jesse's list; but then it is a very imperfect one, and admits of large additions—as (omitting all living examples) Foote, Wilkes, Jekyll, Curran, Colman.

Dr Johnson disliked Foote; but when one of the company, at a dinner-party at Dilly's, called him a Merryandrew, a buffoon, the Sage at once declared that he had wit; and added—'The first time I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased; and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on taking my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back on my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible.' It was said to be impossible to take Foote unawares, or put him out. As he was telling a story at a fine dinner-party, a gentleman, to try him, pulled him by the coat-tail, and told him that his handkerchief was hanging out. 'Thank you, sir,' said Foote, replacing it, 'you know the company better than I do,' and went on with his story.

Wilkes's fame may be rested on his reply to Lord Sandwich, and his fling at Thurlow. Jekyll needs no trumpeter. Lord Byron says of Colman—'If I had to choose, and could not have both at a time, I would say, "Let me begin the evening with Sheridan, and finish it with Colman."' Of Curran, he says, 'I have met him at Holland House; he beats every body—his imagination is beyond human, and his humour (it is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. Then he has fifty faces, and twice as many voices, when he mimics.' This, we may add, was Hook's great charm. His best stories were dramatic representations *à la Mathews*, little inferior to that fine observer's 'At Homes.'

Why again, since Mr Jesse has gone back so far, did he not go back a little farther, and mention the old Earl of Norwich;—a singular illustration of the fickleness of taste, and the truth of the maxim—'a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it.' He was the acknowledged wit of Charles the First's court; but was voted a dead bore when he attempted to resume his wonted place at Whitehall after the Restoration.

It should be remembered, moreover, to be placed on the opposite column of the account—that high reputation in one line may sometimes prevent a man from acquiring much in another; not merely because of the prevalent dislike to pluralities, but because the less is merged in the greater. Thus it was admirably said of Sir James Mackintosh by the Rev. Sydney Smith, ‘that he had not only humour, but wit also;’ at least, new and ‘sudden relations of ideas flashed across his mind in reasoning, and produced the same effect as wit, *and would have been called wit, if a sense of their utility and importance had not often overpowered the admiration of novelty.*’ Wilberforce, speaking of Pitt, said—‘He was the wittiest man I ever knew, and (what was quite peculiar to himself) had at all times his wit under entire control. Others appeared struck by the unwonted association of brilliant images, but every possible combination of ideas seemed always present to his mind, and he could at once produce whatever he desired. I was one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of Shakspeare, at the Boar’s Head, Eastcheap. Many professed wits were present, but Pitt was the most amusing of the party, and the readiest and most apt in the required allusions.’

In addition to Selwyn’s other places, the voice of his contemporaries conferred on him that of Receiver-General of Waif and Stray Jokes—a sufficient proof that he had plenty of his own; for as D’Alembert sarcastically observed to the Abbé Voisenon, who complained that he was unduly charged with the absurd sayings of others—‘*Monsieur l’Abbé, on ne prête qu’aux riches.*’ Selwyn’s *droits*, in respect of his anomalous office, were not limited to the clubs. Lord Holland writes in 1770—‘As the newspapers impute so much wit to you, I hope they give you the invention of that pretty motto they have put upon Lord Carlisle’s cap.’ Lord Carlisle, in 1776,—‘What the witty Mr G. S. says in the newspapers is admirable about the red-hot poker, though I like *Diis placuit* better.’ Lord March, in 1767,—‘The king talked of you at his dressing, and told me something that you had said of the Macaronis, that he thought very good.’ It was Mr Jesse’s duty as Editor to find out what these good things were, but he leaves us in entire ignorance regarding them. At the same time, we must do him the justice to say, that he has brought together quite enough to support Selwyn’s reputation, and render superfluous the generally just remark with which he prefaces them. ‘No task can be more disappointing in its result, than that of collecting the scattered *bon-mots* of a man of professed wit, with a view to prove that his reputation is well deserved. Many of his best sayings have, probably, been lost to us; others, perhaps, have suffered in the narrative; and, more-

‘over, the charm of manner, which must have greatly enhanced their value at the moment they were uttered, can now, of course, only be taken on credit.’

According to Walpole, it was Selwyn’s habit to turn up the whites of his eyes, and assume an expression of demureness, when giving utterance to a droll thought; and Wraxall says, that the effect of his witticisms was greatly enhanced by his listless, drowsy manner. Nor is this all. What makes a man like Selwyn the delight of his contemporaries, is that lightness, richness, and elasticity of mind, which invests the commonest incidents with amusing or inspiriting associations—lights intuitively on the most attractive topics, grasps them one moment, lets them go the next; and, in a word, never suffers companionship to become tiresome, or conversation to grow dull. He may do this without uttering any thing that will be generally recognised as wit.

We shall here quote some of the best of Selwyn’s witticisms and pleasantries: they occupy little room, and there is nothing more provoking than to be told of ‘the well-known anecdote’ which one does *not* know.

When a subscription was proposed for Fox, and some one was observing that it would require some delicacy, and wondering how Fox would take it—‘Take it? why, *quarterly* to be sure.’

When one of the Foley family crossed the Channel to avoid his creditors—‘It is a *pass over* that will not be much relished by the Jews.’

When Fox was boasting of having prevailed on the French court to give up the gum-trade—‘As you have permitted the French to draw your *teeth*, they would be fools, indeed, to quarrel with you about your *gums*.’

When Walpole, in allusion to the sameness of the system of politics continued in the reign of George the Third, observed—‘But there is nothing new under the sun.’—‘No,’ said Selwyn, ‘nor under the *grandson*.’

One night, at White’s, observing the Postmaster-General, Sir Everard Fawkener, losing a large sum of money at piquet, Selwyn, pointing to the successful player, remarked—‘See how he is robbing the mail!’

On another occasion, in 1756, observing Mr Ponsonby, the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, tossing about bank-bills at a hazard-table at Newmarket—‘Look how easily the Speaker passes the *money-bills*.’

The beautiful Lady Coventry was exhibiting to him a splendid new dress, covered with large silver spangles, the size of a shilling, and enquired of him whether he admired her taste—‘Why,’ he said, ‘you will be *change for a guinea*.’

This bears a strong resemblance to one of Lord Mansfield’s

judicial pleasantries. Sergeant Davy was cross-examining a Jew at great length in order to prove his insufficiency as bail. The sum was small, and the Jew was dressed in a suit of clothes bedizened with silver lace. Lord Mansfield at length interfered—‘Come, come, brother Davy, don’t you see the man would ‘burn for the money?’

At the sale of the effects of the minister, Mr Pelham, Selwyn, pointing to a silver dinner-service, observed—‘Lord, how many toads have been eaten off these plates!’

A namesake of Charles Fox having been hung at Tyburn, Fox enquired of Selwyn whether he had attended the execution—‘No, I make a point of never frequenting *rehearsals*.’

A fellow-passenger in a coach, imagining from his appearance that he was suffering from illness, kept wearying him with good-natured enquiries as to the state of his health. At length, to the repeated question of ‘How are you now, sir?’ Selwyn replied—‘Very well, I thank you; and I mean to continue so for ‘the rest of the journey.’

He was one day walking with Lord Pembroke, when they were besieged by a number of young chimney-sweepers, who kept plaguing them for money. At length Selwyn made them a low bow: ‘I have often,’ he said, ‘heard of the sovereignty of the people; I suppose your Highnesses are in court mourning.’

‘On Sunday last,’ says Walpole, ‘George Selwyn was strolling home to dinner at half an hour after four. He saw my Lady Townshend’s coach stop at Caraccioli’s chapel. He watched, saw her go in; her footman laughed; he followed. She went up to the altar, a woman brought her a cushion; she knelt, crossed herself, and prayed. He stole up, and knelt by her. Conceive her face, if you can, when she turned and found him close to her. In his demure voice, he said, “Pray, madam, how long has your ladyship left the pale of our church?” She looked furious, and made no answer. Next day he went to her, and she turned it off upon curiosity; but is any thing more natural? No, she certainly means to go armed with every viaticum; the Church of England in one hand, Methodism in the other, and the Host in her mouth.’

Wraxall stands godfather to the next:—

‘The late Duke of Queensberry, who lived in the most intimate friendship with him, told me that Selwyn was present at a public dinner with the Mayor and Corporation of Gloucester, in the year 1758, when the intelligence arrived of our expedition having failed before Rochfort. The Mayor, turning to Selwyn, “You, sir,” said he, “who are in the ministerial secrets, can, no doubt, inform us of the cause of this misfortune?” Selwyn, though utterly ignorant on the subject, yet unable to resist the occasion of amusing himself at the enquirer’s expense—“I will tell you, in confidence, the reason, Mr Mayor,” answered he; “the fact is, that the scaling-ladders prepared for the occasion were

found, on trial, to be too short." This solution, which suggested itself to him at the moment, was considered by the Mayor to be perfectly explanatory of the failure, and as such he communicated it to all his friends;—not being aware, though Selwyn was, that Rochfort lies on the river Charente, some leagues from the sea-shore, and that our troops had never even effected a landing on the French coast.'

Mr Jesse has omitted the capital reply to the man, who, being cut by Selwyn in London, came up and reminded him that they had been acquainted at Bath. 'I remember it very well; and 'when we next meet at Bath, I shall be happy to be acquainted 'with you again.'

Once, and once only, was he guilty of verse—

On a Pair of Shoes found in a Lady's Bed.

'Well may suspicion shake its head,
Well may Clarinda's spouse be jealous,
When the dear wanton takes to bed
Her very shoes because they're fellows.'

Selwyn died at his house in Cleveland Row, January 25, 1791. He had been for many years a severe sufferer from gout and dropsy; and Wilberforce describes him as looking latterly like the wax figure of a corpse. He continued to haunt the clubs till within a short period before his death; but Mr Jesse assures us that he died penitent, and that the Bible was frequently read to him at his own request during his last illness. By his will he gave £33,000 to Maria Fagniani; £100 each to his two nephews; his wardrobe and £30 a-year to his valet; and the residue of his property to the Duke of Queensberry, with the exception of Ludgershall, which was entailed on the Townshend family. Mr Jesse quotes some lines from a poetical tribute published soon after his death, in which the Graces are invoked to fulfil several appropriate duties,

'And fondly dictate to a faithful Muse
The prime distinction of the friend they lose.
'Twas social wit, which, never kindling strife,
Blazed in the small sweet courtesies of life.'

Had we been at the writer's elbow, we would have suggested *shone or glowed* in preference to *blazed*.

Walpole, writing to Miss Berry on the day of Selwyn's death, says—'I am on the point of losing, or have lost, my oldest acquaintance and friend, George Selwyn, who was yesterday at the extremity. These misfortunes, though they can be so but for a short time, are very sensible to the old; but him I really loved, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities.' Again—'Poor Selwyn is gone, to my sorrow; and no wonder Ucalegon feels it!'

The heartlessness of the French set to which Selwyn and

Walpole belonged, is beyond a question. Madame du Deffand's colloquy with one lover, as to the cause of their fifty years' unbroken harmony, and her behaviour on the death of another, are not invented pleasantries, but melancholy facts. Yet, either we were wrong in supposing that the malady was infectious, and Miss Berry was right in her generous and able vindication of her friend, or Selwyn possessed the peculiar talismanic power of kindling and fixing the affections of his associates; for not only does Walpole invariably mention him when living, and mourn over him when dead, in terms of heartfelt sincerity, but the same influence appears to have operated on one, whom (possibly with equal injustice) we should have suspected of being, in his own despite, a little hardened by a long course of selfish indulgences—Lord March. Here are a few, and but a few, of the proofs:

'As to your banker,' says his Lordship, 'I will call there to-morrow; make yourself easy about that, for I have three thousand pounds now at Coutts's. There will be no bankruptcy without we are both ruined at the same time.—How can you think, my dear George, and I hope you do not think, that any body, or any thing, can make a *tracasserie* between you and me? I take it ill that you even talk of it, which you do in the letter I had by Ligonier. I must be the poorest creature upon earth,—after having known you so long, and always as the best and sincerest friend that any one ever had,—if any one alive can make any impression upon me when you are concerned. I told you, in a letter some time ago, that I depended more upon the continuance of our friendship than any thing else in the world, which I certainly do, because I have so many reasons to know you, and I am sure I know myself.'

This speaks well for both head and heart; and how much unhappiness would be prevented by the universal adoption of the principle—never to listen to, much less believe, the alleged unkindness of a friend. All of us have our dissatisfied, complaining, uncongenial moments, when we may let drop words utterly at variance with the habitual suggestions of our hearts. These are repeated from design or carelessness; then come complaints and explanations; confidence is destroyed; 'the credulous hope of mutual minds is over;' and thus ends at once the solace of a life.

Lord March's letters are, on the whole, the most valuable in the collection—most characteristic of the writer, and most redolent of the times. This unfolding of his private relations and inmost feelings is highly favourable to him. As we see him now, he is the very impersonation of his class—shrewd, sensible, observing, generous, and affectionate, amid all his profligacy; with talents uncultivated, because cultivation was not the fashion of that age, but amply sufficient to make him a Presi-

dent of the Council, or First Lord of the Admiralty in this. His letters are dashed off in clear, manly, unaffected language, on the spur of the occasion; and though they are actually better written than those of many of his noble contemporaries who pretended to literature, it is obvious that the last thing he ever thought of was the style. Walpole's are epistolary compositions; Lord March's are letters in the plain ordinary acceptation of the term. In their pregnant brevity, they often resemble Swift's hasty dottings down of public events, or private chit-chat, in the journal to Stella.

'November, 1766.

'MY DEAR GEORGE,—I intended to have written to you last Tuesday, but we sat so late at the House of Lords that I had no time. It was a dull debate, though it lasted a great while. Lord Chatham spoke very well, and with a great deal of temper, and great civility towards the Duke of Bedford; who spoke and approved of the measure at the time of laying the embargo, because of the necessity; but complained of Parliament not being called sooner, because what had been done was illegal, and only to be justified from necessity, which was the turn of the whole debate. Lord Mansfield trimmed in his usual manner, and avoided declaring his opinion, though he argued for the illegality. Lord Camden attacked him very close upon not speaking out his opinion, and declared strongly for the legality. Upon the whole, I think we shall have very little to do in Parliament, and your attendance will be very little wanted.'

This was Lord Chatham's first appearance in the House of Lords. In letters dated the same month we find—

'Monday, 19th November 1766.

'MY DEAR GEORGE,—For fear that I should not have any other moment to write to you, I write this in the King's rooms. I was obliged to dress early to come here, it being the princess's birth-day. I dine at Lord Hertford's, which, with the ball at night, will take up the whole day; you know that he is chamberlain. The Duke of Bedford comes to-day, and on Wednesday, I suppose, they will kiss hands; but nothing is known. Every body agrees, that this resignation of the Cavendishes is, of all the resignations, the most foolish; and I hear they begin already to repent of it. They make a fine opportunity for Chatham to strengthen his administration. They want T. Pelham to resign; Ashburnham certainly will now. *The only people that do well are those that never resign*; which Lord Hertford seems to have found out long ago. Saunders and Keppel resign to-morrow.'

'November 1766.

'MY DEAR GEORGE,—Jack Shelley has kissed hands for Lord Edgecombe's place. He was offered to be of the Bedchamber, which he has refused, and wants to have the Post-office, which they won't give him. *I find it is imagined that we shall be obliged to send troops into North America, to bring them to a proper obedience.* It is whispered about that the Cavendishes, and Rockingham's friends, will take the first opportunity they can to be hostile to Government; and likewise, that Norton

and Wedderburne will certainly oppose; if these things are so, we may perhaps have some more convulsions in the state.'

Such letters are excellent correctives of history; but we are not writing history just now, and must turn to those which throw light on manners:—

‘*Hinchinbroke, Thursday, (1770.)*’

‘MY DEAR GEORGE,—Our party at Wakefield went off very well. We had hunting, racing, whist, and quinzé. My horse won, as I expected, but the odds were upon him, so that I betted very little.

‘After hunting on Monday I went to Ossory’s, where I lay in my way here. He came with me, and went back yesterday. I imagine he would have liked to have stayed if Lady Ossory had not been alone. They live but a dull life, and there must be a great deal of love on both sides not to tire. I almost promised to go back for Bedford races, but believe I shall not. I go to Newmarket to-night, and to London tomorrow. Sandwich’s house is full of people, and all sorts of things going forward. Miss Ray does the honours perfectly well. While I am writing they are all upon the grass-plot at a foot-race.

To make this intelligible, we must go behind the scenes. Wakefield Lodge was the seat of the minister Duke of Grafton. Lady Ossory was his *ci-devant* duchess. She had divorced him on account of his intimacy with Nancy Parsons, described by Walpole as ‘one of the commonest creatures in London: once much liked, but out of date. He is certainly grown immensely attached to her; so much so, that it has put an end to all his decorum.’ The culpable excesses into which the Duke was hurried by his passion are stigmatized by Junius—‘It is not the private indulgence, but the public insult, of which I complain.’ The name of Miss Parsons would hardly have been known, if the First Lord of the Treasury had not led her in triumph through the Opera-House, even in the presence of the Queen.’ Hinchinbrooke, from which the letter is dated, was the seat of Lord Sandwich, another Cabinet Minister. Miss Ray, who did the honours so well, was his mistress—shot at Covent Garden in 1779. The story is told by Dr Warner in a paragraph which may serve as a pattern of good condensation:—

‘The history of Hackman, Miss Ray’s murderer, is this. He was recruiting at Huntingdon; appeared at the ball; was asked by Lord Sandwich to Hinchinbrooke; was introduced to Miss Ray; became violently enamoured of her; made proposals, and was sent into Ireland, where his regiment was. He sold out; came back on purpose to be near the object of his affection; took orders, but could not bend the inflexible fair in a black coat more than in a red. He could not live without her. He meant only to kill himself, and that in her presence; but seeing her coquet it at the play with a young Irish templar, Macnamara, he determined suddenly to dispatch her too. He is to be tried on Friday, and hanged on Monday.’

The *Morning Post* for April 9, 1799, has this announcement : —, When the news of the above misfortune was carried to the ' Admiralty, it was received by her noble admirer with the utmost ' concern. He wept exceedingly, and lamented, with every other ' token of grief, the interruption of a connexion which had lasted ' for seventeen years, with great and uninterrupted felicity on both ' sides.'

The catching character of notorious insanity has often been remarked. While the Hackman affair was the popular topic, it seems that no woman, young or old, ugly or pretty, could venture forth without alarm. Lady Ossory writes :—

' This Asiatic weather has certainly affected our cold constitutions. The Duchess of B—— is afraid of being shot wherever she goes. A man has followed Miss Clavering *on foot* from the East Indies ; is quite mad ; and scenes are daily expected even in the drawing-room. Another man has sworn to shoot a Miss Something, *n'importe*, if she did not run away with him from the Opera.

' Sir Joshua Reynolds has a niece who is troubled with one of these passionate admirers, to whom she has refused her hand and her door. He came a few days since to Sir Joshua's, asked if she was at home, and, on being answered in the negative, he desired the footman to tell her to take care, for he was determined to ravish her (pardon the word) whenever he met her. Keep our little friend (Mie Mie) at Paris whilst this mania lasts, for no age will be spared to be in fashion, and I am sure Mie Mie is quite as much in danger as the person I quoted in my first page.'

Before quoting those letters of Lord March which refer to topics of a strictly personal character, we will mention the few authentic particulars that have been recorded of him.

He was born in 1725, succeeded his father in the earldom of March in 1731, his mother in the earldom of Ruglen in 1748, and his cousin in the dukedom of Queensberry in 1778, being then in his fifty-third year. Few men of his day acquired greater notoriety, or were more an object of enquiry and speculation ; yet he took little part in political events, except so far as his own interests were affected by them, and it would have been better for his reputation had he taken none. When the King's malady grew serious in 1788, he gave in his allegiance to Fox, and on the recovery of his royal master, was unceremoniously dismissed from his situation of lord of the bed-chamber, which he had held for twenty-eight years, notwithstanding the known profligacy of his life. Wraxall says he took a journey to Windsor to learn the exact condition of the King, but was misled by Dr Warren. The mistake mattered little. His business was pleasure, his passions were women and the turf ; and he contrived to gratify both, without impairing either his

fortune or his constitution. As regards the turf, he was thoroughly versed in all its mysteries, and seldom indulged in any sort of gaming unconnected with it, or relating to matters where any undue advantage could be taken of him. On the contrary, he was generally on the look-out for opportunities of turning his own shrewdness and coolness to account. A curious instance is related in Edgeworth's memoirs.

Lord March had noticed a coachmaker's journeyman running with a wheel, and on minuting him by a stop watch, found that he actually ran a considerable distance faster with it than most men could run unencumbered. A waiter in Betty's fruit-shop was famous for speed. Lord March adroitly introduced the topic, and maintaining what appeared a paradox, easily got bets to a large amount, that the waiter would run faster for a mile than any one could run with the hind-wheel of his lordship's carriage, then standing at the door. But he committed a trifling oversight. The wheel was lower than the wheel the man was used to run with; and the biter would have been bit, had not Sir Francis Blake Delaval suggested an expedient. The night before the match, planks were obtained from the Board of Works, and a raised groove, for the wheel to run in, was constructed across the course. The journeyman won, and the Jockey Club decided in Lord March's favour. Another of his bets came before the court of King's Bench. He had laid a wager of five hundred guineas with young Mr Pigot, that old Mr Pigot (the father) would die before Sir William Codrington. Old Mr Pigot died the same morning before the making of the wager, but neither of the parties was acquainted with the fact. The Court held that the dutiful and hopeful heir must pay. A startling example of this style of bet is mentioned by Walpole. 'I, t'other night at 'White's, found a very remarkable entry in our very remarkable 'wager-book. Lord — bets Sir — twenty guineas, that 'Nash outlives Cibber. *How odd that these two old creatures 'should live to see both their wagers put an end to their own 'lives!*' Lord March's rate of betting was never very high. The largest sum he appears to have won or lost at any race or meeting, during the period over which this correspondence extends, was L.4100, and this is mentioned as a rare occurrence.

He also managed his intercourse with the fair sex in such a manner, as to prevent them from interfering with his peace or even his caprices; and few things are more amusing than his mode of keeping his occasional *liaisons* from clashing with his permanent ones—for we are obliged to speak of both classes in the plural number. His parting with one of his favourites is peculiarly touching:—

‘I am just preparing to conduct the poor little Tondino to Dover. My heart is so full that I can neither think, speak, nor write. How I shall be able to part with her, or bear to come back to this house, I do not know. The sound of her voice fills my eyes with fresh tears. My dear George, *J’ai le cœur si serré que je ne suis bon à présent qu’à pleurer.* Take all the care you can of her. *Je la recommande à vous,* my best and only real friend.’

In return for the care Selwyn was to take of the Tondino, Lord March, it seems, was to keep an eye to Raton.

‘I wrote to you last night, but I quite forgot Raton. I have not had him to see me to-day, having been the whole morning in the city with Lady H., but I have sent to your maid, and she says that her little king is perfectly well, and in great spirits.’

Besides the Tondino, Selwyn had the principal care of the Rena, a beautiful Italian, who stood in nearly the same relation to Lord March as Madame de Pompadour to Louis the Fifteenth. That sagacious favourite, it will be remembered, troubled herself very little about the *Parc aux Cerfs* so long as she retained the chief place in his Majesty’s confidence. Queen Caroline is said to have preserved her influence over George the Second by the same policy. The Rena’s prudence was put to a severe trial by the arrival of Signora Zamperini, a noted dancer and singer, in 1766. His lordship writes to Selwyn in Paris—

‘I wish I had set out immediately after Newmarket, which I believe I should have done, if I had not taken a violent fancy for one of the opera girls. This passion is a little abated, and I hope it will be quite so before you and the Rena come over, else I fear it will interrupt our society. But whatever is the case, as I have a real friendship and affection for the Rena, I shall show her every mark of regard and consideration, and be vastly happy to see her. I consider her as a friend, and certainly as one that I love very much; and as such, I hope she will have some indulgence for my follies.’

A few days afterwards.

‘The Rena must be mad if she takes any thing of this sort in a serious way. If she does, there is an end of our society. If she does not, we shall go on as we did. I am sure I have all the regard in the world for her, for I love her vastly, and I shall certainly contrive to make her as easy and as happy as I can. I like this little girl, *but how long this liking will last, I cannot tell*; it may increase, or be quite at an end, before you arrive.’

His lordship had not attained to equal proficiency with Madame de Girardin’s hero: ‘*Albert ne viendra pas—il est amoureux pour une quinzaine; il me l’a dit, et il est toujours à la minute dans ces choses-là.*’ In a subsequent letter, we find all three (the Tondino, the Rena, and the Zamperini) mixed up together.

‘ You see what a situation I am in with my little *Buffa*. She is the prettiest creature that ever was seen ; in short, I like her vastly, and she likes me, *because I give her money*.

‘ I have had a letter from the Tondino to-day. She tells me that she never passed her time so well at Paris as she does now : “ *Monsieur du Barri est un homme charmante, et nous donne des bals avec des Princesses.*” Pray, my dear George, find out something that will be agreeable to the little Teresina. *Consult the Rena about it.*

‘ I shall write two or three words to the Rena by this post. I told her, in my last letter, that I was supposed to be very much in love with the Zamperini, which certainly would not prevent me from being very happy to see her. I have been too long accustomed to live with her not to like her, or to be able to forget her, and there is nothing that would give me more pain than not to be able to live with her upon a footing of great intimacy and friendship ; *but I am always afraid of every event where women are concerned—they are all so exceedingly wrongheaded.*’

It might be deemed useless, if not impertinent, to keep on repeating that obviously wrong things are wrong ; but in connexion with the next extract, the reader should bear in mind that, at the time in question and for twelve years afterwards, the writer was a lord of the bedchamber in the decorous court of George the Third and Queen Charlotte :—

‘ I was prevented from writing to you last Friday, by being at New-market with my little girl. I had the whole family and Cocchi. The beauty went with me in my chaise, and the rest in the old landau.’

The family consisted of father, mother, and sister. ‘ As March finds a difficulty (says Williams) in separating her from that rascally garlic tribe, whose very existence depends on her beauty, I do not think he means to make her what our friend the countess (the Rena) was.’ In another place—‘ March goes on but heavily with his poor child, (she was only fifteen.) He looks miserable, and yet he takes her off in her opera-dress every night in his chariot.’

Numerous allusions, in these volumes, show that Lord March was not devoid of taste for female society of a better order. He is repeatedly spoken of as about to marry this or that young lady of quality ; and Wraxall says that he cherished an ardent passion for Miss Pelham, the daughter of the minister, who persevered in refusing his consent to their union, on account of the dissipated habits of the peer. He died unmarried, and continued his libertine habits till his death. During the first ten years of the present century, he might constantly be seen in the bow-window of his house in Piccadilly, (now divided into the two houses occupied by Lord Cadogan and Lora Rosebery,) ex-

amining the street passengers through an eyeglass with his remaining eye, (it was currently stated that the other was of glass,) and when a female pedestrian struck his fancy, an emissary was instantly dispatched after her. That no time might be lost, a pony was always kept saddled for the purpose. 'It is a fact,' says Wraxall, 'that he performed in his own drawing-room the scene of Paris and the goddesses. This classic exhibition took place in his house opposite the Green Park.' We do not believe that any exhibition took place at all—founding our scepticism more on the folly than the vice; yet it is melancholy to think to what human nature may be degraded by sensuality.

A striking illustration of his shrewdness was given by Lord Brougham, in his evidence before the Lords' Committee on Lord Campbell's Libel Bill:—

'The late Duke of Queensberry was a great alarmist in 1792, like many other very noble, very rich, and very honourable men. He thought there was an end of all things, and he used to be abusing principally the seditious writings of the day, giving them and their authors ill names in great abundance and variety, as infamous, detestable, abominable—when one day some toad-eater who attended his person, added, "Ay, indeed, and full of such falsehoods." "No," said the Duke, "not falsehoods—they are all so true; that is what makes them so abominable and so dangerous." If his grace had felt all that was said on the corruptions of parliament and office to be groundless, he would have let them write on in the same strain to the end of time.'

A characteristic trait has been preserved by Mr Wilberforce:—

'I always observe that the owners of your grand houses have some snug corner in which they are glad to shelter themselves from their own magnificence.* I remember dining, when I was a young man, with the Duke of Queensberry, at his Richmond villa. The party was very small and select—Pitt, Lord and Lady Chatham, the Duchess of Gordon, and George Selwyn, (who lived for society, and continued in it till he looked really like the waxwork figure of a corpse,) were amongst the guests. We dined early, that some of our party might be ready to attend the opera. The dinner was sumptuous, the views from the villa quite enchanting, and the Thames in all its glory; but the Duke looked on with indifference. "What is there," he said, "to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite tired of it—there it goes, flow, flow, flow, always the same."'

* 'And thus the most luxurious court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last, by this singular contrivance (the *table volante* at Choisy,) to the quiet and privacy of humble life.'—ROGERS' *Poems*, Note.

This is precisely what we should have expected from the Duke; and no one was better qualified than Mr Wilberforce to explain, why the glorious scene before them was a sealed book to the worn voluptuary—why his spirit's eye was blind to it—why every simple, innocent, unforced gratification was denied to him—and why the full enjoyment of natural beauty and sublimity is reserved for men of purer lives and higher minds than his.

The Duke's notions of comfort, on which his opinion was worth having, were expressed in a letter to Selwyn:—‘ I wish ‘ you were here (the place is not stated.) It is just the house ‘ you would wish to be in. There is an excellent library; a ‘ *good parson*; the best English and French cookery you ever ‘ tasted; strong coffee, and half-crown whist.’

It has been stated that he paid his physicians on the plan adopted by the Chinese emperors—so much per week for keeping him alive. If so, he cheated them; for the immediate cause of his death was imprudence in eating fruit. He died in 1810, firm and self-possessed. His deathbed was literally covered with unopened billets (more than seventy) from women of all classes, which he ordered to be laid on the counterpane as they were brought. His personal property exceeded a million, and his will, with its twenty-five codicils, was a curious document. He left L.150,000 and three houses to Mie Mie, and made her husband (the late Marquis of Hertford, a congenial spirit) his residuary legatee.

Selwyn's most intimate friends and frequent correspondents, after the Duke, were George James (alias Gilly) Williams, and Lord Carlisle.

Of Williams, little is known. He was the son of Peere Williams, the compiler of three volumes of Chancery cases, highly esteemed by equity lawyers. He was connected by marriage with Lord North, and, in 1774, was appointed Receiver-General of Excise. Selwyn, Edgewcombe, Walpole, and Williams, used to meet at stated periods at Strawberry Hill, and form what Walpole called his out-of-town party. Gilly's letters convey a highly favourable impression of his social pleasantry; and it seems that he soon acquired some reputation as a wit. ‘ I have desired ‘ Lord R. Bertie (he writes in 1751) to propose me at White's. ‘ Don't let any member shake his head at me for a wit; for, God ‘ knows, he may as well reject me for being a giant.’

Frederick, fifth Earl of Carlisle, was a remarkable man in many ways. He filled some important public situations with credit; and on his being appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, his intimate friend, Storer, writes—‘ I wish he was Secretary of State. ‘ It is a joke to think it too high a step. I am of the ‘ old King's opinion, *that a man in this country is fit for any place*

'he can get, and I am sure Carlisle will be fit for any place he will take.'

In literature, he distinguished himself as a poet; but unluckily he is principally known in that capacity through Lord Byron, who, in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, levels twelve unjust and acrimonious lines at him. In the first sketch of the poem these twelve lines were wanting, and their place was occupied by two—

'On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle.'

Lord Carlisle had offended his young relation, between the writing and the printing of the poem, by refusing to introduce him on his taking his seat in the House of Lords. Lord Byron afterwards deeply regretted the injury. There is a beautiful atonement in the third canto of *Childe Harold*; and in writing, in 1814, to Mr Rogers, he thus expresses himself—'Is there any chance or possibility of making it up with Lord Carlisle, as I feel disposed to do any thing, reasonable or unreasonable, to effect it?'

In private life and early youth, Lord Carlisle, endowed with warm feelings, a lively fancy, and an excitable disposition, was peculiarly liable to be led astray by the temptations which assail young men of rank. In 1769, being then in his twenty-first year, he went abroad, desperately in love with some wedded fair one. She forms the burden of many a paragraph in his letters to Selwyn; who, though nearly thirty years older, entered warmly into all his feelings.

'I thought I had got the better of that extravagant passion, but I find I am relapsed again. I tremble at the consequences of the meeting, and yet I have not the courage, even in thought, to oppose its temptations. I shall exert all the firmness I am capable of, which, God knows, is very little, upon that occasion. If I am received with coolness, I shall feel it severely. I shall be miserable if I am made too welcome. Good God! what happiness would I not exchange, to be able to live with her without loving her more than friendship will allow! Is my picture hung up, or is it in the passage with its face turned to the walls?'

From the allusion to the picture, and other indications, it is clear that the mysterious lady (who has given rise to much surmise) was the beautiful Lady Sarah Bunbury, (*née* Lennox,) whom it is said George III. would have married, had he been allowed. His Majesty gave up his own wishes for the good of the country, but the impression remained. Mrs Pope, the actress, was very like Lady Sarah. On one occasion at the theatre, many years after his marriage, the King turned round to the Queen in a fit of melancholy abstraction, and said, pointing to Mrs Pope, 'She is like Lady Sarah still.'

Lord Carlisle got the better of this passion, and married at twenty-two. It would have been well for his peace of mind had he been equally successful in getting the better of a still more fatal one for play. Letter after letter is filled with good resolutions, but the fascination was too strong. The blow came at last.

‘ July 1776.

‘ MY DEAR GEORGE,—I have undone myself, and it is to no purpose to conceal from you my abominable madness and folly, though perhaps the particulars may not be known to the rest of the world. I never lost so much in five times as I have done to-night, and am in debt to the house for the whole. You may be sure I do not tell you this with an idea that you can be of the least assistance to me ; it is a great deal more than your abilities are equal to. Let me see you, though I shall be ashamed to look at you after your goodness to me.’

This letter is endorsed by Selwyn, ‘ After the loss of the ten thousand pounds ;’ which, following on other losses, appears to have sunk the Earl to the lowest depths of despondency.

‘ I do protest to you, that I am so tired of my present manner of passing my time—however I may be kept in countenance by the number of those of my own rank and superior fortune—that I never reflect on it without shame. If they will employ me in any part of the world, I will accept the employment ; let it tear me, as it will, from every thing dear to me in this country. * * * * *

‘ If any of our expectations should be gratified in the winter, I cannot expect any thing sufficient to balance the expenses of living in London. If I accept any thing, I must attend Parliament—I must live in London. If I am not treated with consideration, I can live here ; if that can be called living, which is wasting the best years of my life in obscurity ; without society to dispel the gloom of a northern climate ; left to myself to brood over my follies and indiscretions ; to see my children deprived of education by those follies and indiscretions ; to be forgotten ; to lose my temper ; to be neglected ; to become cross and morose to those whom I have most reason to love ! *Except that the welfare and interest of others depend upon my existence, I should not wish that existence to be of long duration.*

So thought and felt a man apparently possessed of every blessing—youth, health, talent, birth, fortune, connexion, consideration, and domestic ties of the most endearing kind—

‘ — Medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.’

The very accident (miscalled, advantage) of his position, commends the poisoned chalice to his lips, and the lord of Castle Howard longs for death at twenty-seven ! But a truce to reflection till we have introduced another, and more memorable subject for it. Lord Carlisle’s embarrassments were inextricably

mixed up with those of Charles James Fox; and it can therefore hardly be deemed a digression to turn at once to the passages in these volumes which relate to him. The few letters of his own that occur in them, are principally remarkable for ease and simplicity. For example:—

‘ *Paris, Nov. 1770.*

‘ Quantities of cousins visit us; amongst the rest the Duke of Berwick. What an animal it is! I supped last night with Lauzun, Fitz-James, and some others, at what they call a *Clob à l’Anglaise*. It was in a *petite maison* of Lauzun’s. There was Madame Briseau, and two other women. The supper was execrably bad. However, the champagne and tokay were excellent; notwithstanding which the fools made *du ponche* with bad rum. This club is to meet every Saturday, either here or at Versailles: I am glad to see that we cannot be foolisher in point of imitation than they are.’

Principally through Selwyn’s introduction, Fox was on a familiar footing with Madame du Deffand and her set.

‘ Madame Geoffrin *m’a chanté la palinodie*. I dine there to-day; she enquires after you very much. I have supped at Madame du Deffand’s, who asked me if I was *déjà sous la tutèle de M. Selvin*? I boasted that I was.’

In August 23, 1771, he writes what is most worthy of notice, as follows:—

‘ I am reading Clarendon, but scarcely get on faster than you did with your Charles the Fifth. I think the style bad, and that he has a good deal of the old woman in his way of thinking, *but hate the opposite party so much that it gives one a kind of partiality for him.*’

His marvellous powers as a debater were remarked very soon after his first entrance into parliament. In March 1770, his delighted father writes to Selwyn:—

‘ You know by this time that your panegyric upon Charles came about an hour after I had wrote mine to you of the 9th. He writes word that upon February the 12th he spoke very ill. I do not mind that, and when he speaks so well, as to be, as Lady Mary says, the wonder of the age, it does not give me so much pleasure as what you, very justly, I think, tell me *de son cœur*. And yet that may not signify. I have been honest and good-natured, nor can I repent of it; though convinced now that honesty is not the best policy, and that good-nature does not meet with the return it ought to do.’

It appears from a letter addressed by Lord Carlisle to Lady Holland (Fox’s mother) in 1773, that he had become security for Fox to the amount of fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds; and a letter to Selwyn, in 1777, puts the ruinous character of their gambling transactions in the strongest light. Lord Ilchester (Fox’s cousin,) had lost thirteen thousand pounds at one sitting to Lord Carlisle, who offered to take three thousand

pounds down. Nothing was paid; but ten years afterwards, when Lord Carlisle pressed for his money, he complains that an attempt was made to construe the offer into a remission of ten thousand pounds:—

‘The only way, in honour, that Lord I. could have accepted my offer, would have been by taking some steps to pay the L.3000. I remained in a state of uncertainty, I think, for nearly three years; but his taking no notice of it during that time convinced me that he had no intention of availing himself of it. Charles Fox was also at a much earlier period clear that he never meant to accept it. There is also great justice in the behaviour of the family in passing by the instantaneous payment of, I believe, five thousand pounds, to Charles, won at the same sitting, without any observations. *At one period of the play, I remember, there was a balance in favour of one of those gentlemen, but of which I protest I do not remember, of about fifty thousand.*’

At the time in question, Fox was hardly eighteen. The following letter from Lord Carlisle, written in 1771, contains some highly interesting information respecting the youthful habits, and already vast intellectual pre-eminence of this memorable statesman:—

‘It gives me great pain to hear that Charles begins to be unreasonably impatient at losing. I fear it is the prologue to much fretfulness of temper; for disappointment in raising money, and any serious reflections upon his situation, will (in spite of his affected spirits and dissipation, which sit very well upon Richard) occasion him many disagreeable moments. They will be the more painful, when he reflects that he is not following the natural bent of his genius; for that would lead him to all serious enquiry and laudable pursuits, which he has in some measure neglected, to hear Lord Bolingbroke’s applause, and now is obliged to have recourse to it and play, to hinder him from thinking how he has perverted the ends for which he was born. *I believe there never was a person yet created who had the faculty of reasoning like him. His judgments are never wrong; his decision is formed quicker than any man’s I ever conversed with; and he never seems to mistake but in his own affairs.*’

Lord Carlisle’s fears proved groundless in one respect. Fox’s sweetness of temper remained with him to the last; but it is most painful to think how much mankind has lost through his recklessness. There is no saying what might not have been effected by such a man, had he simply followed the example of his great rival in one respect. ‘We played a good deal at Goosetree’s, (says ‘Wilberforce,) and I well remember the intense earnestness which Pitt displayed when joining in these games of chance. ‘He perceived their increasing fascination, and soon after abandoned it for ever.’ Wilberforce’s own cure is thus recorded by his biographers, on the authority of his private Journal:—

‘ “ We can have no play to-night,” complained some of the party at the club, “ for St Andrew is not here to keep bank.” ‘ “ Wilberforce,” said Mr Bankes, who never joined himself, “ if you will keep it I will give you a guinea.” The playful challenge was accepted, but as the game grew deep, he rose the winner of £600. Much of this was lost by those who were only heirs to future fortunes, and could not therefore meet such a call without inconvenience. The pain he felt at their annoyance cured him of a taste which seemed but too likely to become predominant.’

Goosetree’s being then almost exclusively composed of incipient orators and embryo statesmen, the call for a gaming-table there may be regarded as a decisive proof of the universal prevalence of the vice. But most of these were the friends and followers of Pitt; and when his star gained the ascendant, idleness was no longer the order of the day among politicians, and rising young men gave up faro and hazard for Blackstone and Adam Smith. We know of no candidate for high office, entering public life after 1784, who did not affect prudence and propriety; and probably we shall never again see a parliamentary leader aspire, like Bolingbroke,

‘ To shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.’

Gaming, however, continued a blot on our manners and morals for many years afterwards; and it may not be uninteresting to trace its progress and decline. During the whole of the last century, gaming of some sort was an ordinary amusement for both sexes in the best society.* Till near the commencement of the present, the favourite game was Faro; and as it was a decided advantage to hold the Bank, masters and mistresses of noble houses, less scrupulous than Wilberforce, frequently volunteered to fleece and amuse their company. But scandal having made busy with the names of some of them, it became usual to hire a professed gamester at five or ten guineas a night to set up a table for the evening, as we should hire Lablache for a concert, or Weippert for a ball. Faro gradually dropped out of fashion; macao took its place; hazard was never wanting, and whist began to be played for stakes which would have satisfied Fox himself; who, though it was calculated that he

* In General Burgoyne’s play of *The Heiress*, Mrs Blandish exclaims— ‘ Time thrown away in the country! as if women of fashion left London to turn freckled shepherdesses. No, no; cards, cards and backgammon, are the delights of rural life; and, slightly as you may think of my skill, at the year’s end I am no inconsiderable sharer in the pin-money of my society.’

might have netted four or five thousand a-year by games of skill, complained that they afforded no excitement.

Watier's club, in Piccadilly, was the resort of the macao players. It was kept by an old *maitre d'hotel* of George the Fourth, a character in his way, who took a just pride in the cookery and wines of his establishment. All the brilliant stars of fashion, (and fashion was power then,) frequented it, with Brummell for their sun. 'Poor Brummell dead, in misery and idiocy, at Caen! and I remember him in all his glory, cutting his jokes after the opera at White's, in a black velvet great-coat, and a cocked hat on his well-powdered head.'* Nearly the same turn of reflection is suggested as we run over the names of his associates. Almost all of them were ruined; three out of four, irretrievably. Indeed it was the forced expatriation of its supporters that caused the club to be broken up. During the same period (from 1810 to 1815 or thereabouts) there was a great deal of high play at White's and Brookes's, particularly whist. At Brookes's figured some remarkable characters—as Tippoo Smith, by common consent the best whist-player of his day; and an old gentleman nicknamed Neptune, from his having once flung himself into the sea in a fit of despair at being, as he thought, ruined. He was fished out in time, found he was not ruined, and played on during the remainder of his life.

The most distinguished player at White's was the nobleman who was presented at the Salon in Paris as *Le Wellington des Joueurs*; and he richly merited the name, if skill, temper, and the most daring courage, are titles to it. The greatest genius, however, is not infallible. He once lost three thousand four hundred pounds at whist by not remembering that the seven of hearts was in. He played at hazard for the highest stakes that any one could be got to play with him, and at one time was supposed to have won nearly a hundred thousand pounds; but it all went, along with a great deal more, at Crockford's.

There was also a great deal of play at Graham's, the Union, the Cocoa-Tree, and other clubs of the second order in point of fashion. Here large sums were hazarded with equal rashness, and remarkable characters started up. Among the most conspicuous was the late Colonel Aubrey, who literally passed his life at play. He did nothing else, morning, noon, and night; and it was computed that he had paid more than sixty thousand pounds for card-money. He was a very fine player at all games, and a shrewd clever man. He had been twice to India, and made two fortunes. It was said that he lost the first on his way

* *Private MS.*

home, transferred himself from one ship to another without landing, went back, and made the second. His life was a continual alternation between poverty and wealth; and he used to say, the greatest pleasure in life is winning at cards—the next greatest, losing.

For several years deep play went on at all these clubs—fluctuating both as to locality and amount—till by degrees it began to flag. It had got to a low ebb when Mr Crockford came to London, and laid the foundation of the most colossal fortune that was ever made by play. He began by taking Watier's old club-house, in partnership with a man named Taylor. They set up a Hazard-bank, and won a great deal of money, but quarrelled and separated at the end of the first year. Taylor continued where he was, had a bad year, and broke. Crockford removed to St James's Street, had a good year, and instantly set about building the magnificent club-house which bears his name. It rose like a creation of Aladdin's lamp; and the genii themselves could hardly have surpassed the beauty of the internal decorations, or furnished a more accomplished *maitre d'hotel* than Ude. To make the company as select as possible, the establishment was regularly organized as a club, and the election of members vested in a committee. 'Crockford's' became the rage, and the votaries of fashion, whether they liked play or not, hastened to enrol themselves. The Duke of Wellington was an original member, though (unlike Blucher, who repeatedly lost every thing he had at play) the Great Captain was never known to play deep at any game but war or politics. Card-tables were regularly placed, and whist was played occasionally; but the aim, end, and final cause of the whole was the Hazard-bank, at which the proprietor took his nightly stand, prepared for all comers. There was a recognized limit, at which (after losing a certain sum) he might declare the bank broke for the night; but he knew his business too well to stop.

The speculation, it is hardly necessary to add, was eminently successful. During several years, every thing that any body had to lose and cared to risk, was swallowed up. *Le Wellington des Joueurs* lost L.23,000 at a sitting, beginning at twelve at night, and ending at seven the following evening. He and three other noblemen could not have lost less, sooner or later, than a hundred thousand pounds a-piece. Others lost in proportion (or out of proportion) to their means; but we leave it to less occupied moralists, and better calculators to say, how many ruined families went to make Mr Crockford a *millionaire*—for a *millionaire* he was and is, in the English sense of the term, after making the largest possible allowance for bad debts. A vast sum, perhaps half a million, is due to him; but

as he won all his debtors were able to raise, and easy credit was the most fatal of his lures,* we cannot make up our minds to condole with him on that amount, frightful though it be. He retired, three or four years ago, much as an Indian Chief retires from a hunting-country when there is not game enough left for his tribe; and the club is said to be now tottering to its fall.

Some good was certainly produced by it. In the first place, private gambling (between gentleman and gentleman) with its degrading incidents, illustrated by the foregoing letters, is at an end. In the second place, this very circumstance brings the worst part of the practice within the reach of the law. Public gambling, which only exists by and through what are popularly termed 'hells,' may be easily suppressed. There are at present more than twenty of these establishments in Pall-Mall, Piccadilly, and St James's, called into existence by Mr Crockford's success. Why does not the police interfere? If the police cannot, why does not the legislature? Not an hour should be lost in putting down this monstrous evil. We claim to be superior in morals and public order to the French; yet all the public gaming-tables of Paris were suppressed four or five years ago, and (what is more) suppressed without difficulty, the moment the police set to work in good earnest.†

Space permitting, we should be glad to make a few extracts from the numerous letters, in this collection, of the Rev. Dr Warner, who has described many objects of interest, and hit off some curious traits of character, in a gay vivacious style, which would be much more pleasing had there been less effort to make it so. He apparently took for his model the well-known letter of Madame de Sévigné, announcing the marriage of 'la grande Mademoiselle,' in which the main object seems to be to keep beating about the bush as long as possible. But the reverend doctor is inexcusably coarse and loose, and has often tempted us to exclaim like Dr Johnson, when some clergymen were endeavouring to show off in his company by assuming the lax jollity

* Brookes was equally accommodating :—

‘ From liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit and a distant bill;
Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.’

Verses, *From the Hon. Charles James Fox, partridge-shooting, to the Hon. John Townshend, cruising*; by Tickell, whom Mr Jesse praises for his poem of ‘Anticipation.’

† Since this was written, a few of the most notorious London establishments have been suppressed.

of men of the world—'This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive.' Independently of the indecorous tone, there are several expressions and allusions in Dr Warner's letters, and two or three in Gilly Williams's and Lord Carlisle's, which offend, not merely against good taste, but common decency; and Mr Jesse has exposed himself to much censure by printing them.

We are also obliged to omit many passages from the letters of Lord Holland, Miss Townshend, Mr Storer, the Dowager Lady Carlisle, and Lady Sarah Bunbury, which we had marked for insertion; as well as an entire letter of Horace Walpole's, (vol. i. p. 4,) which maintains his superiority as a writer of epistolary compositions.

In conclusion, we are happy to say that the comparison, suggested by these volumes, between the manners and morals of the last century and our own, is highly satisfactory. Intellectual tastes have nearly superseded the necessity, formerly felt by the unoccupied classes, of resorting to coarse indulgences or strong excitements; and respect for public opinion induces those among them who continue unreclaimed, to conceal their transgressions from the world. It is also worthy of note, that the few persons of noble birth or high connexion who have recently attracted attention by their laxity, are professed votaries of (what they call) pleasure; and are no longer encouraged by the example, or elevated by the companionship, of men distinguished in the senate, the cabinet, or the court. No Prime Minister escorts a woman of the town through the Crush-room of the Opera; no first Lord of the Admiralty permits his mistress to do the honours of his house, or weeps over her in the columns of the *Morning Post*; no Lord of the Bedchamber starts for Newmarket with a *danseuse* in his carriage, and her whole family in his train;—our parliamentary leaders do not dissipate their best energies at the gaming-table; our privy councillors do not attend cock-fights; and among the many calumnies levelled at our public men, not one has been accused (as General Burgoyne was by Junius) of lying in wait for inexperienced lads to plunder at play.

Though the signs are less marked, the improvement in the female sex is not less certain; for it may safely be taken for granted, that the practice of gambling was fraught with the worst consequences to the finest feelings and best qualities of the sex. The chief danger is hinted at in *The Provoked Husband*.

'*Lord Townley*.—'Tis not your ill hours that always disturb me, but as often the ill company that occasion those hours.

'*Lady Townley*.—Sure I don't understand you now, my Lord. What ill company do I keep?

'*Lord Townley*.—Why, at best, women that lose their money, and

men that win it; or perhaps men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes a lady will give them fair play at another.'

The facts confirm the theory. Walpole's Letters, and the volumes before us, teem with allusions to proved or understood cases of matrimonial infidelity; and the manner in which notorious irregularities were brazened out, shows that the offenders did not always encounter the universal reprobation of society. Miss Berry, speaking, in her very instructive book, of the Duchess of Norfolk's divorce in 1697, observes:—

'Many circumstances of this lady's case show how much the ordinary habits of life were overstepped, and what precautions were thought necessary previous to such misconduct. A house taken at Lambeth, then a small and little-frequented village, whose nearest communication with Westminster was by a horse-ferry—this house, hired and resorted to under feigned names, and occupied by foreign servants, who it was supposed could not identify the lady, are not measures taken in a country where the crime they were meant to conceal was frequent.'—(*England and France*, vol. i. p. 297.).

This test would be fatal to the female nobility of England half a century later; for many of them took no pains whatever to conceal their immoralities. We are obliged, from obvious motives, to refrain from mentioning some conclusive instances; but it is notorious that Lady Vane gave Smollett the materials for the *Memoirs of a Lady of Quality* (herself) published in *Peregrine Pickle*; that Lady Townshend sat (perhaps not so willingly) for the portrait of Lady Bellaston in *Tom Jones*; and we can hardly do wrong in copying a note, which Lord Dover has annexed to the name of a Miss Edwards, in his edition of Walpole's Letters:—'Miss Edwards, an unmarried lady of great fortune, who (1742) openly kept Lord A. Hamilton.'

Gilly Williams mentions a caprice of a more respectable kind, which was far from uncommon at the period:—

'Lord Rockingham's youngest sister has just married her footman, John Sturgeon. Surely he is the very first of that name that ever had a Right Honourable annexed to it. I made the Duchess of Bedford laugh yesterday with the story of Lord March's handsome Jack wanting to go to live with Lady Harrington.'

* * * * *

'The girls talk of nothing but the match between Lord Rockingham's sister and her footman. Never so much — and discretion met together; for she has entailed her fortune with as much circumspection as Lord Mansfield could have done, and has not left one cranny of the law unstopped. They used to pass many hours together, which she called teaching John the mathematics.'

Unless John was a very unapt scholar, he must soon have become as worthy an object of a lady's favour, so far as mental

culture was concerned, as Sir John Germaine; who, after occasioning the Duchess of Norfolk's divorce, married a noble heiress, Lady Betty Berkeley, and lived till the middle of the last century. Miss Berry tells us that he actually left a legacy to Sir Matthew Decker, under a belief that he was the author of the Gospel of St Matthew!

It has been thought by some that we have lost in grace what we have gained in decency, and that society is no longer so gay, easy, accomplished, or even lettered, as it used to be. Miss Berry, though she commends the fashion which encouraged occupation and mental acquirements, cannot refrain from a sly sarcasm at the 'new prodigies, who were already great orators at Eton, 'and profound politicians before they left Christchurch or Trinity,'—the gentlemen to whom 'it was easier to be foolishly 'bustling than seriously employed;' and Mr Moore maintains a yet more startling doctrine:—'Without any disparagement of 'the many and useful talents which are at present nowhere more 'conspicuous than in the upper ranks of society, it may be owned 'that for wit, social powers, and literary accomplishments, the 'political men of the period under consideration (1780) formed 'such an assemblage as it would be flattery to say that our own 'times can parallel. The natural tendency of the French Revolution was to produce in the higher classes of England an increased reserve of manner, and of course a proportionate restraint 'on all within their circle, which have been fatal to conviviality 'and humour, and not very propitious to wit—subduing both 'manners and conversation to a sort of polished level, to rise 'above which is often thought almost as vulgar as to sink below 'it. Of the greater ease of manners that existed some forty or 'fifty years ago, one trifling but not the less significant indication was the habit, then prevalent among men of high station, 'of calling each other by such familiar names as Dick, Jack, 'Tom, &c. &c—a mode of address that brings with it in its very 'sound the notion of conviviality and playfulness, and, however 'unrefined, implies at least that ease and *sea-room* in which wit 'spreads its canvass most fearlessly.'—*Life of Sheridan*.

We differ with unfeigned reluctance from Mr Moore; but he is surely mistaken in supposing that the higher classes in England have contracted an increased reserve of manner in consequence of the French Revolution; or shown more anxiety on that account to intrench themselves within the privileges of their rank. On the contrary, the tendency of that event, and our own Reform Bill, was and is to make them more anxious to identify themselves in feeling and interest with the people. If they have ceased to be familiar, it is because they have ceased to be exclusive; restraint is necessary, because society is mixed; and there is no reason why men of rank should change their mode of ad-

dress to men of rank, except that they live less with one another, and more with the world at large. The very peculiarity in question was observed by Mrs Trollope in the most exclusive coterie in Europe, the *crème de la crème* of Vienna. 'All the ladies address each other by their Christian names, and you may pass evening after evening surrounded by Princesses and Countesses, without ever hearing any other appellations than Therese, Flora, Laura, or Pepè.'

This may be very agreeable for the privileged few, and we readily admit that intimacy is a great promoter of humour. Few of Selwyn's *bon-mots* could have been hazarded at a mixed party. But we are as far as ever from admitting Mr Moore's proposition in the main. It is not flattery, but sober truth to say, that our public men have contracted no reserve beyond that which the voluntary enlargement of their circle has entailed upon them. It would be difficult to contend that they have impaired their social powers by mixing with eminent authors, men of science, and artists, whatever influence these may have exercised upon their wit or humour; and, even as regards wit or humour, it would simply be necessary to run over a few known names to vindicate our equality in both. Modern conversation is rich with the product of every soil, the spoils of every clime; and it would be a grave error to suppose that those who contribute most to it seldom meet in intimacy. They meet very often, but they belong to several co-equal and intersecting circles, instead of keeping to one, and making that the sole object of interest.

There are signs, moreover, that he who runs may read. It is clear that they talked politics as much as we do; perhaps more, since their eagerness was so manifest to a Frenchwoman. 'Madame de Boufflers (writes Williams in 1763) is out of patience with our politics, and our ridiculous abuse of every person who either governs or is likely to govern us.' This was a serious drawback, but not the most serious. Selwyn's principal correspondents were not dandies and fine ladies, but the most cultivated men and women of the highest class; including several on whom Mr Moore would rely, if we came to a division on the question. The masterpieces of English light literature, and several other standard works, appeared during their correspondence. Yet neither Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Gray, Goldsmith, Hume, Robertson, Johnson, Gibbon, or even Burke, elicits a remark. There is one allusion to Garrick, (by Rigby;) one to Reynolds, (by Lord Carlisle;) and one to Gainsborough, (by Gilly Williams,) as 'the painter by whom, if you remember, we once saw the caricature of old Winchilsea.'

There was no want of classical acquirement, it is true; many wrote graceful verses; and Fox and Walpole had a taste for

contemporary literature ; but Fox kept it to himself for lack of sympathy, and Walpole was ashamed of it. By literature, however, must be understood merely the *Belles Lettres* ; for Fox confessed late in life that he had never been able to get through *The Wealth of Nations*.

Familiarity, again, is a great charm, but the habits which are the conditions of its existence, beget monotony. In Charles the Second's reign, when it was the fashion to go to sea and fight the Dutch, instead of taking lodgings at Melton or attending *Battues*, Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, tells us in his *Memoirs*, that a party of gay, witty, lettered profligates were becalmed on board the Duke of York's ship, and got so tired of one another, that the first care each took on landing was to ascertain where the rest were going, in order to get away from them. We are not aware whether the *habitués* of White's or Brookes's, seventy or eighty years ago, were ever brought to such a pass ; but we know (and there is no getting over this) that they habitually resorted to the gaming-table—

‘ Unknown to such, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy.’

With rare exceptions, the most accomplished persons, about to risk more than they can afford to lose, will be found both ill-disposed, and ill-qualified, for the easy equable enjoyment of conversation ; though (with the aid of wine) they may have their occasional bursts of sparkling pleasantry.

To sum up all—there is a halo floating over certain periods ; dazzling associations may cluster round a name : ‘ ’tis distance lends enchantment to the view ; ’ and living witnesses, who have known both generations, will always, by a law of our nature, award the palm to the companions of their youth. But it will require stronger arguments than have been adduced yet, to convince us that the social powers of any class have fallen off, whilst morality, taste, knowledge, general freedom of intercourse, and liberality of opinion, have been advancing ; or that the mind necessarily loses any portion of its playfulness, when it quits the enervating atmosphere of idleness and dissipation, for the purer air and brighter skies of Art, Literature, and Philosophy.

ART. II.—*The Highlands of Æthiopia described, during Eighteen Months' residence of a British Embassy at the Christian Court of Shoa.* By Major W. CORNWALLIS HARRIS, of the Hon. E. I. Company's Engineers. Second Edition.* 3 vols. 8vo. London : 1844.

IN April 1841, a British Embassy left Bombay for Shoa, under the conduct and command of Major Harris, already well known as the author of a work on the 'Wild Sports of Southern Africa,' and other popular publications.

The Embassy first disembarked at Aden. This place, now one of the stages in the greatest highway of the world—that from Europe to India—is nevertheless so recent an acquisition of British enterprise, that the name awakens as yet no familiar ideas. It stands at the southern extremity of the Arabian continent, on a little mountainous peninsula, connected with the mainland only by a spit of sand. The surrounding region is 'without seed, water, or tree;' a black, burning desert of lava and volcanic sand—'a cluster of barren rocks, which might fitly be likened to heaps of fused coal out of a glass-house.' As if to complete the parallel with Gibraltar, its native tenants are chiefly a long-tailed race of monkeys, whom the Adenites believe to be the remnant of the mighty tribe of Ad, whose ancient seat, the 'paradise of Irem,' (familiar to the readers of Thalaba,) is supposed to exist, though undiscoverable by mortals, somewhere in the sultry wilderness around. This barren spot, however, was occupied by a great city in the time of Constantine; was honoured by the preaching of Mahomet himself; and was still important, 500 years ago, in the days of Ibn Batuta. It fell to ruin in the revolutions which followed the Turkish conquest. At the period of the British occupation, ninety decayed houses, giving shelter to six hundred meagre Arabs, were all that remained to attest its ancient glories, except its huge reservoirs and cisterns, and extensive necropolis. Three years afterwards,

* This Article was written before Major Harris published his second edition, with rather a fiery introduction. In it, he defends his mission and his narrative against various unjust attacks; and so far we quite agree with him; but he also argues in support of his own notions of style and composition, on which, we fear, we must continue to differ. Indeed, he has himself, in his new edition, pruned away the exuberance of several turgid passages; but this does not materially alter the general strain of his narrative, which, though occasionally relieved with some striking descriptions, is stiff and stilted in a painful degree.

the population had increased to 20,000 : Arabs, Somaulis from the coast of Africa, Hindoos, Parsees, Negroes, Nubians, and Jews, sweat and wrangle in its broiling bazars. But a few more years of security will make Aden one of the great emporia of the East. Such is the constant cycle of events in that ancient quarter of the world. Empires come and go like shadows—cities disappear from the map—all but their traditions vanishes: the same spot of earth witnesses the waxing and waning of several successive births of human pride or industry ; yet man remains unchangeable all the while ; and the Bedouin who frequents the market of Aden, so completely represents his first forefathers, that it requires but an effort of imagination to fancy him Khizzer the immortal, coming back, every five hundred years, to visit the same points in the eternal round of his travels, and witness the result of the revolutions of Time.

‘ Und aber nach fünf hundert Jahren
Kam ich desselbigen Weges gefahren.’

Two days brought the Embassy to a very different scene—the port of Tajura, in Africa, where they arrived on the 17th of May. Tajura is situated on a very deep bay or gulf, hitherto unnoticed in our maps, which runs fifty miles inland at the very entrance of the Red Sea. The whole of the coast, for some hundred miles on either side, is mere desert ; and probably the hottest and most detestable corner of the whole habitable earth. The part in which Tajura is situated, is called by Major Harris the ‘ Tehama ;’ but what latitude or longitude he assigns to this general designation, we cannot tell ; and, to say it once for all, there is a looseness about dates, distances, and names, in his work, which is to us exceedingly perplexing ; inasmuch that, in order to make out the particulars of this early part of the journey, we have been forced to turn from his more bulky narrative to the modest Diary of Assistant-Surgeon Kirk, in the Journal of the London Geographical Society. This is the more provoking, because we are half convinced that it arises less from carelessness, than from a notion on the part of the Major, that such vulgar preciseness is inconsistent with that dignity of lofty narrative, to which he unhappily aspires. This region, however, is better known on our map by the name of ‘ Adel,’ a contraction of ‘ Adaiel’—the general name of the tribes who inhabit it ; of whom the principal, as far as we can make out the author’s nomenclature, are the Danakil, or Dankali nation. These may pass for some of the fiercest and most utterly irreclaimable barbarians of the earth. Their country is a parched wilderness, entirely without cultivation except in one or two singular oases ;

and extends from the sea to the foot of the Abyssinian mountains, a distance of about 300 miles. They are Mahometans of the most bigoted character. The neighbouring Arabia has exercised a very extensive influence over this portion of Africa. Arab chiefs rule many of the East African states, and Arab colonies are scattered along the coast, even far to the south of the equator. And the national fanaticism has assumed in them a still darker tinge, from their close bordering on the Pagans of the interior, and the Christians of Abyssinia, with whom they are in constant enmity.

The road from Tajura to Shoa crosses this desert for two hundred miles. Shortly after leaving Tajura, it brings the traveller to the shores of that remarkable lake, the Bahr Assal, which has only become known within a few years back to European travellers. It is a lake six or seven miles long, partially filling a deep hollow, in an extremely rugged country of volcanic formation, surrounded by mountains on three sides; divided on the fourth from the inner part of the deep gulf of Tajura (called in Arabic Ghoobut el Kharab, the Basin of Foulness) by a belt of lava formation, about six miles across. The extraordinary feature of this pool is, that it lies at a level of no less than 570 feet below that of the neighbouring sea. Of course the waters are intensely salt; they are continually receding by evaporation; and thus furnish the great natural storehouse of salt, which supplies the wants not only of the Adaiel tribes, but of great part of Abyssinia, where bars of salt form the common circulating medium. It need hardly be added, too, that the shores of this dead sea of the Tehama desert, in the month of June, were intolerably hot; and terrible were the sufferings of the crowd of men, and beasts of burden which accompanied the British Embassy, during a whole day's bivouac on its banks.

The first glimpse of the strange phenomenon, although curious, was far from pleasing. An elliptical basin, seven miles in its transverse axis, half filled with smooth water of the deepest cerulean blue, and half with a solid sheet of glittering snow-white salt, the offspring of evaporation—girded on three sides by huge hot-looking mountains, which dip their bases into the very bowl, and on the fourth by crude half-formed rocks of lava, broken and divided by the most unintelligible chasms—it presented the appearance of a spoiled, or at least of a very unfinished, piece of work. No sound broke on the ear; not a ripple played upon the water; the molten surface of the lake, like burnished steel, lay unruffled by a breeze; the fierce sky was without a cloud; and the angry sun, like a ball of metal at a white heat, rode triumphant in a full blaze of noontide refulgence, which in sickening glare was darted back on the straining vision of the fainting wayfarer, by the hot sulphury mountains that encircled the still, hollow, basin. A white foam on the shelving shore of the dense water,

did contrive for a brief moment to deceive the eye with an appearance of motion and fluidity; but the spot, on more attentive observation, ever remained unchanged—a crystallized efflorescence. . . . A close mephitic atench, impeding respiration, arose from the saline exhalations of the stagnant lake. A frightful glare from the white salt and limestone hillocks threatened destruction to the vision; and a sickening heaviness in the loaded atmosphere was enhanced rather than alleviated by the fiery breath of the parching north-westerly wind, which blew without any intermission during the entire day. The air was inflamed, the sky sparkled, and columns of burning sand, which at quick intervals towered high into the dazzling atmosphere, became so illumined as to appear like tall pillars of fire. Crowds of horses, mules, and fetid camels, tormented to madness by the dire persecutions of the poisonous gad-fly, flocked recklessly, with an instinctive dread of the climate, to share the only bush; and obstinately disputing with their heels the slender shelter it afforded, compelled several of the party to seek refuge in noisome caves, formed along the foot of the range by fallen masses of volcanic rock, which had become heated to a temperature seven times in excess of a potter's kiln, and fairly baked up the marrow in the bones.

‘In this unventilated and diabolical hollow, dreadful indeed were the sufferings in store both for man and beast. Not a drop of fresh water existed within many miles; and, notwithstanding that every human precaution had been taken to secure a supply, by means of skins carried upon camels, the very great extent of most impracticable country to be traversed, which had unavoidably led to the detention of nearly all, added to the difficulty of restraining a multitude maddened by the tortures of burning thirst, rendered the provision quite insufficient; and during the whole of this appalling day, with the mercury in the thermometer standing at 126° under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas, in a suffocating Pandemonium, depressed 570 feet below the ocean, where no zephyr fanned the fevered skin, and where the glare arising from the sea of white salt was most painful to the eyes; where the furnace-like vapour exhaled, almost choking respiration, created an indomitable thirst, and not the smallest shade or shelter existed, save such as was afforded, in cruel mockery, by the stunted boughs of the solitary leafless acacia, or, worse still, by black blocks of heated lava, it was only practicable, during twelve tedious hours, to supply to each of the party two quarts of the most mephitic brick-dust coloured fluid, which the direst necessity could alone have forced down the parched throat, and which, after all, far from alleviating thirst, served materially to augment its insupportable horrors.’—(Vol. I. p. 100–103.)

The crystallized salt floats on the surface of the water near the shore, ‘like a rough coarse sheet of ice, irregularly cracked.’ Much interest has been excited of late years respecting these curious depressions of the surface of the earth; of which the Caspian sea forms by far the largest known instance, although the estimate of its level has been raised by recent measurement to only eighty feet below that of the sea. On the other hand,

the results of Lieutenant Symonds's recent triangulation of part of Palestine, have been to fix the level of the Dead Sea at the extraordinary depth of 1312 feet below the Mediterranean. These last are phenomena for which Geology can only account by some of her more recondite speculations. That of the Bahr Assal is conjecturally explained by Major Harris in a much simpler manner. The depth of the gulf of Tajura is very great; in Ghoobut el Kharab, the innermost basin, the soundings are not less than 690 feet, or 120 below the surface of the Salt Lake. Supposing a portion of the bottom to have been upheaved by volcanic action, of which the neighbourhood shows such extensive traces, so as to dyke off part of the ancient gulf, and form it into a separate lake—that lake, receiving no fresh water in that torrid climate, except after rains, would continually diminish by evaporation. Five hundred cubic feet of depth may have passed away in vapour since the upheaving took place. ‘Premising the depression of the lake to have been formerly ‘correspondent’ (with the depth of Ghoobut el Kharab,) ‘120 feet may be assumed as its present depth. To this it has been reduced by the great annual evaporation that must take place—an evaporation decreasing every year as the salt solution becomes more intensely concentrated, and evinced by the saline incrustation on the surface no less than by a horizontal efflorescence, in strata, at a considerable height on the face of the circumjacent rocks. In the lapse of years, should the present order of things continue undisturbed from below, the water will probably disappear altogether, leaving a field of rock salt.’*

These extracts will serve to convey an idea of the sufferings of an Embassy, traversing the tropical desert between the sea and the Abyssinian mountains; and, at the same time, of the ultra-tropical luxuriance of Major Harris's style. We shall, therefore, forbear to accompany him in his weary marches through the low country of the Adaiel, and in his wranglings with bloodthirsty and larcenous tribes by the way. In fact, our interest in the personal adventures of the Embassy is altogether, and provokingly baffled, by the diplomatic cloud in which the Major thinks it necessary, or becoming, to envelope its objects, proceedings, and fortunes. If the peace of Europe depended on the contents of his official budget, he could not more reverentially abstain from violating its secrecy. Nowhere does he drop a hint of the origin, or object, of the important expedition. The names of

* Vol. i. p. 111. The same solution of this phenomenon, was suggested by M. Rochet d'Héricourt, whose travels in Shoa were published in 1841.

the officers and privates who composed the party are given, in a separate page, at the beginning of the first edition; after which, not a man among them is mentioned by name, from one end of the three volumes to the other; not a notion is vouchsafed us of the equipment of the expedition, of the amount and quality of the precious baggage which it conveyed to the court of Shoa, or, in short, of any of those particulars which give reality to a narrative. The Embassy is reduced as nearly as possible to a great abstraction; and we have been puzzled throughout to ascertain whether this peculiarity is the result of the Major's ideas of official duty, or his notion of fine writing.

The rainy season had already begun when the Embassy reached the banks of the Hawash, which may be considered as the frontier stream of the King of Shoa's dominions. From Mr Kirk's report, we find that this was on the 10th July; Major Harris, as usual, being too lofty to condescend to dates at all. This river, hitherto so little known, conveys the waters of the south-eastern face of the Abyssinian hills towards the Indian ocean; which, however, it does not reach even in the rainy season, being lost in lagoons near a town of the Moslem, called Aussa. It was found to be 'a deep volume of turbid water, covered with driftwood, which rolled at the rate of some three miles an hour, between steep clayey walls twenty-five feet in height, bounding a mere break through the mud and sand. The breadth of the channel fell short of sixty yards, and the flood was not yet at its maximum.'—(Vol. I. p. 303.) At this point, 300 miles from the sea, it was 2200 feet above the sea level. Here the Major shot a hippopotamus—a pleasing reminiscence of his former South African pursuits, which he was not destined frequently to enjoy.

Beyond the Hawash begins a belt of unwholesome country, generally well covered with vegetation, which forms the natural border between the Christian and Galla inhabitants of the hills above, and the ferocious Moslem of the low desert. Neither can pass it with impunity: the hot breath of the sands poisons the Abyssinian warrior, the blast of the mountains withers the strength of the Danakil; and few more remarkable instances are to be found of a barrier set by nature between the mutual encroachments of two hostile races. Gradually, as the Embassy advanced, the blue mountains of Abyssinia loomed nearer and nearer—rising in one unbroken terrace 8000 feet above the sea, or 6000 above the Hawash in this part of its course, with occasional peaks attaining a higher elevation. As the ascent began, the whole character of the scene rapidly changed; a populous country, thickly scattered with the habitations of a

comparatively industrious Christian people, succeeded the desert and the forest; 'the wild rose, the fern, the lantana, and 'the honeysuckle, smiled around a succession of highly-cultivated terraces, into which the entire range was broken by 'banks supporting the soil,' as Aigibbi, the first Christian village of Efat, was approached; the ascent grew more and more rugged, yet the cultivation became more European in character; they laboured 'through deep-ploughed fields of beans, and peas, 'and standing corn;' and lastly, ascended through a fine forest of juniper-trees, to Ankober, the capital of the Nagoos, (or King of Shoa,) Sahela Selassie, perched on the hills, 8280 feet above the level of the sea.

Abyssinia rises like a vast fortress from the burning plains with which it appears to be surrounded on every side. Whether approached from Sennaar on the north, Masuah on the north-east, or the desert of Adel on the south-east, its confines present every where a bold range of mountains to the traveller; and, as far as can be conjectured from the very uncertain accounts we possess, the same configuration prevails on its unexplored western frontier. The interior is table land or 'plateau,' varying from six to ten thousand feet in height, and rising here and there into peaks and ranges of no very great elevation above the table land: some points in the province of Samen, according to the German traveller Rüppell, reach the limits of eternal snow, notwithstanding Bruce's assertion to the contrary. The table-land is the proper home of the Amhára nation, and of the ancient Church of Æthiopia. Many parts of it have been overrun by the pagan Galla; and these now occupy scattered districts of the country, where they live unmixed with the Christian population, producing much confusion in the geography. But the Moslem, who surround it on most sides, have never penetrated into the mountain country so as to make it their abode; although in the sixteenth century, the tribes of Adel, under their famous leader Mahommed Graan, overran the whole of it, and might have established a new empire, had not their leader's career been cut short by a Portuguese musket-ball. The feeling of terror inspired by that conquest is not yet worn out; and even now the Amhara do not consider themselves a match for the Danakil in equal fight.

The main kingdom of Northern Abyssinia underwent, after that conquest, a long period of decay and revolutions, and fell at last to pieces, amidst the feuds of its barbarous Pagan and Christian satraps, (of whom Bruce's hero, Ras Michael, was the most renowned,) in the latter part of the last century. Since that period, it has presented nothing but continual scenes of intestine war, rapine, and anarchy. The three independent poten-

tates who now divide it between them—if such a title can be given to chieftains whose power rests only on military success, and is overthrown by a defeat—are Ras Ali, who governs in the name of the dethroned descendants of Solomon, in the old provinces of Amhara, the head of the monarchy; Dejjaj Aligas Farès, in Lasta; and Dejjaj Oubich, the savage tyrant of Tigré. ‘But the form is still retained, of placing the crown upon the brows of a descendant of the ancient line of Solomon, who is content to be a mere puppet in the hands of the temporary minister; and enjoying a stipend of 300 dollars per annum, and the paltry revenues accruing from the tolls of the hebdomadal (weekly?) market in the capital, he remains a prisoner upon parole in his palace at Gondar.’—(Vol. iii. p. 10.) The whole region is fast becoming desolate, under the incessant ravages of war, accompanied with the horrible Abyssinian practice of mutilating all male prisoners. Rüppell estimates the entire population of Northern Abyssinia, east of the Tacazzé, at half a million; west of that river, at a million more.

The destinies of Shoa, or the ‘Kingdom of Shoa and Efat,’ have been more favourable. The former province was the refuge of the royal line of Solomon, when the Princess Esther (styled by the Amhara Issat, which signifies Fire) usurped the Abyssinian throne in the tenth century. Within its confines Tekla Haimanout, the monastic hero of Abyssinia, founded Debra Libanos, the chief Monastery of the country, in the sixteenth century; and obtained at the same period the cession of one-third of the territory of the state to the clergy. After the invasion of Mahommed Graan, this portion of the empire was overrun by Galla tribes; from whom it was gradually reconquered by a line of independent princes, descended through females from the royal family.

In the last century and half, these sovereigns have been in general both able and fortunate. They have subdued, one by one, numerous tribes of pagan Galla, and of the neighbouring Moslem, and brought them into tributary dependence on their crown. While the rest of Abyssinia has suffered the worst of calamities, Shoa has remained scarcely touched by civil or foreign war. The present monarch, Sabela Selassie, ‘the Clemency of the Trinity,’—(the seventh in succession who has borne the name of Menilek, being that which Abyssinian legend gives to the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba,)—reigns over a still more extended dominion than any of his predecessors. He has a million of Christian subjects, and an unknown number of Mahomedan and Pagan tributaries. Without having much pretension to the character of a great warrior, he has been almost uniformly successful in his foreign affairs. He has fright-

ened or brought over most of the powerful Galla chieftains, within an extensive circle, round the centre of his dominions; and has subjugated, in addition, several mighty chieftainesses of the same race, by the most pleasing method of conquest;—carrying on the Austrian or matrimonial policy at a great advantage, by reason of the unlimited polygamy which the Church allows to the House of Solomon.* The Christian provinces, the kernel of his strength, furnish a most gratifying contrast in their appearance to the rest of Abyssinia. Shoa is a small province, astride (to use the French phrase) on the ridge of basalt and trachyte, which divides the waters of the Blue Nile and the Hawash; and this important height of land, which continues, in a geographical point of view, the supposed range of the Mountains of the Moon, instead of a rude mass of primeval rocks, displays a terrace covered with towns and villages, and smiling with the richest cultivation. The Amhara are agriculturists by predilection—the Galla, cattle-feeders.

‘Farm-steadings and dwelling-houses repose secure from predatory bands or hostile neighbours; and although thickly inhabited, the country is unhurdened by any over population. . . . On the elevated plateaux, a succession of gentle undulations of pasture and arable land, intersected by green meadows, and bare-banked rivulets, rise in endless continuation to the view, undisturbed by a solitary tree. Villages and farm-houses proclaim a country which has long enjoyed the blessings of peace. The craggy mountains rise in magnificent ranges from the centre, divided each by a thousand chasms, in whose depths run clear gushing rills. Tangled bushes and evergreen shrubs diversify the cliffs, many of which are covered with magnificent woods. In every nook and “coigne of vantage,” are to be seen and scented, the myrtle, the eglantine, and the jessamine. The intervening slopes, which form the most desirable sites of residence, are clothed in luxuriant crops, and in herbage fed by the oozing streams from above; and, at the foot of the range, repose the rich and smiling valleys, hid in all the luxuriance of tropical foliage, from the gigantic sycamore, beloved of the heathen Galla, and measuring upwards of forty feet in circumference, to the light and elegant acacia, which distils the much-prized gum.’—(Vol. iii. p. 269–272.)

To descend from the Major’s poetic heights to plain matter of fact, it appears that the table land of Shoa produces two crops in the year; that there are seventy-eight different varieties of grain cultivated in a circuit of five miles from Ankober, of which twenty-four are of wheat. This great number appears to result from the fancy of the husbandmen for providing new varieties—a fancy which speaks volumes for the security, and the comparatively advanced state of their industry, however rude their pro-

* Is Major Harris correct here? M. Rochet says the king can have only one wife, but is unlimited in the article of concubines.

cesses may appear. The highland pastures of the Galla are luxuriant with clover and trefoil. The forests have almost disappeared in Shoa. The wild beasts have been driven from the cultivated districts, and Major Harris's unerring rifle was doomed to inactivity, or inglorious warfare against monkeys, hornbills, and vultures. So completely have they vanished, that the Amhara now live in considerable fear of some very insignificant mammalia. 'My children have never seen the Devil's sheep,' observed his Majesty to the Embassy during one of their excursions. 'They live in holes in the rocks under the great waterfall, and have long snouts. My people are afraid. Take guns in the morning, and the pages shall show you the road.' The devil's sheep, on personal inspection, turned out to be nothing more than badgers.

The climate of this Æthiopian paradise is however by no means paradisiacal, yet healthy and elastic. It is certainly a very singular phenomenon. The height of the table land is not more than seven or eight thousand feet above the sea. Our principal knowledge of the climate of similar plateaux in the torrid zone, is derived from Humboldt's observations in America. But in equinoctial America, the climate, even at a still greater elevation, appears to be both drier and warmer than that of Shoa, which seems to resemble that of the north of Ireland, or the Hebrides—still more closely, perhaps, that of Terra del Fuego, for at least two-thirds of the year. In twelve months, at Ankober, the thermometer never rose above 69° Fahrenheit—the lowest degree noticed by Major Harris, is 41; but both he and Rochet observed the pools coated with ice on some mornings. The 'rain of bounty' falls in February and March; the 'rain of covenant' pours down with extreme violence from the end of June to that of September—in the second winter of the embassy's sojourn, it continued till December. The Blue Nile, therefore, in Abyssinia, begins to rise in June, but in Sennaar its flood commences in April or May. It is clear, therefore, that the geography even of this inferior branch of the Nile is as yet imperfect; and that it is joined somewhere in its course by a large unexplored river or rivers from the south. Cold fogs and driving blasts, or heavy tropical showers, envelope the capital of Sahela Selassie during the greater part of the year; while, by the strangest of contrasts, the sulphureous plains of the Adaiel are visible below, whenever the curtain of mist is withdrawn, in which the heat is 90°, and the drought excessive. The province of Elat lies somewhat lower, on the eastern slope of the mountains. The grassy plains of the Galla are chiefly to the westward, on the high continuation of the table land, and towards the Blue Nile, (the Abai of the Abyssinians.) Deep in the valleys, and close at the foot of the

range, coffee and cotton are produced, and most tropical productions might flourish. For coffee, great part of the territory would seem extremely well adapted; but, by a singular prejudice, the Christians refuse to touch it—esteeming the sober berry to savour of Mahometanism. The original *patria* of coffee is ‘Caffa,’ a hitherto unvisited region south-west of Shoa, where it grows wild, and is said to cover the face of the country.

The Embassy seems to have been received, in the first instance, somewhat coldly and cautiously by his Majesty the Negroos. The traders from Northern Abyssinia, who sell the sovereign glass, cloths, and fire-arms at a considerable premium, organized a powerful opposition to interlopers, who brought with them so abundant a stock of European and Indian manufactures. The Clergy took up the cry, and even threatened their monarch with excommunication, in admitting into the empire the ‘red heretics, who ought carefully to be shunned, since they practised witchcraft, and, by burning the king’s bread, threatened to bring a famine upon the land;’—the last accusation resting on their suspicious conduct, in toasting the tough dough-cakes which were doled out for their maintenance. The new-comers also seem to have been long in getting over their disgust at the singularly filthy habits of the Abyssinians—the surfeits and *intoxication* produced by raw beef, the continual boosing of beer and hydromel, the noise, dirt, mendacity, and mendicacy of the townsfolk of Ankober. As for the Moslem servants of the Embassy, they ‘all took their departure in utter abhorrence of the country and its inhabitants, willing rather to bear the dangers and difficulties of a long journey through the inhospitable deserts of the Adaiel, than to prolong a hateful sojourn in Abyssinia. One-half of the number were murdered in the way down, and the places of all long remained empty.’ But prejudice on both sides gradually vanished. Both King and subjects were seduced by silks and satins, musical boxes, detonating shells, seven-barrelled pistols, air-guns, artillery practice with a galloper-gun, which had been brought all the way from India, and Congreve rockets. Priestly enmity was overcome by the judicious administration of a few splendid Altar-cloths, and ornaments, and some still more effectual persuasives; and the *beau monde* of Ankober soon found it an agreeable pastime to spend the long hours, uninvited, lounging over the fire of the Europeans—drinking, boasting, getting shaved, and pestering the party for medical advice. They became at last his Majesty’s favourites and daily companions, and his associates in various expeditions.

On the anniversary of ‘Maskal,’ the festival of the Discovery

of the Cross by Saint Helena, Sahela Selassie holds his chief review of the motley militia of his kingdom. On this occasion, he gets in the voluntary 'benevolences' of his subjects, usually bestowed in kind; and the tributes of those bound to render them—two distinct sources of royal revenue in the most primitive times, as Cowper has rightly distinguished, in his version of a well-known passage in the 'Iliad':—

——— 'By a race possess'd
Most rich in flocks and herds, who, tributes large
And gifts presenting to thy sceptred hand,
Shall hold thee high in honour as a god.'

At the same time, honours and appointments are bestowed ; and

'This being also the season of retribution, the forfeited property and the household chattels of delinquent officers added to the fair-like confusion. Herds of cattle, and long files of confiscated slaves, wooden tables, rickety bedsteads, and other paltry prizes of royal seizure, crowded the bustling parade; whilst groups of shivering camels, transferred by writ of execution to an uncongenial clime, took up their miserable station on the bare cold ground, which was in a few days to receive their long scraggy bones. . . . Most unkingly was the appearance presented by the palace at break of day, and most unprincely the confusion of the court. Dirt and filth reigned paramount in every purlieu of the royal residence—mire to the ankle obstructed every gateway—and the rods of the wearied doorkeepers were broken to splinters in their laudable endeavours to check the rush of the eager and greasy mob. . . . Twenty sallow eunuchs, acting each at one and the same time as master of the ceremonies, introduced to the royal notice the crowds of lieges, who, arrayed in most filthy garbs, came crushing together to the front. Priests, and monks, and petty governors, women, slaves, and cultivators, bore each some present to swell the imperial stores. Honey, butter, and beads, sticks, crutches, and censers, were alike received with complimentary speeches, saving in the instance of one burly knave, who presumed to come before the king with a poor bundle of grass. Of him no notice whatever was taken. The very crowd seemed ashamed of so scurvy an offering, and, an opening being spontaneously made, a few kicks and shoves sent the ill-provided vassal speedily out of sight, unrewarded by the customary "God give thee more!" from the lips of his puissant sovereign.

'This exhibition terminated, the Embassy, on horseback, were marshalled to a gay Turkish pavilion, which had been purposely erected, below the royal inspection tower. . . . The Negroos was already seated when his British guests cantered past, and taking off their hats, received a condescending salutation. The usual paraphernalia of silver-embossed velvet floated at the imperial feet. The chiefs of the churches, and the civil officers of state—a gorgeous band—were arranged along the platform, whilst a motley crowd of many thousand spectators stood closely packed over the plain below.'

The review commenced with the display of the body-guards, consisting entirely of fusileers. Then came Ayto Melkoo, the King's master of the horse,

‘ With his glittering squadron of picked household cavalry—the flower of the Christian lances. He was arrayed in a parti-coloured vest, surmounted by a crimson Arab fleece, handsomely studded with silver jets. A gilt-embossed gauntlet encircled his right arm from the wrist to the elbow. His targe and horse-trapping glittered with a profusion of silver crosses and devices. . . . Whilst putting his well-broken charger through all the evolutions of Abyssinian *manéje*, he vaunted his prowess in arms, recited the prodigies of valour performed in the service of his royal master, and proclaimed his continued good faith and future bold intentions—his followers at intervals, like the Romans of old, responding their assent by the loud clatter of lance against shield. . . .

‘ Thirteen governors clothed in spoils stripped from the lion and the leopard, with other conspicuous trophies of the chase, passed successively in order of review. Decked in emblems of blood—rings, feathers, bracelets, and gauntlets, with shining coronets and chains of silver streaming from their clotted hair, tokens all of individual prowess in hand-to-hand combat with the king's foes—the leader of each glittering cohort indulged in a long rambling harangue, ere shouting the signal for the charge. Many there were who wore the *akodáma*—a massive transverse beam of silver projecting across the brows, and hung with a profusion of chains and pendants, the reward for the slaughter of an Adel; several of which respectable body, including the Ras el Kafilah and his fiery coadjutor, Ibrahim Shehé, were spectators of the martial manœuvres of the Amhara troops.

‘ Last of all came the tall martial figure of Abogaz Maretsch, chief of all the tributary Galla in the south, at the head of his Abidchu legion, who closed the display of barbarian tactics. Three thousand in number, the sea of wild horsemen moved in advance to the music of the kettle-drums, their arms and decorations flashing in the sunbeam, and their ample white robes and long sable braided hair streaming to the breeze. At the shrill whoop of their warlike leader, with the rushing sound of a hurricane, the glittering cohort clattered past the royal stand, and the moving forest of lances disappeared under a cloud of dust. From eight to ten thousand cavalry were present in the field, and the spectacle, which lasted from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, was exceedingly wild and impressive.’ (Vol. ii. p. 74, 85.)

We might add, allowing for the difference between chariots and cavalry, exceedingly Homeric. There is something in the civil and martial usages of this primitive people (M. Rochet has made the same remark of their feasts) which frequently brings back the vivid pictures of the father of poetry. We can readily believe the same Frenchman when he says that, as a military spectacle, the appearance of an Amhara troop is far more brilliant and exciting than the finest display of civilized soldiery.

The next acquaintance which the Embassy made with the

chivalry of Amhara, we are sorry to say, was by no means of an equally innocent description. Although Sahela Selassie has contrived, by no ordinary prudence and sagacity, to keep the scourge of war away from his hereditary dominions, his power is only maintained by exercising his singular hordes in continual conflict, on a small scale, with neighbouring enemies. Thrice a-year he assembles his militia, each man coming with twenty-one days' provision at his back, 'either for the purpose of chastising insurrection among the subjugated usurpers of portions of the ancient empire of Æthiopia, or of asserting his unstable authority over some neighbouring tribe, that may heretofore have succeeded in maintaining their independence.' The Amhara do not pass for a brave race, individually; they are hardly reputed a match for the Galla, or the murderous Adaiel. Sahela Selassie, indeed, frankly confessed as much. 'In Geshe they have large shields, and fight hand to hand. The country of the Adel is difficult of access, and unfortunate for the Amhara. It is an old dependency of the empire of my ancestors, but the men are brave, and stand firm in battle; they will not run away.' The Monarch's great skill consists in keeping well in hand his untameable rabble of soldiers, and letting them loose, at the right moment, and in the right quarter, with irresistible superiority. For this purpose, his plans are concerted with secrecy and decision; nor is it known, until the last moment, on the head of what refractory family of Galla, or dilatory governor in arrear with tribute, the storm is about to burst. When once let loose, slaughter and destruction, in the most hideous form, attends the blow struck by Sahela Selassie. The peculiar ferocity of the Abyssinians in war is kept up by a point of honour, which prevails among these Christians, more unnaturally savage than the worst practices of the American Indians. The right to wear the green sprig of asparagus, attainable by mutilating an enemy, in their own peculiarly savage manner, excites a perfect frenzy of ambition, in every one capable of bearing arms. As in most similar cases, the badge conveys the honour; the mode of acquiring it is scarcely regarded. Triumph attends the return of the Christian warrior from battle, in proportion to the number of lives he bears upon his arm; and for each enemy slain, he is entitled to some conspicuous personal badge, which forms his greatest pride. A ring, a gauntlet, or a bracelet, though gained at the expense of acts the most dastardly, raises him equally in the estimation of relatives and companions in arms, and signal success generally paves the way to royal preferment. Children in arms are massacred equally with grown men, when the desire of obtaining slaves does not overcome the thirst for distinction; for their lives

count as well as others. There are not wanting instances, as Major Harris mentions in common with other travellers, where Abyssinians have treacherously mutilated their own servants or relations, in order to be able to show the bloody badge of triumph. A monster of this description was publicly executed by order of Sahela Selassie.

Such was the character of an expedition which, if we are to take Major Harris literally at his word, the Embassy honoured with their presence, as they would have done any other *spectacle*. The interests of geography were the motives. 'The opportunity now offered was *gladly* embraced of acquiring important information relative to the mode of Amhara warfare, while visiting regions hitherto unknown.' The whole account of this expedition is so vague in point of dates and names, and so highly wrought up with rhetorical flourishes, that we were at some loss to make out whether Major Harris is actually relating what he and the Embassy saw, or dressing up a picturesque narrative as an illustration of Abyssinian manners. But we perceive from the Major's defence of his proceedings, in his second edition, that the former is the fact. The victims in this case were a small Galla tribe, inhabiting a lovely district a few days' march west of Ankober, who had been guilty of divers rebellious acts. The work, it must be admitted, was thoroughly done. So well was the secret of the King's purpose preserved, that not until the army had reached the very confines of the devoted valley was its destination known. Twenty thousand warriors, covering many miles of country, were held in the leash until the moment arrived for executing the royal will. 'Preceded by the holy ark of St Michael, veiled under its scarlet canopy, the King still led the van, closely attended by the father confessor, and by a band of priests, with whom having briefly conferred, he turned towards the expectant army, and pronounced the ominous word, which was the well-known signal for carrying fire and sword through the land—"May the God who is the God of my forefathers strengthen and absolve!"'

On rushed the motley host of subjects and tributaries—

'Some calling on the Trinity, some calling on Mahoun.'

Enemies there were none to resist; and a few hours sufficed to turn a smiling little province into ashes and desolation. The poor Galla, accustomed no doubt to such inroads, contrived for the most part to escape with their bare lives to mountain fastnesses; but numbers were speared, old and young alike, in their own court-yards. 'Children of three and four years old, who had been placed in the trees with the hope that they might escape observation, were pitilessly shot in the

'branches.' Some hundreds, however, were carried into captivity, and several thousand cattle driven off to the royal pastures; for by far the greater proportion of the booty, on these occasions, is monopolized by the Monarch, just as King Neleus took the best share of the stock carried off from the Eleans in Nestor's first foray.

The success of the expedition, however, was incomplete, unless crowned by the glory of some personal achievement of the Monarch. For this purpose, a fugitive Galla was tracked into a tree, and information brought to Sahela Selassie that the caitiff awaited his disposal.

'Impatient to wreath his brow with new laurels, the monarch lost not a moment in rallying forth to destroy the unfortunate wretch, taking a most formidable array of single and double-barrelled guns and rifles of every calibre, together with an escort of five thousand cavalry. Receiving a long shot through the thigh at the royal hands, whilst imperfectly ensconced among the foliage, the victim, abandoning all hope of escape, wisely cast away his weapons and cried loudly for quarter; being admitted to which, he kissed the feet of his majesty, and thus escaped mutilation on the spot. In another hour the cavalcade returned in triumph, the wounded captive riding on a mule behind the exulting monarch, who, by virtue of his bold exploit, wore in the hair a large green branch of wild asparagus, whilst the greasy garment of his bleeding prisoner graced the proud neck of his war-steed.'—(Vol. ii. p. 204.)

We are bound to add, to dismiss this disagreeable part of our recapitulation of the doings of the Embassy, that Major Harris and his companions persuaded the King to liberate all the captives taken alive in this expedition; which, if it could only be accomplished at the expense of joining it, seems a better justification of the proceedings than 'the opportunity of laying down, as 'scientifically as very limited time would permit, an extensive 'and most interesting tract of country hitherto undescribed.' But we cannot help feeling some doubt, whether the moral influence of the Embassy would not have been far greater if they had kept away altogether. To complete the summary of the direct good effected by British advice, during the stay of the mission in Abyssinia, it must be added that they prevailed on the King, at a later period, to rescind a capricious act of despotism, by which he had consigned a number of the free children of his bond people to slavery; and finally effected a much greater conquest over cruel prejudice, in procuring the liberation of the King's brothers and uncles from the imprisonment in which, according to the primeval maxim of Abyssinian statecraft, rendered classical by 'Rasselas,' they had been confined ever since his accession. Lastly, they concluded a 'Treaty of Commerce' with this important little Monarchy, which we sincerely hope may prove the

commencement of intercourse with the thousand kingdoms of eastern Africa, and make an opening for British influence to operate against the traffic in slaves. We have pleasure in adding, that, though Major Harris says little in these volumes of his own personal exertions, Messrs Isenberg and Krapf, the Missionaries who were in Shoa at the time, bear ample testimony to his ability and perseverance, and to the extent of the difficulties he had to contend with.

Into the important subject of the Slave-Trade our space will not allow us, at this time, to enter, though there are many interesting points regarding it on which we would willingly touch;—especially the fact that a great number of the slaves who are annually exchanged by the Moslem traders in the markets of Shoa, and of the coast of Adel, for salt, silver, and European or Indian goods, are reputed to be Christians—members of those scattered fragments of the ancient Æthiopic Church and Empire which still subsist, in the fabulous interior of the continent, far beyond the limits of modern Abyssinia, and the ken of travellers. The independent Christian district of Guragué seems to be a perfect paradise of slave-dealers, for the main occupation of the people consists in catching and selling one another. The kidnappers spirit away children (so say Messrs Isenberg and Krapf) while in bed with their parents. Sometimes they take whole families, by the following simple and ingenious device. They dig a deep trench at night before the door of a house, and then set fire to it; the inmates rush out, fall into the trench, and are captured. It must be added, that slavery in Eastern Africa is a very different thing, for the most part, from the hideous and unnatural institution which European crime has built up in the western hemisphere. Were it not for the cruel massacres and robberies which attend the procurement of slaves, mere servitude, as it exists in those regions, might be regarded as a very primitive usage, not altogether unsuited to the other parts of the existing social system. ‘Naturalized in the house of his master, the slave is *invariably* treated with lenity—usually with indulgence—often with favour; and under a despotic sovereign, to whom servile instruments are uniformly the most agreeable, the caprices of fortune may prefer the exile to posts of confidence and emolument, and may even exalt him to the highest dignities.’

One word must be added in favour of the Abyssinian Christians, in general; namely, that, degraded as they are in many respects, their general character is scarcely to be judged of by the peculiar ferocity of their military usages. These seem to form a class of habits apart, nurtured by a sanguinary point of honour,

which must render them extremely difficult to eradicate. In other respects, these eaters of raw meat scarcely seem to exhibit that savageness which such a diet is supposed to nourish. Major Harris's sketches rather depict a coarse, sensual, cheating, but not inhuman or ill-tempered race; with social habits, and strong family affections. In Northern Abyssinia, where anarchy has barbarized the people, the case may be different; but Sahela Selassie's reign has been remarkable for mildness. Public executions are not only conducted with no unnecessary cruelty, but they are very unfrequent; and this not from laxity, for the King is a steady and punctual Justicer; but he who rejoices in shooting fugitive enemies roosting in trees, seems really to shrink with great reluctance from the idea of sentencing a subject.

Great, however, and not altogether unnatural, was the distrust entertained by the Amhara warriors of the courage of the Embassy, when it was found that, although partakers of the whole expedition, they had failed to bring back a single wreath of asparagus; and that one of the party, an artillery private, had been detected in the cowardly act of allowing a captured Galla to run for his life. It became imperative 'that some decided step should be taken by which to wipe out the stain, and restore the tarnished lustre of the foreign name.' They sought, and obtained, permission to go and shoot an elephant, though not without much remonstrance on the part of his Majesty. The terror which the Amhara entertain of this animal, which they only encounter in the low forests beyond their proper territory, is extreme. In their code of honour, the destruction of an adult elephant is equivalent to the slaughter of forty Galla. 'My children,' said his Majesty, 'how can this be? Elephants are not to be slain with rifle balls. They will demolish you; and what account am I then to give? The gun is the medicine for the Galla in the tree, but it has no effect upon the *zihoon*.' On another occasion, he related to them his own and his army's defeat by a party of these untoward monsters. 'From the summit of a hill near Aimellele, I beheld through a telescope the lake and its tall trees; but the elephants came in numbers. I feared that my people would be destroyed. I ran, and they all ran with me!'

The elephant, however, was duly tracked, and shot with a two-ounce ball in the head, 'planted in the only small fatal spot presented by the huge target;' and this chase, followed by another exploit against a buffalo, not only added greatly to the credit of the Embassy, but also conducted them through a considerable tract of the intermediate country between the table land and the desert, with which they had not previously made acquaintance. It seems

a fertile and picturesque tract, but every where most unhealthy; like the analogous belt of forest between the Himalaya and the plains of Hindostan.

Major Harris's volumes do not throw much new light on the condition of the ancient Æthiopic Church. As far as outward circumstances go, it must be pronounced highly flourishing in Shoa. The King, whether from policy or in sincerity, is most observant of the priesthood and of the religious ceremonial. He never moves abroad without a retinue of priests; and in his own royal interior, when he is not engaged with smiths and armourers, or enjoying himself, in his country fashion, with his favourite companions over raw beef collops and hydromel, he is generally to be found with his dwarf father confessor, and three or four of the order about him, who read him endless legends of lives of saints, or equally legendary chronicles of the kingdom. These, with a few works on theological controversies, complete the circle of Ambara Literature. 'Prayers and potent liquors fill up his evening hours.' There is something from which the mind shrinks in contemplating the state of Christianity in Abyssinia; like the feeling with which one would regard a person, who had high claims on our reverence, fallen into a state of bestial degradation. All the high forms of early worship, to which imaginative piety attaches such deep significance over three-fourths of the Christian world, are there; together with many more, venerable at least from their extreme antiquity, which seem to have come direct from the fountain of early Jewish Christianity, ere the rites of the Temple had passed into tradition. The deeper mysteries of the faith are preserved. The Virgin is enthroned as the chief of all saints, queen of heaven and earth, and the great intercessor for the sins of mankind. Hundreds of canonized mortals, from the earliest martyrs of the Oriental churches down to periods of recent Abyssinian history, connect by their prayers the visible with the invisible Church. The apostolical succession is preserved with much greater historical distinctness than any European Church can boast, since all consecration and ordination is performed by a single individual—the Abuna or Patriarch, who resides at Gondar, and whose person and dignity have remained inviolable in every age of convulsion and anarchy. The Hierarchy is complete in its orders; the monastic institution is in the highest honour;—the Etchegué, or head of the central monastery of Debra Libanos, ranking as the second spiritual chief of the empire. There is a minute ritual; a most complicated calendar; fasts of wonderful rigour; feasts of splendid solemnity; pilgrimages with the merit of washing away sin. Churches are probably more numerous than in any other Christian country. And yet under

all these forms, in which it would be worse than prejudice to deny that something of reality must abide, were it only the uncompromising reverence with which they are regarded, the outward face of society presents nothing but sottishness, sensuality, gross superstition, and a national character degraded, in many respects, below that of the neighbouring Pagans and Moslems. It is as if we were to see the most solemn observances mimicked, with shocking accuracy, by a tribe of apes, or scarcely human savages. It is a singular instance of the adaptation of the ecclesiastical regulations of a civilized age to a state of more than semi-barbarism—if the fact be as reported by Major Harris—that as no Abyssinian knows his own age, the only rule followed in the ordination of priests is, that it cannot be performed until the beard has begun to grow. Their Churches are the rudest of all possible edifices; but scrupulously divided, on the model of the Temple, into three portions, of which the innermost is the ‘holy of holies,’ entered by none but the High Priest. In the cathedral of St Michael, at Ankober, this is ornamented in rather a singular manner. The outer divisions are full of pictures of saints; but around the veil which divides off the most sacred parts, ‘there hung in triumph four sporting pictures from the pencil of Alken, which had been presented to his majesty. They represented the great Leicestershire steeple-chase; and Dick Christian, with his head in a ditch, occupied by far the most prominent niche in the boasted cathedral of St Michael!’

Readers of early ecclesiastical history are often puzzled to account for the fact, that the most captious and minutest differences of opinion as to the mysteries of theology have taken the strongest hold on popular feeling, in nations very little advanced above barbarism in point of outward refinement. Abyssinia affords a living testimony to the same effect. The question of the ‘three Births of Christ’ has been, even in recent times, the cause of bloody civil wars. According to MM. Combes and Tamisier, there are three parties at this day in the Abyssinian Church respecting it. The first hold that the Holy Spirit effected the reunion of the two natures in Christ, which is the popular doctrine in the province of Amhara; the second, chiefly prevalent in Tigré, maintains that the Holy Spirit was himself the divine nature which joined itself to the human in Christ; the third, that Christ was born God and man, and that his human nature alone received the Spirit, which is the orthodox sentiment in Shoa. The Frenchmen opine, that neither party has much to advance for its opinions. ‘Quoiqu’il soit vrai de dire,’ say they, with the inimitable modesty of their country, ‘que le clergé de Gojam est moins ignorant que celui des autres pro-

‘vinces de cette contrée, néanmoins, les sujets les plus distingués qui sortent de ses deux collèges, et avec lesquels nous avons eu de longues conversations, nous ont paru extrêmement faibles, et pourtant nous n’avons jamais fait d’études spéciales en théologie !’* The latest dispute in Sahela Selassie’s own dominions was aroused by the doctrine introduced by an eunuch of Gondar, that ‘the human soul possesses knowledge, and fasts and worships in the womb !’ We have not space to go into the history of this notable quarrel. Suffice it to say, that it was as violent and intemperate as might be expected ; that, as usual, a lady of high rank—a Queen-Dowager in this case—was the life and soul of one side, and carried the day ;—Sahela Selassie cutting short the controversy, by proclaiming through a herald, that the belief of the knowledge of the human soul in the womb should henceforth be received by all classes, under the penalty of banishment.

The Major, as was to be expected, disposes of all the Shoan Priesthood *en masse* as ‘clerical drones’ and ‘licentious shepherds.’ Yet one would fain deal a little less sweeping condemnation, if possible, on those who possess all the fragments which remain of knowledge and light, slender though they be, in Christian Æthiopia, and have preserved it through many ages of national decay—the distinctive class, without whom its people would be fully on a level with the wild tribes of the desert and the forest who roam around them. And when he descends to particulars, his own personal observations may justify us in abating a little from the vehemence of his condemnation. He describes Unquies, the ‘Comus’ or Bishop of Ankober—one who, for conscience’ sake, has followed the example of Origen—as a violent fanatic, indeed, but a man of considerable powers. And the King’s dwarf Father Confessor seems to be, of all his Shoan acquaintances, the personage of whom the Ambassador, upon the whole, speaks the most favourably.

No sacerdotal body can maintain a monopoly of superstition. However numerous and strange the tenets with which they may endeavour to still the craving of public credulity, the demand is always greater than the supply ; and unrecognised, unauthorized marvels fill up the vacuum. His Shoan Majesty, and all his subjects, are, to a very sad extent, the victims of sinister supernatural agencies. Monks, hermits, decrepit priests, can blast

* The volumes of these two gentlemen—ex-St Simonians, and social philosophers—bear strong tokens of Parisian getting up ; but we believe that they actually travelled in Shoa.

the harvest at pleasure, poison the fountains, and afflict mankind with diseases, for which their own talismans are the only remedy. The 'evil eye' works even greater ravages than at Naples. Bad spirits 'occupy houses after dark; whence the Amhara never ventures to throw fluid on the ground, lest the dignity of some 'unseen elf should be violated.' The strictest penal laws have failed to prevent the Christians from sacrificing 'a ginger-coloured hen, a red she-goat, or a male Adel goat, with a white collar,' to Sar, the evil spirit of the pagan Galla, every June. Sorcerers who have attained the age of four or five hundred years abound in the country. They tie magic cotton threads, dipped in blood, round houses, thereby devoting the inmates to some wasting plague; transform themselves into hyenas; or fly invisible through the air. Unseen 'tormentors' wait at the banquets of the lieges, and of Majesty itself; carry off the victuals, nay, sometimes spirit away a wife—a circumstance which the Major has woven into a 'tale,' illustrative of Abyssinian manners; of which we will only say, as of the other tales interspersed through the work, that they are quite worthy of any Annual we ever perused. Blacksmiths are a great national grievance. They cannot, unhappily, be dispensed with; but they are all sorcerers of the worst description; and Hailoo, the father of Oubié, some time governor of Tigré, was much venerated for having burst through the shackles of utilitarianism, and roasted alive thirteen hundred of them at once! So says Major Harris, whom we follow with that credence which becomes readers of travels in Abyssinia. Water-spirits abound: the 'Alaka,' the spiritual governor of the accursed tenants of the lake, may sometimes be seen on market-days 'on an ambling mule, loaded with 'massive golden trappings, and attended by a black cat, having 'about his neck a bell of the same metal.' Particular districts overflow with wizards. The Christians of Mans are much dreaded in this capacity; but the 'Wato Galla' are held in universal terror by Pagans and Christians; and wander in perfect security throughout the neighbouring regions, living chiefly on the flesh of the hippopotamus, 'which no other heathen will 'touch.'

The savage Galla seem to be in some respects a finer and manlier race than the Amhara; though the civilization of the latter, however imperfect and rudimentary, is still sufficient to preserve in the long run their superiority to mere barbarians. The Galla of the table land enjoy a very fertile and beautiful country. 'Possessing the finest herd of horses in Æthiopia, 'and wealthy both in flocks and herds, which roam over boundless meadows, smiling with clover, trefoil, and buttercups, this

‘pastoral people devote their time equally to agricultural pursuits; and herein they are aided by a delightful climate, and ‘by a luxuriant, well watered soil.’ They are the most beautiful, says M. Rochet, of African races: their women far more so than the heavy-featured and clumsy daughters of the Christians; in fact, the ‘Abyssinian maidens’ of Eastern romance—such as she whom Coleridge saw in a vision, playing on a Dulcimer—are really Galla. Their civil organization is that of clans, or ‘kabyles.’ These savages have learned, probably from a mixture of Abyssinian traditions, to regard themselves as the descendants of the Ten Tribes; and believe that they are one day to march to the East and the North, ‘that they may reconquer the inheritance of their Jewish ancestors.’

Unpromising as the materials may appear, the attention of European speculation has been much directed of late years towards the scheme of moulding the nations of Abyssinia, into some shape of utility for the Western markets. Numerous travellers have lately visited these regions, from which news used to reach us about once in a quarter of a century. Governments also have been at work, both by means of recognized Missions, and also, if common report may be believed, through underhand agents. We have purposely abstained from discussing the copious subject of ‘French intrigue in Eastern Africa.’ Major Harris, indeed, has afforded us no opportunity. The gallant diplomatist does not let fall a word on this topic; or any other connected with the political results or objects of his journey. He shrouds himself in all the mystery required by the great importance of his Mission; lest, haply, the peace of France and England might be disturbed by reports of the plots and countermines of their agents in the mighty Empire of Shoa. Some of his Critics have not, however, been so reserved; and the poor Major’s Embassy has been made the subject of a zealous controversy, in which he has been in no wise spared; nay, political passion has gone so far as to attack his veracity—that exquisite point of honour in all Abyssinian travellers—and (to speak seriously) we believe with very great injustice. But, after all, what can be more ridiculous than the idea of European political intrigue—of the conflict of rival influences—among the savages at the sources of the Blue Nile! If such ideas have been seriously entertained, the Statesmen who have conceived them must rank even below the level of those who have distinguished themselves in the recent debates respecting the deposition of poor Queen Pomare. We attribute a great deal more to the figments of mutual jealousy than to any real designs. True it is, that the clever adventurer, M. Rochet, does propound a scheme by which King Louis Philippe is to put himself at the head of the Christian lances of

Shoa—reunite the fragments of the Abyssinian Empire—pour into Sennaar—dispossess its black inhabitants—take his old protégé, Mehemet Ali, in the rear, and thus solve the great ‘Egyptian question.’ But we doubt whether this grand project has been yet seriously debated at the Tuileries. At present, it appears to rank with the vast but unfulfilled plans of the King of the ‘Cocklicranes,’ developed by Rabelais. It would seem an easier course for the French, when in possession of absolute influence at the court of Sahela Selassie, to carry out the threat often uttered by the enlightened monarchs of Abyssinia, and reduce Egypt to subjection by stopping up the Nile! There is, seriously speaking, only one way in which Abyssinia can be made subservient to purposes of European ambition, or frustrated by European influences; and that is, through commerce. The Abyssinians, like most other African nations, are people of mercantile habits—fond of traffic, and keen in the pursuit of it. At present, the only flourishing branch of commerce is the slave trade; but that is carried on with a system and on a scale quite surprising, when the general barbarism of the country, and small intelligence of the people, are considered. Now, the slave trade of Northern Abyssinia has been extremely crippled of late years by the general distress of that region. That between Shoa and the Arabian coast will receive a heavy blow—a death-blow in the end—through the British establishment at Aden. While this traffic, as injurious to legitimate trade as it is afflictive to humanity, is gradually discontinued, there will remain a numerous population in Abyssinia, and the neighbouring countries, with commercial habits, a demand for Western manufactures, and raising an almost unexampled variety of all kinds of produce. The grand difficulty is the burning desert which intervenes between the sea and the interior market. But, in order to subdue this, it is but necessary to extend the subsisting arrangements of the Caravan Trade—a trade of primeval antiquity, remounting to the early pastoral ages, of which Scripture contains the only written account, and which was already a venerable establishment before the Phœnicians began to furrow the waves of the Mediterranean. Possibly, and that at some no very distant period, we may have to look back to Major Harris’s Treaty of Commerce as the foundation of a new development of British industry, in supplying the wants of regions, of which the very names are unknown at the present day, among the nations which occupy that mysterious blank on our maps, south of the mountains of the Moon, to the tropic of Capricorn.

With this sanguine anticipation we take leave of the Major, who obliges us to part with him on the tops of the Abyssinian mountains; for, like Dante in Paradise, he deems it too prosaic

a descent to describe his return to the lower regions. How he and the Mission got back, is left entirely to conjecture. With all his unlucky partiality for, and most erroneous notions of, fine writing, he is a very picturesque and animated describer; and we firmly believe that he has done injustice to himself, by the unsatisfactory obscurity in which he has chosen, for whatever reason, to envelope the greater and more important part of his story, and conceal the extent of his own services, which we also believe were important. A plainer narrative would have told us better what we really owe to the perseverance and skill which achieved the difficult adventure of laying the foundations of commercial union with a people so remote, so barbarous, and so immersed in primitive ignorance and superstition. If, notwithstanding the many notices of the work that have already appeared in publications less pressed with the accumulation of matter than this Journal, there should remain any considerable portion of the Community who have not been thereby induced to peruse it, we would, in fine, beg to recommend it, as containing much both to instruct the reflecting and to gratify the curious reader—as presenting some accounts of men and things very different from those placed before us in ordinary books of Travels—and as suggesting topics of enquiry of high interest, respecting as well the past history as the future prospects of our race.

ART. III.—1. *Abstract of the Answers and Returns made pursuant to Acts 3 AND 4 VICT. c. 99, and 4 VICT. c. 7, intituled respectively, an Act for taking an Account of the Population of Great Britain; and an Act to amend the Acts of the last Session for taking an Account of the Population.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1843.

2. *First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Annual Reports of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843.

WHILE the Political Economist and the Statist were anticipating with eagerness the publication of the returns furnished by the Census of 1841, that part of the public which troubles not itself with such matters, was rather puzzled to discover the import and object of the somewhat minute questions to which they were then required to give answers. Many were so unobservant as not to remember that they had gone through the same process

ten years before ; and others so ill informed as not to know that, from classic times down to modern days—from imperial Rome to republican America—such enquiries have obtained in almost every civilized nation ; enforced, indeed, in many instances by more stringent provisions, returning at shorter intervals, and involving more minute enquiries, but still exhibiting a general similarity in their nature and objects.

We may, however, console all grumblers, by assuring them that they have contributed their share towards furnishing a body of information upon which every question in social economy must, in some degree, depend for its solution ; and without which, all speculations upon the effects of what has already been done, or the consequences of what is projected, must prove abortive.

True it is, that the x^2-y of the Algebraist, or the angles and straight lines of the Mathematician, are not regarded with a greater mixture of wonder and contempt by the ignorant, than are the columns of figures, and the minute per centages of the Statician. And yet, without the former, many mathematical problems, and without the latter, almost all political questions, would be solved only by doubtful guesses, or tedious and often unsuccessful experiments. If we are asked how a mere statement of the increase of the population from time to time can be of such great importance, (and, strange or absurd as such a question may appear to him who has made statistics his study, we can vouch for having heard it again and again propounded in society,) we would instance many apparently very simple questions of general interest, which, without this, could receive no satisfactory solution.

The gradual abolition of capital punishment is a question of great importance to the philanthropist ; and for that purpose tables have been published, showing the numbers convicted of such offences as cattle-stealing, forgery, and other criminal acts, at separate periods before and after the change of the law. It is evident that these returns must be fallacious, unless a very important element in the calculation, viz. the number of the population at the different periods, can also be added with accuracy ; as the actual numbers convicted might be the same at the two periods, but the relative proportion to the whole population lowered. The increased or diminished amount of comfort enjoyed by the people, as shown by the constantly varying consumption of such articles as tea, coffee, sugar, and beer, may be either over or under stated ; but can never be correctly estimated, without an accurate knowledge of the amount of the total population at the different periods compared, and a proportionate allowance for its increase ; while the comparative pressure of taxation, if reckoned only by the number of millions raised in 1840 against a like return in

1820, would be deceptive, unless corrected by a reference to the ascertained number of millions who paid in each year.

We shall afterwards see how some of these questions are affected by the results of the late Census; but our present purpose has been only to bespeak the attention of readers not accustomed to such subjects, to a short sketch of the progress and result of an enquiry to which they have each contributed their assistance; for there is not one of them (if resident in this country in June 1841) whose name, sex, age, occupation, and birth-place was not inserted in the voluminous records from which the present abstracts have been made. Bulky, indeed, as these volumes are, and formidable as the columns of figures may appear, they are but the comparative results of a number of isolated facts—the products of a series of separate returns—the representatives of a mass of papers with which, as originally furnished, many rooms were completely filled, and a whole staff of clerks employed day and night for many months. Those who seek minute local details will here find them under their proper heads, in one or other of these large volumes; while the attention of the general reader will be more attracted by the prefatory observations of the commissioners at their commencement, and the very interesting comparative tables which they have therein prepared and embodied.

The nature and object of these observations is thus described by the Commissioners themselves, towards the conclusion of their preface:—‘ We have confined ourselves to thus shortly explaining the machinery by which these returns have been produced, and calling attention to the principal facts and general results of the information furnished in each column. We have studiously avoided entering into any speculative discussion as to causes or consequences, deeming it better to rest contented with laying a foundation of facts, and leaving it to others to build theories thereon.’

It is with these prefatory observations that we now purpose to deal. We know too well the antipathy with which are regarded the blue covers, the close type, and the bulky proportions of the volumes which her Majesty is graciously pleased to order to be ‘ printed for the use of both Houses of Parliament,’ to feel any doubt that some extracts from the volumes before us will have all the interest of novelty to many of our readers. We shall also be exempt from the scruples which appear to have prevented the Commissioners from entering into any speculative discussion upon the facts they had collected—scruples which will, no doubt, add to the good faith with which their facts will be received, but which necessarily detract from the interest in which they might have involved them.

So long ago as 1829, or immediately before the Census which preceded the present one, we ventured to make some suggestions, the adoption of which would, we contended, add to the correctness and interest of the returns which were then about to be collected. The system of that day, however, was not one of change; and the Census of 1831 was taken by the same machinery as on the three preceding occasions, and involved the same enquiries—except that it omitted the return of ages, which had been attempted in 1821—thus rendering that attempt of little or no value, by excluding the possibility of comparison between the two periods. On the other hand it embraced, by a sort of after-thought, an account of Trades and Occupations—an addition which, if carried into effect, might have been then highly interesting, and, upon the present occasion, most important, as a test of the progress made in the interim by particular branches of industry, but which was so defective in its results as to be of no real value.

In 1835 we again returned to the subject, pointed out the defects that had attended upon each preceding Census, suggested the importance of not leaving so much to the discretion of overseers, and enlarged upon the interest that would attach to any account that might be relied on of the numbers engaged in the different staple manufactures of this country. We also gave the rough sketch of just such a system of registration of births, deaths, and marriages, as has since been adopted; though with some peculiarities of local division which, as we shall presently point out, greatly detract from its value.

On all former occasions of taking a Census, the overseers of the poor for each place, whether they happened to be active or superannuated, intelligent or illiterate, were the persons, and the only persons, by whom the information required was to be procured and returned. To this we objected; and any one who has ever seen the lists of voters which some of these gentry furnish to the revising Barrister under the Reform bill, (an occasion in which they incur a sort of personal responsibility, and come directly in contact with the authority under which they act,) will be able to judge what sort of returns some of them would be likely to furnish to a set of questions on matters not within their ordinary cognizance, and of the importance of which they could have no conception. That many overseers, especially in the large towns, discharged their duties intelligently and conscientiously, we have no doubt; that they were readily assisted by others who were more aware of the importance of the task, and more competent to its due execution, we know; but we cannot help fearing that in many other instances gross errors crept in, either from ignorance, carelessness, or misrepresentation; and these

errors, from the mode in which the returns were sent in, it was impossible for even the intelligence and industry of Mr Rickman to detect or set right. If we add to all this the risk of counting some persons twice, and of omitting others in consequence of the work being directed to be continued from 'day to day,' till answers to all the questions were obtained, (in case one day should be found insufficient,) it will be seen, that not without reason did we suggest the necessity of alteration and improvement in the old system.

Previous to the Census of 1841, however, the attention of the late Government was, with their usual intelligence in this class of enquiries, given to this important subject; new topics of great interest were comprehended in the enquiry; and the whole of the machinery was changed. In what way and to what extent, we will let the Commissioners explain.

'Upon the present occasion, the information required, embraced not only the particulars furnished in 1831, but also the exact age, occupation, and place of birth of each person. The Act moreover directed that the business of numbering the people should be completed "*in one day*," in order to obviate the chance of inaccuracy from omissions or double entries, to which the extension of the enquiry over a greater period might have given rise.

'The Census act, 3 and 4 Vict. cap. 99, directed that the officers of the Registrar-General of births, deaths, and marriages, throughout England and Wales, should be employed under our orders in carrying out the arrangements required under this new system.

'By means of the superintendent-registrars and registrars, the whole of England and Wales was, in accordance with directions furnished by us, divided into enumeration districts, the boundaries of which were strictly defined, each being regulated as to its extent by the varying circumstances of facility of communication or density of population, but so that it should contain not more than two hundred, and not less than twenty-five inhabited houses; while in no case should it include a larger extent of country (where houses were scattered over a thinly populated district) than an active man could travel over between morning and sunset on a summer's day, and obtain from each person dwelling therein all the particulars required by the act.

'To the office of enumerator, was appointed by the registrars, subject to our approval, one individual for each of these subdivisions, selected from the neighbourhood, with reference to his particular fitness for the office. In consequence of the small size to which these districts were necessarily limited, no less than 35,000 such persons were required for England and Wales; and a careful inspection of the schedules returned by them has enabled us to announce, that notwithstanding the large number of persons thus to be selected, their duties were carefully and intelligently discharged.

'All public institutions, barracks, jails, and workhouses, were, in accordance with the provisions of the act, directed to be enumerated by the several officers residing therein.

‘Schedules were furnished to the enumerators, and to the heads of each public institution, in which they were to enter—not the answers to a set of questions applicable to their particular division, as in 1831—but the actual description of each person who had slept within it on the night preceding the 7th of June 1841, with reference to each head of enquiry.

‘The whole of these schedules were ordered to be returned to us, after having been examined by the several registrars, and submitted to, and countersigned by the superintendent registrars.

‘The name, age, sex, and occupation, as given by each individual, were entered in the enumerator’s schedule, to be returned to us in that form, in order to be afterwards arranged in such classification as might be considered most useful for public information.

‘In addition to these enumeration schedules, we suggested the issuing, under the authority of a subsequent Act of Parliament, household schedules, which were placed in the hands of each householder a few days before that appointed for taking the census—thus informing him, before the arrival of the enumerator, as to the nature of the particulars required, all of which he was directed to enter at full length beforehand in the same form in which they were to be afterwards transferred by the enumerator to his own schedule.

‘The household schedules contributed in no small degree to the accuracy of the returns, particularly from large establishments, while they greatly lightened the labours of the enumerators on the day on which the Census was taken.’ *

Such was the machinery of the Census of 1841, by means of which information is furnished, in separate columns, with respect to 25,471 distinct parishes or places throughout Great Britain, upon the five separate heads of area, number of houses, (whether building, uninhabited, or inhabited,) number of persons, distinguishing sexes, place of birth, and ages, while the same facts are afterwards arranged in comparative tables for the larger towns and more important divisions.

We have called these heads of information ‘separate;’ but it must be remembered that they are each and all necessary to the formation of a correct judgment of the nature, causes, and extent of the *mouvement* of the population. Though, in the general case, greatly averse from neologisms, we have here made use of a word generally employed in French statistical works; because it is a very useful one, as comprehending not only the increase or decrease, but the emigration or immigration, the expansion or contraction as to space, and all variations in the proportions of sexes, ages, and occupations—each of which requires to be carefully ascertained and considered, before a mere return of numbers, at given periods, can be of any service.

The first branch of information is furnished by the column

* Preface to *Report of Commissioners of Census*. Pp. 6, 7.

headed 'Area,' upon which we cannot help remarking, that though the Commissioners of the Census have availed themselves without alteration of the slightly erroneous admeasurements of the counties which had already answered the purpose of Mr Rickman, with whose returns these were to be compared, and though they have not thought it right to order new surveys at an expense not contemplated by the Act; yet we feel that the time is come, when this omission in the very A B C of our Statistics should be supplied. We would gladly also suggest the removal of certain inconvenient, but ancient anomalies of local division, by which portions of townships, parishes, and even counties, appear as if dropped into the midst of their neighbours' share in the very process of distribution. We do not desire to remodel to too great an extent old boundaries; we have no wish to see the princely proportions of Yorkshire cut up into the matter-of-fact circles of a French map; but we cannot help feeling that, in these days of more sober sense, a mere romantic attachment to ancient divisions will not, and ought not, to prevent the removal of palpable anomalies or continually recurring inconveniences. But this subject, though important and deserving of immediate attention, would draw us on too far at present.

Whatever difference of opinion, however, there may be as to remodelling old geographical divisions, there can be none, we presume, as to the necessity for making such divisions (while they still exist) the foundation of *all* statistical returns; still less as to the impropriety of permitting two returns so intimately connected together as those of the Census Commissioners and of the Registrar-General, to refer to districts which, though *bearing the same name*, are very far from conterminous. We shall, we are apt to think, be hardly credited when we state this to be the case with the two publications before us on the population, and on the births and deaths in the English counties. Let us make our meaning clearer by an example. Any enquirer would suppose, that by taking the total number of births or deaths in one year for a county, such as Worcester, or a town, such as Kidderminster, as given by the returns of the Registrar-General, and dividing them among the total population as returned by the Census Commissioners, the result would give correctly the proportionate number of births or deaths for that county, and town, respectively. This is a proposition so obvious, that some surprise will be felt when we add, that such an arithmetical comparison would only lead to error, and has in fact already done so in documents before Parliament, founded on a computation such as we have supposed.

The truth is, that at the time the General Registry of births,

marriages, and deaths, was introduced, the limits of poor-law unions were unfortunately directed to be those also of the registry districts—districts no doubt convenient in extent, and already arranged with reference to the various important considerations of amount of population, and facility for being comprehended under one authority, but alas! not conterminous with the ancient geographical divisions of England, as regards counties and large towns.

To the Registrar-General's returns of births, deaths, and marriages, in the several counties, is appended the following note:—
'When the districts run into two or more counties, they have been classed in those counties in which the greater part of the population was situated; hence these groups of districts rarely, if ever, correspond with the strict boundaries of the respective counties.' Here is fair warning given to those who happen to read the note; but still, as these '*Registry Counties*' (to give them a distinguishing title) bear the same name as the recognized county divisions of England; and as returns of the births or deaths in them, are headed '*births in counties*' and '*deaths in counties*'—the population given by the Census returns to those counties, has been, in many statistical works, taken as that among which the registered births and deaths are to be divided in order to get at comparative results.

That such a process must lead to the greatest errors, will be immediately perceived. In the very interesting Report on the sanitary state of the labouring classes, prepared under the superintendence of the Poor-Law Commissioners, and ordered by Parliament to be printed, a very curious table occurs.—(P. 183.) It is intended to exhibit, at one view, the proportions of births and deaths to the population for every county in England, in order to show that an excessive number of births and deaths usually go together, and thus mutually compensate each other; and secondly, to exhibit in certain counties considerable increase of population in spite of very great mortality. Now in this table, if we turn to the county of Worcester, we shall find the deaths set down at 1 in 33—a mortality for a whole county not only infinitely above the average mortality of England; but nearly as great as that of the most crowded manufacturing towns in their least healthy quarters. The births, on the other hand, are given as 1 in 20—a rate of fecundity the more startling, as it would appear unparalleled in any other spot in the kingdom. Various are the causes which have been suggested in Statistical publications, to account for this excessive mortality—reasons at least ingenious, if not well founded. Without, however, using the coarse but emphatic expression adopted by Paley, with reference to some other equally puzzling anomaly—'It's a lie, and that's the

solution'—we may content ourselves by stating, that the fact is not so, and that the actual mortality is very little higher than 1 in 50; the number of births, 1 in 29.

This mistake (and it extends to most of the other counties) has arisen from the registration districts, which are concentrated under the title of Worcestershire, extending into the counties of Stafford, Warwick, Salop, Gloucester, and Hereford; and therefore embracing a population larger than that which has been taken as the basis of calculation, by 102,624; that is to say, an addition of nearly fifty per cent on the original population of 233,484. When it is remembered that this increases the apparent proportion of births and deaths to the population by one half, the excessive mortality and fecundity of this unfortunate county is at once explained. We need hardly add, that all the births and deaths which thus unduly swell the totals for Worcester, must also diminish those of the surrounding counties, which, in return, borrow from their neighbours; till the whole value of the Census and Registry abstracts, for mutual comparison, is destroyed. We find, in fact, upon examining into the details, that while Worcester takes the greater part of its excess of 102,000 from the county of Stafford, that county is in some degree recompensed (though still left deficient to the extent of 67,000) by taking nearly 20,000 from Derbyshire, which latter revenges itself on 12,000 good men of Nottingham and Leicester. The counties in which, next to Worcestershire, the greatest changes of a similar kind have taken place, are, Derbyshire, which is thus diminished one-third—Berkshire, increased by a fifth; then come Nottingham, Monmouth, and Lancaster, of which we will spare our readers the details. We will only add, that of all the counties of England and Wales, with the solitary exception of Cumberland, there is not one which has not undergone more or less transmutation. If the evil were restricted in its consequences to the mistakes into which calculators might fall—from ignorance of the real limits and population of the registration counties—the inconvenience, though great, would admit of the remedy of furnishing the exact population of each registration county; but there is this additional drawback, which is inseparable from the *system*, that the whole character of the county is in many instances changed. Counties which before were wholly agricultural or commercial, receive an admixture of population, which either reverses their character, or gives them that mixed complexion which weakens every distinctive feature of the statistical facts applicable to them, and destroys the effect of comparison with former ascertained results. If we find that the per centage of mortality for an agricultural county, with some admixture of manufactures, (such as

Worcester was in former times,) is now increased—how can we form any just conclusions from such a result, without knowing the exact character of the 100,000 persons who have been added to it from the neighbouring counties? We might multiply instances as to counties; but if the inconvenience from change of character is so great with *these*, still more so is it with the returns of births and deaths in large towns—in some of which, the district of the same name comprehends a population distinct from, and nearly double that of the town after which it is called; and yet the return of births and deaths for such district, is the only medium afforded us by which to measure the rate of mortality or fecundity in the town which is the subject of enquiry.

Thus, if from finding that Kidderminster forms a remarkable exception to the general rate of increase in large towns, (having actually decreased four per cent in the last ten years,) we should wish to see whether there is any thing in the proportionate relation of births to deaths that can account for this—we examine the columns of the Registrar-General, and find a separate return for Kidderminster; but in order to avoid falling into the mistake which we have already pointed out, we look to see the amount of population to which it refers, and find, that whereas the town of Kidderminster contains a population of 14,399, the Kidderminster district contains 29,408. How far any peculiarities in the rate of mortality of the town, about which we are enquiring, may be modified by an additional population, equal in amount to its own original number, we have no means of judging, and therefore give up that enquiry in despair. In like manner, for the borough of Leeds, containing 152,054 persons, we have no separate return, but only for the district of Leeds, containing 168,667. For Bradford, in Yorkshire, of which we might wish to test the nature and causes of the extraordinary increase of forty-eight per cent in ten years, we are left to infer the births and deaths among the present population of 34,560, from those of the registration Bradford, which apply to 132,164. We should have liked to have seen how much of the marvellous stride in numbers which West Bromwich has made since the last Census, viz. seventy per cent, arises from immigration, how much is a natural increase from excess of births over deaths; but to say how many of the births and deaths returned for *the* West Bromwich which embraces 52,596 inhabitants, may be allotted to the West Bromwich which contains but 26,121, would require some peculiar faculty, which we pretend not either to name or possess.

In the Fifth Report of the Registrar-General, Mr Farr has made allusion to this effect of the construction of the registration districts, in as clear terms as could reasonably be expected from a sensible man, in describing a system under which he is acting.

After comparing the mortality exhibited by equal populations in country and in town districts, he adds with respect to the latter, 'the registration districts are generally single parishes, or parishes united for the relief of the poor; and were formed by the poor-law commissioners with this object exclusively in view; hence the twenty-five town districts comprise entire parishes, which have all the character of country districts.' He adds, 'the effect of the agents is understated, by which the disease and mortality of towns is caused. It is as if the specific gravity of two masses of metal were compared, the one containing eight, the other two parts in ten of gold; the ratio of the specific gravities of the two masses would be less than the ratio of the specific gravities of the pure metals, but a comparison would prove incontestably, that gold was by far the heaviest.* True; but no one who wished to compare the specific gravities, would of his own free choice employ alloyed metals for the purpose; still less if (as in the case before us) there were no certain mode of testing the amount of alloy. Would it not be much more satisfactory, if, in comparing the mortality of town and country districts, we could arrive at actual and precise, instead of merely approximate, results?

If we have pursued this subject at greater length than may be agreeable to some of our more impatient readers, we must plead in excuse our strong desire to see some remedy applied without loss of time; and also our repeated disappointments at the failure of all our efforts to draw conclusions from a comparison between these two depositaries of statistical information;—disappointments which have been solely caused by the difference of the form in which they are given, and the districts to which they apply. They are at present like two well-educated individuals furnished with varied information upon an interesting topic, but who have no chance of ever meeting; or, to use a mechanical simile, like a railway train and its engine which have got upon different lines of the same railway, so that there is excellent moving power side by side with ample accommodation for passengers, and yet the traveller is unable to proceed on his journey. Our object is to smooth away the difficulties that prevent the meeting of two such well-informed gentlemen, and get, if possible, the engine and its train upon the same line.

Nor have we thus dwelt upon the evil, without being prepared to suggest a remedy of immediate application. It is true the Census returns might on the next occasion be collected, and all its various heads of information arranged for the registration dis-

* *Fifth Report of the Registrar-General*, p. 201.

tricts, instead of parishes and hundreds; but this would have the effect of rendering them useless for comparison with the four former decennial periods; and of extending to *them* all the evils of merging in larger boundaries the more marked characteristics of the different town and country districts. True it is also, that the Registrar-General might calculate from the population abstracts, and insert in his Report the population of each county or district for which he gives separate returns of marriages, births, and deaths. This, which is not done at present—though in the volume just published he has in some degree supplied its place by some very interesting tables as to the proportion of marriages, births, and deaths, to the population of each place, evidently the result of a very laborious and careful calculation—would still leave much unaccomplished. Upon all the other interesting questions on which the Census returns furnish materials for reasoning and comparison—as to the effect which immigration, house accommodation, the varying proportions in different districts of ages, or of the two sexes, and the distribution of occupations have upon the results shown by the civil registry of births and deaths—the powers of blending together and applying to the same districts the materials furnished by the two Books would still be wanting.

Our remedy would be simple and immediate. We would not attempt to remodel the divisions made under the authority of the Registry act—divisions which may be, and no doubt are, very conveniently arranged, so as to admit of the personal superintendence of those who are set over them. But we would not allow these divisions to regulate the local distribution of the births, deaths, and marriages, in the returns sent in by the superintendent-registrars. It is quite evident that, upon each occasion on which a birth is registered, it would be as easy to insert it under its proper parochial division, as under that merely of the Registrar's district. We believe, however, that on enquiry it will be found, that *even at present* every birth, death, or marriage, is (for the convenience of making out his accounts against the different parishes) actually inserted in the first instance by the Registrar under the head of the respective parishes, and even townships; and that, in order to send them up to the central office in London, he has to combine them into the general registration district—a combination which is the cause of all the mischiefs of which we have been complaining. Be this as it may, however, we would have the Registrars required to enter, and to send up to London, every birth, death, or marriage, under the head of the parish in which it occurs; it would then be in the power of the Registrar-General to arrange them into the present recognized subdivisions of England, whether counties,

large towns, or collections of rural parishes, and to avoid all the anomalies of the present system.

We are the more anxious to have this crying defect in the system of registration remedied, because we should have otherwise only to express satisfaction, and to give credit for the degree of perfection to which so complicated a machinery has actually attained in the short time that has elapsed since its first institution. The late Mr Lister, in whom the public have to regret the early loss of a most intelligent, conscientious, and industrious public officer, and his friends that of an amiable and highly-gifted companion, deserved great credit for the promptitude and skill with which he made the information sent in to him available for a variety of interesting purposes. He was the first to suggest that a correct return of the number of those signing the marriage register with a mark, might give a good idea of the state of education in the different counties; and each year's Report has tended to confirm the value and correctness of this test. To him also we owe the tables exhibiting the proportion of early marriages (under twenty-one) in the different counties. The present Registrar-General has continued the latter, which becomes more and more valuable upon each opportunity of comparison thus afforded; and has in this year, for the first time, given some very curious comparative statements of the proportionate births, deaths, and marriages to the population—as perfect and complete as the present system of registration would admit.

Before we dismiss the column of 'Area,' we may mention, as a curious fact therewith connected, that the five largest commercial towns in England, viz. the Metropolis, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Leeds, with their suburbs, contain within an area of 96,000 acres—or as nearly as possible the area of Rutlandshire—a population equal to the total numbers of the following seventeen purely agricultural counties—Bedfordshire; Huntingdonshire, Suffolk, Sussex, Berkshire, Buckingham, Cambridge, Cumberland, Hertford, North Riding of Yorkshire, East Riding of Yorkshire, Dorset, Rutland, Hereford, Oxford, Westmoreland, and Northampton; with all the country towns within them—counties which occupy an area of more than 10,000,000 of acres, or about a third of the whole extent of England; further, that the population of the same five towns is equal to that of the whole of Scotland, with its 19,000,000 acres.

The information regarding 'Inhabited Houses' furnishes some curious details, of which the general result is satisfactory; as showing that, great as is the increase of the population in the

last ten years, the increase in inhabited houses has been still greater; so that the larger population may be supposed to be better lodged than was the portion that was numbered in 1831.

It appears from a comparative table furnished by the Commissioners, (Preface, p. 6,) that the actual increase in the number of houses is two per cent greater than that of the population; and even in places like Leeds and Manchester, where the manufacturing population is supposed to be particularly crowded, the number of houses has increased in a greater ratio than the population—namely, in Leeds, to an extent of 24 per cent against 23 per cent in the numbers; and in Manchester, 36 per cent, with an increase of 30 per cent in the inhabitants. Liverpool, notorious for its bad house accommodation, is among the few exceptions to this gratifying result. There, although the increase of numbers is nearly 40 per cent, the houses are only 24 per cent more than in 1831—showing that, instead of an improvement, there has been a positive deterioration in the condition of the labouring poor; that is, of the only portion of the inhabitants who are liable to any considerable fluctuation in such matters. This latter is also a town in which, though the apparent increase in the population within the last ten years, from immigration and other causes, has been, as we have already stated, nearly 40 per cent, there is, in fact, at present no *natural* increase—that is, no excess of births over deaths—but a positive decrease; in as much as the registered births, in the year ending about the period in 1841 that the Census was taken, amounted to 7435, while the registered deaths were 8119.

We shall have more to say afterwards on this mode of testing the actual increase of the population in large towns. We only notice here these facts, as connected with Liverpool, because they form an apt commentary on the state of house accommodation in that town.

With these general remarks on the two columns which precede the return of the number of 'Persons,' we now proceed to the larger and more important question—of the number of the population, the extent and local distribution of its increase, and the causes which may have operated to promote it.

In order to discuss this, we shall have to make use of all the heads of information contained in the remaining columns—more particularly that, which has never before been furnished, as to place of birth, together with the important particulars supplied by the age abstracts. Indeed, it is from giving too little weight to these disturbing causes, and from confining himself too completely to a comparison of numbers at different periods, that the

candid Statistical enquirer has been himself deceived; while he who arranges figures for party purposes has been enabled to deceive others.

So deceptive, in fact, may such statements be made, that he who merely wishes to support a theory may, without at all falsifying returns, make out a good *prima facie* statement in favour of almost any views he may wish to advance: it is only by a careful consideration of all the different facts which bear upon the intricate question of the rate of increase in different localities, that a true conclusion can be arrived at.

The rate of increase of the population of England appears, by the returns before us, to have been, in the ten years ending 1841, 14.5 per cent; whereas, in the ten years that preceded the Census of 1831, it had been 16 per cent—showing an apparent diminution of the rate of increase to the extent of 1.5 per cent.

In explanation of this apparent difference, however, the following remarks of the Commissioners should be duly weighed, before we come to the conclusion that there has really been any diminution in the rate of progression.

After noticing the difference to which we have alluded, they proceed thus:—

‘ We have thought it our duty to enquire, whether this arises from a difference between the excess of births over deaths in the latter of these two periods, or from some cause quite unconnected with the statistics of vitality. As one very obvious cause for an increased or diminished rate of increase of the population, would be found in the greater or less extension of emigration, we directed our enquiry to the returns on this subject. The additional population which would be required, in order to make the ratio of increase on the present occasion equal to that of the former decennial period, would be 208,998, being $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the total population of 1831; and from returns which have been furnished from the Emigration Board, it appears that the total excess of emigration, in the ten years ending 1841, compared with the ten years ending 1831, may be estimated at 282,322.

‘ The above excess in the numbers that emigrated, in the period ending 1841, will not only supply the $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent which appears in our returns to be deficient, in order to make the rate of increase equal to that of the former decennial period, but would actually raise it nearly a half per cent above that of 1831. When it is considered, that though the ages of parties emigrating are not returned, it is notorious that the greater part consist of persons in the prime of life—a class from which there would probably be a great excess of births over deaths—there can remain no doubt that the multiplication of numbers in England, by the excess of births over deaths, has continued at an undiminished, if not an increased rate, in the last ten years.’

It may be mentioned, in passing, that the diminished rate of increase is more remarkable in Scotland, and still more so in

Ireland; but the greater part of our present remarks must not be understood to apply to either of the latter countries. In Scotland, there is not the same means of comparing the relative numbers of births and deaths as are now provided by the new registration system in England; and before that, by the parish register abstracts, which afforded an approximation, though only an approximation, to the same results. It is therefore not easy, in Scotland, to make the necessary estimates as to the difference between what may be called the natural increase, and the increase shown by these returns. In Ireland, on the other hand, there are so many political considerations, which would start up to account for some of the sad results shown by the very comprehensive Report of the Irish Census Commissioners, that, if we entered into details, we could hardly avoid making this (what it was not intended to be) an article of a political character. We have, therefore, thought it better at present to confine our remarks to the results as affecting England.

Before, however, considering the causes, and the *local* distribution in various degrees, of this addition to the population, let us pause for a moment to examine some of the consequences, as affecting the whole of the United Kingdom, which we might expect to result from an increase of numbers, so rapid and so steadily continued. For this purpose, we shall be sufficiently accurate, if we consider the number of inhabitants of the United Kingdom, at the time we are writing, as greater by one-third than that existing in 1821, and by one-sixth than that of 1831.

And, first, with respect to the Revenue, or, to use a word so familiar and personally interesting, that it comes home to the heart of every adult male, except paupers and footmen—we mean the Taxes—what ought to be the effect upon all of us who pay, of so great an increase of the numbers by whom the payment has to be made? It will not be denied, that supposing only the same amount of revenue to be now required for the public service as in the two former periods to which we have alluded, that amount ought now to be collected with one-third less of suffering, of inconvenience, and of cost to each individual, than in 1821, and one-sixth less than in 1831; or, in other words, that the addition to the price of every article of consumption, which is the subject of an indirect tax, might be diminished in the respective proportions of one-third and one-sixth; while the actual descent of the tax-gatherer's hand into the pockets of those unfortunate individuals who are honoured by a more intimate and direct connexion with him, might be, in the same proportions, less deep and less searching. It is evident that such a general relief, or a still greater partial diminution, would or

ought to be the case—supposing, first, the desire of consumption to be increased in proportion to the increasing population; or, secondly, their demands to be met by an adequate and unrestricted supply; or, thirdly, the general wealth of the country, or power of purchasing, to increase in the same ratio. That the first and the last of these conditions does exist, there can be little question. We must therefore ascribe to a failure in the second, the disappointment of our expectations—that a revenue very much less than that required in 1821, and not quite equal in amount to that of 1831, might be collected with a diminution of every individual's payments in both direct and indirect taxation; proportionate to the diminution in the amount of revenue to be raised, and the increase of the numbers to pay it.

It is evident that if the supply of any *taxed* article of general demand is limited, as soon as that limit is reached, we must immediately lose all the increase the revenue might have derived (supposing the tax to be maintained at its original rate) from the increased consumption of increasing numbers; while the whole population must also lose the advantage *they* might have derived from a diminution of the rate of duty—supposing any increase of revenue were abandoned. Nor is this all the evil: In consequence of the rise of prices, caused not by increased cost, but by deficient supply, a large portion of the population is as effectually deprived of the article they require, as if an additional tax had been laid upon it; while those who are still able to consume it, do so at an additional outlay, no part of which goes into the public treasury, though it indirectly diminishes their power of contributing to other branches of the revenue.

We need hardly add, that these general observations are more particularly applicable to those differential duties which, in their effect, limit the supply of sugar to that grown in our own colonies; and that the difficulty will not be removed by any thing short of an unrestricted supply from *every* market that can be open to us. We are not about to enter on the question of how far our proceedings with respect to the emancipation of the slaves requires, as an act of justice, that 'protection,' as it is called, should be given to the West India planters; or, as a duty of humanity, that we should not buy the slave-grown produce of other nations. Whatever can be shown to be required by justice or by humanity, must be done; but at least let us not lose all the merit of the sacrifice, (if it is to be made,) by shutting our eyes to the nature and extent of it.

We find from Parliamentary returns, that the quantity of sugar entered for home consumption in 1830, was 4,273,945 cwt.; while in 1840, the year immediately preceding the last

census, we find, instead of an increase corresponding to that of the population, an entry of only 3,764,710 instead of 5,000,000 cwts.; which would have been about the proper quantity according to that mode of calculation. We should, however, in estimating what ought to be the increase, not merely look at the increased numbers, but at the changed habits of the people: we must bear in mind the much greater taste for tea, coffee, and cocoa—articles to which (with the increased consumption of sugar which they would naturally involve) we must ultimately look to supply the deficiency in the revenue from spirits.

When we find, then, that tea, coffee, and cocoa not only keep up their proportion to the population, but are consumed in a ratio nearly double that which would arise from such a cause, it becomes as clear as noonday, that nothing but the increase of price, occasioned by an artificial limitation of supply, has prevented the consumption of sugar being near upon six millions cwts. instead of under four. It should not be forgotten that we are dealing with an article, which even now furnishes, in each year, a revenue equal to that of the whole customs' revenue of any one quarter; and in which every contraction of the natural demand, and impediment to the natural supply, must also very seriously affect the consumption of its attendant comforts, tea, coffee, and cocoa.

If it be wished to promote the present temperance movement, and make up the consequent loss in the revenue from spirits, by encouraging a taste for the 'cups which cheer but not inebriate,' this can only be done by enlarging the supply, and thus moderating the price of that which is required to make these cups palatable. At present the tea-tables of the people at large furnish about a fifth of the whole of this great Empire's revenue: let but the demand take its natural course, and the supplies flow in through their natural channels, and we should see that proportion insensibly and easily, but not the less certainly, raised to a fourth, and, at the same time, additional comfort presiding at this most domestic of meals.

The net revenue raised from the people of the united kingdom for the year ending 5th January 1831, was L.50,056,000—that for the year ended last January, was as nearly the same as possible, viz. L.50,071,000.

Of this, however, there was contributed by indirect taxation, and paid in the price of all articles consumed indifferently by the whole population—in the first period, a sum of L.45,000,000—in the second, L.40,600,000; leaving to be raised by direct taxation in the year 1831, L.5,000,000, and in the year just concluded L.9,400,000. We have preferred considering as

direct taxation only those sums collected by the Commissioners of the Assessed Taxes; because, though some payments of stamp duties, and for excise licenses, might be so included, they in fact eventually form part of the price of the commodity to which they have reference.

It will be seen, then, at a glance, that the sum raised by *indirect* taxation has not increased in the same ratio with the population; while that furnished by direct payments from the pocket of the subject, into the chest of the state, has increased much more than the numbers of those subject to pay it. Nor have the proportions of these two sources of revenue to each other varied less remarkably. In 1831, the sum raised by direct taxation formed only a tenth of the whole amount collected, or, in round numbers, five millions out of fifty; whereas, in 1843, the proportion was raised to about a fifth of the whole, or very little short of ten millions, also out of fifty.

We are not pronouncing any opinion upon the relative merits of direct or indirect taxation—a subject much too extensive and foreign from our present purpose to enter upon now: we are only calling attention to such facts as naturally present themselves, in connexion with the ascertained increase of the population of this kingdom.

Before, however, we proceed to calculate the real extent of the difference to which we have alluded, we must remember, that while all ages and both sexes are so completely mixed up in the demand for the innumerable articles which are the subject of indirect taxation, that the whole amount collected may, without any great violation of the rules of proportion, be divided among them *per capita*, and their increasing numbers be expected to produce a contribution increased in the same proportion, it is not so with those who are the subjects of direct taxation. Indeed, the peculiar characteristic of this branch of taxation is, that it not merely presses unequally, but that it omits large portions of the population altogether. In order, then, to find the amount of its average demand among those subject to it at each of the periods compared, we must first exclude the whole of the population of Ireland—as not contributing in any way to what we have comprehended under the head of direct taxation. If we next reject, on account of age, that part of the population of Great Britain which is under twenty, and assume that half of those remaining, of both sexes, are amenable to the visit of the tax-gatherer, we believe we shall even then have exceeded in our assumption the number of actual contributors. However, as we apply the same test to the two periods, the error (on whichever side it may be) will not materially affect the comparative calculation.

Reduced by this assumption, we shall find that the total number of those subject to direct taxation in 1831 may be taken at 4,200,000, and in 1843 at 5,000,000; and if we divide among them respectively the sums raised at the two periods compared, we shall find that, whereas in 1831 the average contribution, per head, of this class was £1, 3s. 9d., instead of being diminished at the present moment by the increased population, it is raised to L.1, 17s. 7d.*

That such a mode of raising the necessary supplies, involves in it much that is unfair on those who are thus called upon to bear an undue proportion of the burden, which, time out of mind, has been more equally divided, seems evident; that it is a departure from all former systems, is confessed; and that it is a clumsy and inartificial method of accomplishing what is generally the subject of the nicest consideration and balance of interests, can hardly be denied. If, indeed, the diminution of the sum raised by indirect taxation were all gained in the shape of diminished price, the question of comparative advantage would be more complicated; but if, as we have reason to believe with respect to many articles, the diminished revenue is merely caused by a comparative diminution of consumption—caused by that insuperable obstacle, *inadequate supply*—there is nothing very sheering in the present state of matters, and we have simply to regret the loss of one of the positive advantages to the whole community that would naturally arise from a rapidly increasing population.

Another very obvious question that forces itself upon our consideration, as connected with the progressive increase of the population of this kingdom, is—How far the supply of food, from the produce of our own soil, is likely to keep pace with the increase of those requiring to be fed; and, in short, whether the *natural* demand does not already greatly exceed the *natural* and home supply.

We know that, to solve this question, most imposing arrays of figures have been brought forward, professing to demonstrate that, with all due allowance for fallows, for green crops, and for waste land, there is amply sufficient to feed a population half as

* It should not be forgotten, that the average direct contribution required of each individual had continually diminished from the first of the three periods, 1821, by the reduction of the window-tax and other direct taxes; and that even after 1831, it was still further lowered by the total remission of the house-tax, when it reached its lowest point. What rapid strides it has made in the last two years, in the opposite direction, will be at once seen.

great again as that at present enumerated. To this argument, in a question of *food*, we may be excused for opposing the somewhat vulgar proverb of 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating;' and say that, when in spite of artificial encouragement afforded to the home grower—in spite of the augmentation of prices, which must tend to check the natural demand, and to limit the natural consumption—in spite of the gratuitous hindrances to the natural influx of that supply which even now we derive from abroad, we find the consumption of foreign corn to be increased and increasing, we may be permitted to decline reckoning too absolutely on an estimated sufficiency in the home market, which has been already tried and found wanting.

We know that some have not thought it superfluous to demonstrate, that if all the arable land in Great Britain were devoted to the cultivation of potatoes, a very much larger population might be supported on the produce of its own acres. And we must concede, that if the nation is to retrograde, instead of advancing, with the increase of its numbers and extension of its wealth; and if it is to relapse into the condition of savages, instead of making still greater strides in refinement;—if the idle pauper and the hardworking labourer, the delicate female and the luxurious capitalist, are all to concur in contenting themselves with the food of beggars—then, indeed, England might, out of its own soil, support its wretched inhabitants. Despairing confectioners might 'with curses flee the place,' and ruined bakers, 'now a useless race;' while to the arrival of the male and female part of the aristocracy, for the London season, might be applied the words of the old song—

'The beggars are coming to town,
Some in tags, and some in rags, and some in velvet gowns.'

But a truce to jesting, which, however, as we contend, is alone applicable to arguments which either mean nothing, or if they mean any thing, can only lead to absurdity. No, we must not reckon for a solution of the difficulty of an increasing population pressing upon the means of subsistence, on a change, and at the same time a deterioration, in the kind of food they are to consume. So far from it, the difficulty is rather in the contrary direction. Not only is the population increased, not only are there more mouths to feed, but the taste for a better kind of food has extended still more, and the number of claimants for wheaten bread has increased, even more than the number of mouths to eat it. In counties, where former returns of occupations would have shown hardly a baker for twenty square miles, we should now find them as 'plentiful as blackberries.' Nor is this all; when every additional unit to the population is merely

considered as making additional claims on the land which is fit for the cultivation of wheat, we have not half stated the effects of a rapidly increasing population. We ought to remember that it also contracts the quantity of land that can be so devoted. Whence are to be answered the other increased demands on the land, which must be made by the four millions and a half who have been added to the population since 1821—demands, too, which cannot be supplied, like that for corn, by importation from abroad? Whence are to be fed the cattle and sheep which are to supply the butchers' meat, the milk, the butter, which they would naturally consume, and the wool and leather with which they are to be clothed and shod? How are these wants to be met, but either by trenching on the land that is, or ought to be, devoted to the cultivation of wheat, or by making the extent of supply the limit to which these increased and increasing demands can be gratified?

We have always considered it no small part of the grievance involved in the present Corn-Laws, that they indirectly enhance the price, by curtailing the supply of such articles as butchers' meat, milk, cheese, butter, wool, and leather—all of them articles the consumption of which does (or ought under ordinary circumstances to) increase as steadily with an increasing population, and be as much a matter of calculation as the one quarter of wheat which each additional mouth has been estimated as requiring.

We do not suppose the boldest stickler for things as they are, will deny that there is, to an extent that has never been estimated, an ungratified longing for butchers' meat among thousands, by no means the poorest and the least deserving; that many a hard-working robust agriculturist is doomed, by the mere enhancement of price resulting from a deficient supply, to forego the support to his constitution which a piece of wholesome meat might afford, but of which he has no chance except as the inmate of a workhouse or a jail.

Sir Robert Peel (amid a sufficiency of hostile clamour) attempted, by a roundabout expedient it is true, but still by an expedient such as it was, to remedy this defect. He allowed the importation of foreign cattle, and of American junks; but, alas! it was found, though oxen could be fed in and shipped from distant countries, at a cheaper rate than under the present system they can be slaughtered in England, yet that the bay of Biscay affords too hazardous a transit, and the heats of summer too insidious an hostility, to encourage the importation of live cattle or of fresh meat; while the salted commodity supplied by our transatlantic brethren, occupies a position below that to which British stomachs have as yet generally descended.

We have some hopes that the comparative failure of this first

experiment may have a good effect on the Minister ; so that he may feel disposed to reverse the experiment—importing that which admits of being imported, and thus indirectly encouraging the supply of that which is too hazardous an article of conveyance to supply with any certainty the home deficiency.

We know it has been said, that if the cultivation of wheat which has grown up under artificial encouragement were to lose that support, it would be impossible to lay the ground down again in grass. We cannot help thinking, however, with all the modern improvements in agriculture, and the increased quantity of manure which such a culture would afford, that if the change of law were to encourage the creation of dairy farms, as it formerly did the increase of corn rents, we should see this difficulty overcome ;—to the great advantage, be it remembered, of the now nearly exhausted land.

We have not, however, yet mentioned all the effects, in diminishing the quantity of land available for the cultivation of wheat, which the increase of population must cause ; and to which the increase of wealth, alternately a cause and a consequence of the former, must further contribute.

We have shown that the number of Houses has increased in a greater ratio than the population. Whence is to be *again* supplied the land on which the million of new houses that have been built since 1821 now stand—land, be it remembered, in the best situation for being cultivated ? Whence the parks, the home-steads, the plantations to which the various gradations of magnificence, luxury, and comfort make daily increasing pretensions ? Where, in the days of Goldsmith, there might be found single instances of one only master grasping the whole domain, we should now find hundreds who would disdain a handsome house without a park round it.

We have, however, yet to allude to the most gigantic encroacher of modern times, not only upon the land available for culture, but upon some of the finest acres of our richest agricultural districts. What shall we say to the Railways, with their merciless straight-forward progress, avoiding the barren tops of our mountains, and the less populous ridges of our moorlands, and forcing their way, with surveyors as their avant-couriers, and acts of Parliament as their backers up, through the waving wheat and the green meadows of our most fertile districts—swallowing up whole acres at every hundred yards of their progress, and pausing at each intended station, only to make greater encroachments, under pretence of the necessity of further accommodations ?

Are these things to be stopped, or are we to be told that the land, which was barely sufficient twenty years ago, must still be

constrained to suffice, notwithstanding all those varied and numerous demands upon it, which, so far from having reached their utmost limits, will increase more and more every day?

We may take, it is true, from the corn land to supply the additional demand for grass land; or we may make still further deduction from what should supply our cattle with food, in order to continue our exclusion of foreign corn; but as the Irishman found that, by cutting off from the top of his blanket that which he wanted to sew on to the bottom, he merely kept his feet warm at the expense of his shoulders, so will it be found with our land, if we endeavour, by any change of cultivation, to make it answer the double demands of an increasing population.

We shall perhaps be told of the millions of uncultivated acres which might still be reclaimed. We would, however, first ask, why they have remained so long uncultivated, but because, after careful calculation, they would not, at present prices, offer a fair return for the capital that would have to be invested on them? It is not at the cost of increased prices that we wish increased supply. Even now each new voice that is raised at the different Anti-League meetings, complains of the ruinous returns for their capital invested, which present prices afford. We might indeed point to the significant evidence against the possibility of such a remedy being applied, which is afforded by returns of the number of inclosure bills passed at different periods. In the ten years between 1810 and 1820, 853 enclosures took place under the sanction of Parliament, embracing 1,410,000 acres: but what was the price of corn during the greater part of that period, and what the difficulties which, though they could not prevent the influx, yet raised the cost of the foreign supply? When we come to the next ten years in which these two causes were in diminished operation, we shall find the number of enclosure bills reduced in number to 205, in the next five years to 77, and that the breadth of land thus in some degree made available for increasing demands, consisted of only 440,000 acres in the fifteen years. Does not this show how little available is this remedy? Does it not prove either that the more suitable land has been already used, or that nothing can repay the expense of such enclosures but prices to which we trust never to return?

If we could here introduce the comparative tables of the increase of population in the various counties and the larger towns of England, furnished by the Commissioners of the Census, the reader would see at a glance the great difference that exists in the distribution of the average increase of all England (14·5 per cent) over the different localities within it. We must content ourselves with giving a few instances. The rate of increase varies for

the counties from nearly thirty-seven per cent in the ten years in Monmouth, to not quite two and a half per cent in Hereford. The mining counties exhibit the most rapid advance in numbers, Monmouth and Durham being first in the race, and followed neck and neck by Stafford and Lancaster. The latter not only leads the other manufacturing counties in this respect, but is actually the foremost in England in the number of its inhabitants, having upon this occasion passed Middlesex which at the beginning of the century exceeded it by 150,000. This difference has been steadily though slowly diminishing upon each returning period of enumeration, till it now stands at the head of the list, not excepting even Yorkshire with its *three* Ridings.

The difference in the *rate* of increase for towns, is still more extraordinary than that for counties; ranging from 70 per cent since the last census for West Bromwich, down to less than 1 per cent within the same period for Bath; while in the large towns of Kidderminster, Sunderland, and Shrewsbury, there has been a small *decrease*. Among the towns, the population of which is *doubled* in the last twenty years, may be mentioned Liverpool, Preston, (increased 350 per cent since 1801,) Wolverhampton, Merthyr-Tydvil, Bradford, West Bromwich, Bishop's Wearmouth, and Dukinfield. The last-mentioned town exhibits at the present moment an actual increase of twelve hundred per cent since the beginning of this century. To show that fashion is not without its influence in these matters, we may add, that within the same period Brighton has increased five hundred, and Cheltenham nine hundred per cent.

The very mention of an increase of numbers so astonishing as the last instances we have brought forward, will have convinced even the most careless reader, that it cannot have been caused exclusively, or even to any great extent, by a mere excess of births over deaths—that is to say, by any *natural* increase. We must then refer the disproportion in different localities to some much more powerful and active cause than any difference in the amount of fecundity following upon earlier and more numerous marriages; or any variation in the rate of mortality produced by climate or occupation.

This consideration is so often kept out of sight, that we must be excused for alluding to what would appear so obvious; but we are anxious to show that these seats of busy industry, instead of increasing upon the country (as is often assumed) the evils of over-population, are actually our safeguards, by relieving and maintaining within their limits large additions to our numbers, in the raising of which they have neither directly nor indirectly had any influence.

It is upon this subject that an enquiry entered into, for the first time, in the present Census, supplies much curious information.

We allude to the minute particulars supplied as to place of birth, which will, however, be still more interesting on the next, than they could possibly be upon this the first occasion upon which they are furnished. We earnestly hope indeed to have *then* still further details collected than have now been attempted.

At present we are only informed as to the number born 'in' or 'out of the county;' but we would gladly see the word *town* substituted for county, in places of sufficient importance. So also as to those who (being natives of England) are born 'out of the 'county,' there is no further distinction as to the part of England from which they come; whereas it appears to us, that the name of the county from which they have emigrated, might, without any great additional trouble to the enumerator, be inserted. This has been accomplished in the Irish returns; and though it may be easily understood that the English Commissioners would avoid increasing, without authority to do so, the minuteness of enquiries which already extended over so wide a field, we cannot help hoping that they may be furnished with that authority upon the next occasion.

Still, even in their present form, the information as to place of birth, combined with that of the ages of the population in all the counties and larger towns, is sufficient to correct many errors which have been either adopted or studiously disseminated, with respect to the causes and consequences of any great local increase of population.

It has been constantly assumed that, in large and flourishing manufacturing towns, the demand for labour, by encouraging early and more numerous marriages, produces so excessive a number of births to the total population, as to lead to a natural increase of numbers much greater than occurs in other places. That such is not the only, or by any means the principal, cause of the great increase in numbers in the more flourishing manufacturing towns, the Commissioners themselves point out in their comments upon the information offered with respect to place of birth;—showing that the cause which has the greatest influence, is the enormous extent of *immigration* into those places where capital and enterprise hold out temptations to the industrious classes from other parts of the kingdom. We cannot find room for the interesting tables by which they show that the proportionate numbers, not natives of the places in which they are enumerated, are always greatest in those counties in which the rate of increase is most remarkable.

The extent and influence of immigration, however, may be

exhibited in another mode; viz. by comparing in certain localities the natural increase—that is, the numbers added in every ten years by mere excess of births over deaths—with the actual ascertained increase exhibited by the Census returns.

We shall find that the ten counties in which the population returns exhibit the *least* increase, (giving an average of only five and a-half per cent in the last ten years,) have, within the same period, added to their number by natural increase at the average rate of ten per cent; thus showing, that they have increased their population by nearly twice as much as they have demands for or means of maintaining it.

On the other hand, if we take the five counties in which there is the greatest ascertained increase, viz. at an average of something over twenty-six per cent in the decennial period, we shall find that their natural increase within the same time, has been only at the average rate of eleven per cent, or very little more than those of the first set of counties. We see, too, that they have not only been able to support the whole of their own natural increase, but to give employment and support to an additional population, from overburdened and less fortunate localities, to the extent of fifteen per cent on their own original population.

We must add, that the ten counties of the first set are all agricultural, viz. Buckingham, Cumberland, Devon, Hereford, Norfolk, Suffolk, Oxford, Westmoreland, Wiltshire, and the N. R. of York; and that the other five are the principal seats of manufacturing and mining industry, viz. Lancaster, Stafford, Monmouth, Durham, and Warwick.

If it is thus made clear that the large additional population exhibited by these returns for some of the towns, and for the manufacturing counties generally, is produced, not by a natural increase from excess of births over deaths to an extent much above the general average of England, but by receiving within their limits, and supporting, the surplus population of less flourishing districts, and especially that of the agricultural counties;—if it can be shown that these latter have almost universally an accession to their numbers, by natural causes, much greater than the increase returned by the population tables, what is the natural inference, and what the obvious course to follow? The natural inference would be, that the agricultural counties have not the means of supporting the population they raise—of providing labour or food for the additions they annually make to the disposable hands, and the craving mouths within their limits. And what would be the reasonable conduct to follow under such a state of things? We might answer simply.—Let things take their own course; let industry flow in its natural channels, and

receive, with gratitude, the benefits it confers upon you. As that is, however, just what the agricultural interest, as it is called, will not do, we must say more distinctly—Give free course to that commerce which is your preservative against poverty and ruin; make no suicidal attempts to continue, still less to tighten, those bonds which have already restrained the saving powers it might have exercised for you. Stop not up the natural channel for that stream of population which, if not allowed to escape, will inundate and ultimately overwhelm you!

We are confident that if either landed proprietors or honest yeomen could realize, in idea, (for we would not wish them to experience in fact,) all the evils that would follow—nay, we might almost say, *must* and *will* follow—the depression of our manufacturing towns, from the further or even continued restriction of foreign markets, they would soon change their tone. Let them but have returned upon their hands the surplus population of their own raising, who have wandered forth from the pinching want and cold hearths, which a limited demand for labour, and miserable wages afforded, in their much vaunted rural homes, to seek the rewards held out in the manufacturing districts to capital and enterprise;—let but all these be forced back to swell the number of labourers that already exceed the demand,—let but *the burden of all these be thrown upon the poor-rates*, and thrown it must be, and we will venture to say, that a combination of ruin for the landed proprietor, and misery to the death for the labourers, will be presented, such as they dream not of.

Time was that the condition of the agricultural labourer was supposed to be one of animal comfort, even if the intellect had not much opportunity of expanding; recent examination, or perhaps recent changes, have dispelled that idea, or destroyed its truth. Time was that the landed proprietors were deemed worthy of being entrusted with the power of regulating the amount of wages; time was that they were considered too liberal, too anxious for their own character, or too much bound by the custom of the country, to take advantage of competition for labour to grind down to the lowest penny the unfortunate applicants for employment. At present, though there are dreadful symptoms in counties to which we might more particularly allude, that the supply of farm labour exceeds the demand, there is still happily the outlet afforded by more busy scenes, where the desponding ploughman may be converted into the active artisan. But we confess we should tremble to see an unlimited supply of labour (without the safety-valve, that now exists, for the surplus agricultural population) entrusted to the present race of farmers and landed proprietors. We believe it would be almost as safe to

trust *them*, as it has been shown to be, to confide to the fair dealings of an Irish 'middleman' an unlimited competition for land. We know there are honourable exceptions, but we cannot shut our eyes to facts; and we feel that many (though by no means all) would abuse that power.

We say, therefore, again: let but the *home* emigrants, of past years, be sent back in consequence of stagnation of manufacturing activity—a stagnation self-imposed and self-maintained; let but that source of relief, to the rural districts, be excluded for the future, while the natural increase of population, by no means rapid, *and yet too fast*, goes on there the same, as go on it would, and we should have landed proprietors borne down by poor-rates, and squalid wretches (barely kept by those poor-rates, and overflowing the union workhouses) join in one common cry against the continuance of restriction upon trade. Let the 'sliding scale,' they would cry, which has been the cause of our fall, sink into the lowest deep. Protect us from protecting duties which have destroyed us. Save us from our friends!

We believe that a modern Goldsmith, availing himself of the advance which has been made in the science of Political Economy in our own times, might draw (if not so poetical) a much more sad, because more true, picture of the miseries of the bold peasantry, their country's pride—

'When *men* accumulate and *wealth* decays.'

We feel that the *overcrowded* would be even a more touching spectacle than the '*Deserted village*,' and the returning home emigrants a much more 'melancholy band,' than that so beautifully described by the bard of Auburn. We have no quarrel with Goldsmith; we look not for sober lessons of Political Economy in a poet; on the contrary, we hail him as a witness on our own side, on a matter of fact, and thank him for showing that, even as long ago as his day,

'The loveliest village of the plain,'

where health and plenty *had* cheered the labouring swain, still could not, even then, maintain its own surplus population. Such we take to be the matter-of-fact solution of the case of the emigrants he describes; and we cannot help thinking that the tender heart of the poet would have been cheered at finding, that instead of wandering to

'Distant climes, a dreary scene,

Where half the-convex world intrudes between,'

they have at present offered to them (and long may they still continue to have it open!) a refuge, as well as a livelihood; in some neighbouring manufacturing district.

The principal anomalies which are asserted to exist, in the larger and more flourishing towns, are an excessive fecundity in the native population, caused by the temptation to early and improvident marriages, held out by the prospect of employment; and an excessive mortality, occasioned by crowded dwellings, irregular lives, and unhealthy occupations. It is further asserted that the relief which this mortality might otherwise afford against an excessive increase in the population, is immediately counteracted by the fecundity which, through some mysterious law of nature, it is said, ever attends upon the train of excessive mortality, in order to supply its losses. Upon a careful view of the particulars furnished by the population returns, and the abstracts of the Registrar-General, it does appear to us, that in each of these supposed characteristics of a quickly increasing town population, there is either great exaggeration, or error, arising from the substitution of cause for effect.

That there is a larger number of births to the total population, in large manufacturing or mining districts than the average of England, we do not deny, and, indeed, all the returns of the Registrar-General show it; but we wish to point out other less speculative reasons than the temptation afforded to early marriages by the prospect of employment. We think a much simpler and more matter-of-fact reason for it may be found in the much greater proportion of young men between twenty and thirty * in-

* Twenty-five has been ascertained to be the mean age at which first marriages are contracted by males; and it will not be disputed that the greater part of the illegitimate births which unfortunately go to swell the number of those registered in the town districts, claim putative fathers between the ages of twenty and thirty. The *exact* age of the parties marrying is not required to be stated in the registers, and the number of instances in which this has been done, diminished in the last years. The following table, however, taken from the Registrar-General's Report for 1841, (p. 15, 8vo edit.,) of the ages at which 8832 bachelors were married, in districts varying greatly in situation and character, throughout the kingdom, in the year ending June 1840, will serve to illustrate our remarks.

15 and under 20,	.	.	.	229
20 and under 25,	.	.	.	4990
25 and under 30,	.	.	.	2397
30 and under 35,	.	.	.	754
Between 35 and 85,	.	.	.	453

8832

According to this table, the marriages between 20 and 30 formed 84 per cent, and those between 20 and 35, 92 per cent of the whole number.

troduced into the population by the grand disturbing cause of *immigration*. We believe, then, that if the births returned were divided, for the purpose of comparison, over the inhabitants of the age most likely to add to the population, first in a flourishing, and then in a decaying town or rural district, the disproportion in the number of births, in the districts compared together, would be greatly diminished. We will give as an extreme instance, to illustrate our proposition, Merthyr-Tydvil and Norwich; the former of which contains, in every 10,000 inhabitants, 2538 males between twenty and thirty—or more than a quarter of the whole male population; while Norwich has but 1546, or not much more than a seventh, at that age.

When it is remembered, that, throughout England, the females are in excess to the males, so large an additional proportion of males between twenty and thirty, can hardly fail of greatly affecting any general calculations as to the relative fecundity of large towns. The excessive mortality, on the other hand, may to a great degree be accounted for on very simple principles; if we reverse the usually assumed relations of cause and effect, and—(instead of saying that the void caused by excessive mortality is by some mysterious principle counteracted, and its ravages repaired by increased fecundity)—suppose the large proportion of births to the population to be the cause, and not a consequence, of the apparent excessive mortality. If, as we have just shown to be the case, a large influx by *immigration*, of strangers between twenty and thirty, causes a greatly increased number of births, the same cause, by increasing the proportionate number of infant lives, that is, of those most liable to death, must also produce a much greater apparent mortality; the first event being not necessarily occasioned by earlier or more numerous marriages than occur elsewhere, nor the second by more unwholesome dwellings or unhealthy occupations. We do not deny, that both the causes to which the increased proportions of births or of deaths have been commonly ascribed, may, in different localities, contribute more or less to them; but we deny the universality and extent of their operation. That the excess of births exhibited by the returns, made in the usual way, is not to be attributed universally, nor even in any great degree, to early marriages, may be further shown in another mode; by referring to the table furnished by the Registrar-General in his fifth Annual Report, (Pref., p. vii.) exhibiting the proportion per cent of persons married under twenty-one years of age in 1841 for every county in England. By this table it appears, that Staffordshire, Durham, Lancashire, Monmouthshire, and Warwickshires—counties distinguished for the large proportion of births to the

total population—are by no means as remarkable for early marriages. Lancashire stands about halfway down in the list; Durham is only just (by three decimal parts) above the average of England in the early marriages of its females, while it exceeds it in the prudence of its males. Monmouthshire and Warwickshire furnish examples in this respect that might well be followed by the general population of England, and particularly by most of its agricultural districts. The West Riding of Yorkshire is an exception to the general prudence of the manufacturing districts on this point; but it may be remembered, that it comprehends also a large agricultural population—and we shall find it preceded by four agricultural counties; Bedfordshire, (which stands first in the list for improvident marriages,) Herefordshire, Cambridgeshire, and Essex—and followed by eight more of a similar complexion, before we come to manufacturing and mining Staffordshire.*

Another feature in the distribution of ages, as affecting the

* The table to which we have been referring, shows results so different from what might have been expected, that we here give it entire.

Proportion per cent of Married under 21 Years of Age, in the year 1841.
—(Arranged with reference to the early Marriages of the Women.)

COUNTIES.	Women.	Men.	COUNTIES.	Women.	Men.
Bedfordshire . . .	24.27	12.66	Durham	13.54	4.01
Hertfordshire . . .	23.62	8.81	Dorsetshire	13.25	6.28
Cambridgeshire . . .	22.73	8.58	Monmouthshire . . .	12.87	2.77
Essex	21.44	4.95	Warwickshire . . .	12.50	5.06
Yorkshire, West } Riding }	21.21	6.96	Surrey (part of) . .	12.43	2.15
Northamptonshire . .	20.03	7.95	Cornwall	12.25	3.36
Huntingdonshire . . .	19.66	7.61	Northumberland . .	12.14	3.54
Leicestershire . . .	18.01	7.48	East Riding, with } York }	12.03	3.01
Buckinghamshire . . .	17.80	7.95	Hampshire	11.44	3.04
Suffolk	17.62	4.79	Middlesex (part of) .	11.38	3.53
Wiltshire	17.44	8.16	Gloucestershire . . .	11.12	3.84
Lincolnshire	17.03	4.80	Yorkshire, North } Riding }	11.07	2.80
Sussex	16.89	4.46	Cumberland	10.26	2.46
Staffordshire	16.60	5.55	Somersetshire	9.75	4.70
Nottinghamshire . . .	15.73	5.61	Westmoreland	9.07	2.72
Worcestershire . . .	15.63	6.01	Herefordshire	8.49	2.52
Berkshire	14.75	5.07	Shropshire	8.46	2.18
Cheshire	14.71	6.52	North Wales	8.25	3.29
Rutlandshire	14.55	6.06	South Wales	8.09	3.02
Lancashire	14.26	5.21	Devonshire	7.43	2.08
Norfolk	14.20	5.03			
Oxfordshire	13.84	3.88			
Derbyshire	13.58	4.94			
Kent	13.55	2.64	ENGLAND	13.29	4.38

proportion of births to the total population, ought to be shortly noticed ;—we mean the difference observable in the various counties or districts, between the proportion which those who have attained an age at which we no longer look for marriages or births, bear to the total population. When we find that in Herefordshire, out of 100,000 inhabitants, there would be 17,560 of both sexes above fifty years of age, while in the same number for Lancashire there would be only 10,680; or that the former county shows in every 100,000, an excess of 6880 persons so little likely to swell the number of marriages and births; we shall be less surprised at learning, that the annual number of marriages to every 100,000 are in Hereford only 688, while they are 893 in Lancashire; the births to the same number, when it includes the more venerable population, being 2592, while the substitution of more juvenile inhabitants for the 6880 quinquagenarians in which Lancashire is deficient, contributes to furnish 1113 additional births—raising the proportion of the latter county to 3705 births for every 100,000 inhabitants. However, in order more fully to illustrate and to test the truth of this supposition, let us take as examples two towns, Liverpool and Brighton; in the former of which, according to the last report of the Registrar-General, the number of births and deaths to the population are much above the average of England—the births being 1 in 29, and the deaths also 1 in 29; while in Brighton the births are even to a greater degree below the average of England—being 1 to every 37 inhabitants, the deaths 1 to 42. Here is a very large discrepancy in the apparent rate of fecundity and of mortality, if tried by the usual mode of dividing the births and deaths over the whole population, without distinction of age.

Let us now apply the test we have suggested, of seeing how many children in each case are born to the males of an age most likely to be fathers, viz. between 20 and 35. We have taken these ages without pretending that they will exhaust the whole number who are in a condition to become parents, but because it includes those of whom any preponderance is likely to increase to the greatest degree the number of births; and we have taken males instead of females, because we hold that an additional cause of the apparently greater fecundity in flourishing manufacturing towns is, that there the disproportion in the relative number of the two sexes, which is so general throughout the kingdom, is much diminished by *immigration*.*

* Our female readers, if indeed we could hope for any on such a subject, would, we are sure, have no difficulty in allowing, that the grand ob-

With this explanation, and without going through the calculations, which any one can do for himself, we may state the result to be, that there are in Liverpool only 10 births annually for every 48 males between the ages of 20 and 35, (1 to 4·8;) while in Brighton there are the same number of births to every 38 males of the same ages, (1 to 3·8;) and that, for all England, the proportion would be 10 to every 35, (1 to 3·5.) Tried, therefore, by this test, and the simple rules of arithmetic, which no political bias or party object can bend to its purpose; the number of births, instead of being excessively stimulated by high wages and demand for labour, or, as some have also contended, by misery and hopeless wretchedness, would appear to be fewer than might have been reasonably expected from a careful view of the *proportionate ages* of the population, and even after making every due allowance for unregistered births.

Let us now try also, by figures, our second proposition—that the apparent excessive mortality is a consequence, rather than a cause, of the large proportion of births to the total population; that, in short, an excess in the proportion of mortality is to be ascribed principally to an excess in the proportion of those most exposed to mortality, viz. infant lives. Let us therefore, before proceeding in the usual manner to divide the total population by the annual deaths, first deduct, on the one side, the population at or under five; and, on the other, the deaths under five in each of the places compared together; and we shall then see what is the relative mortality, when relieved from the disturbing cause of an excessive proportion of infant lives. We shall then find, that whereas the difference in the mortality upon the general population was 1 in 29 in Liverpool against 1 in 42 in Brighton; *that* between the population above five in the two places, was as 1 in 50 against 1 in 62; or, to make the difference more evident, out of 1200 persons living at Liverpool, of all ages from infancy upwards, there would die in Liverpool annually rather more than 41, and in Brighton not quite 29; while, of 1200 persons above the age of five, there would die within the year, in the healthy watering-place, 19, and in the crowded manufacturing district, only 24, being a difference of only five in 1200.

We feel sure that this explication of the comparative equality in the rate of mortality (when the first dangers of infancy are passed) between places so differently circumstanced, and in which

stacle to more numerous marriages is to be found in the too great scarcity of suitable husbands; and that where any accidental cause diminishes for a time, or in a particular locality, that deficiency, marriages go on briskly,

there would otherwise appear to be so alarming a difference, will come as a surprise upon those who have contented themselves with the rough results of calculations, quite correct in arithmetic, but which, as we contend, have led to too hasty conclusions.

It is well known that about a sixth part for England generally, and in some districts a fifth part, of the numbers born, die in the first year, and that the deaths under one year form very nearly a fourth of the whole number of deaths at all ages; while those under five amount, in some cases, to nearly a half of the total deaths—reducing the numbers added to the population five years before by nearly a third, and in some instances by more. A due consideration of these facts will prepare us to estimate more correctly the importance of considering what proportion the infant lives bear to the whole population, before pronouncing upon the relative annual mortality in any place, from a mere statement of the total number of deaths.

In further confirmation of this view, of this cause of increased mortality in large towns, we would refer to a table in the Registrar-General's fifth report, (p. 194,) giving the causes of death in very large groups, first of rural and then of town districts; showing, at the first glance, an enormous excess of mortality against the towns. When we examine, however, *the causes of death*, as there distinguished, we find this alarming excess almost entirely composed of such childrens' complaints as teething, convulsions, croup, small-pox, measles, pneumonia, hydrocephalus, &c., and, therefore, to a great degree to be accounted for by the larger proportion the infants bear to the total population.

Do we bring forward these calculations with any party purpose;—with a view to make out what may be called a case in favour of the Towns? Far from it. Our object is to show the real circumstances, illustrated as they are by information which had not been before at the disposal of candid enquirers. We wish to guard against exaggerated ideas, of the necessary mortality, among the large masses collected together in these seats of industry. We hope that even those who may not be prepared at first to go the whole extent of our conclusions, will at all events see the necessity of forming no general calculations of fecundity or of mortality, without giving due weight to the returns of ages, both of the living and the dying, and to the very great variations in these particulars that occur in different localities.

The importance of the conclusions that may be drawn from the propositions we have advanced, is evident. If the large ascertained increase, and the excessive fecundity or natural increase, observed in some places, be owing in a great degree, as

we have contended, the *first* to immigration, and the *second* to the excessive number of males of a certain age introduced by that immigration, we may expect to be at least spared the misery of seeing that great increase, and that excessive fecundity, continued in decaying places, towards which the tide of immigration ceases to flow. The remedy will thus, in certain localities, be supplied in exact proportion to the necessity for it.

Again, by directing our attention to the real nature of the excess of mortality attributed to flourishing manufacturing towns—by showing that it is to a certain degree only an apparent, and not an actual excess; and further, that it is almost exclusively confined to the infant population, or that part which is under five years of age—do we not guard against unnecessary alarms, and also point out the exact direction which remedial measures of public or private application ought to take?

By referring the greater part of the excess to the first five years of life, we show how much exaggerated must be the actual loss of life, whether immediate or deferred, which has been attributed to the employments undertaken at the successive periods of life after that age;—to the factory system overtaxing the strength of growing children;—to the too protracted labours, the dissipated habits, and the fluctuating wages of their men;—to the impure atmosphere and immoral temptations which surround their women:—causes to which (while the apparent excess of mortality in large towns was supposed to be spread over all ages) much greater effects were attributed than would appear to be justified by the results.

Nor are the consequences of a due estimation of these particulars less interesting to the philanthropist. If all those circumstances, some of them unavoidable, some self-imposed, produced the effects, and prevailed to the extent which has been assumed, the humane legislator and the private benefactor might indeed despair of applying any adequate remedy. If, on the other hand, it is shown that improvements in the drainage, in the supply of water, in the admission of a free current of fresh air into what are now blind courts, in precautions against contagion, and, above all, in the attendance which is afforded to the mother and her infant in the first month of its existence, might check the havoc which is now made with the tender lungs, the delicate constitutions, and the susceptible systems of those who are daily added in such large proportions to our manufacturing population—a distinct direction will be pointed out to the efforts of the well-intentioned; a definite object will be set before the philanthropist; and a justification afforded for the measures of the humane legislator.

We earnestly trust that no further delay will take place—that no feelings of party will be allowed to interfere; but that when it is distinctly shown, that it is for the young and helpless that the interference is made, (at present, perhaps, doomed to an untimely death, but capable of being made germs of future commercial greatness,) no further enquiry into any yet undiscovered evils will delay the remedy of those which are fully known; and that we shall no longer be obliged to ‘bear the ills we have,’ while, through the somewhat tedious process of a Commission, we are searching for ‘others that we know not of.’

We have said nothing about the relief which emigration to our colonies may afford, in places where the amount of the population is excessive; because we have tried to show, that if the demand for labour and the supply of food be allowed to take their natural course, no deficiency in either need require that compulsory or unwilling departure for foreign shores—that tearing asunder of home ties, which we have always held to be the consequence and the sign of misgovernment, or of improper interference with the natural laws of society. That an increase of population as rapid as that which takes place in this kingdom, admits of the hardy, the enterprising, and the unencumbered, whether alone, or with the newly-chosen partners of their fortunes, to devote their energies to the improvement of our colonies, without causing any void at home, we rejoice to think. But that that increase requires, as its antidote, the asportation of whole families of helpless and desponding paupers—‘liberos, conjuges, et graves senio parentes’—bought off by the overburdened poor-rates from the overloaded labour-market of agricultural districts, we must deny.

As long as the human mind remains what it is, and has been, there is no danger of our colonies being deprived of the additional vigour which, from time to time, British enterprise and industry infuses into them; but we should wish to look for that supply, not to the necessary relief of home misery, but to that which the Roman philosopher calls ‘naturalem quandam irritationem commutandi sedes et transferendi domicilia.’* Of all the causes of emigration to which he alludes, including among them the favourite one of modern times, ‘nimia superfluentis populi frequentia,’ we would, while our manufactures continue to flourish, acknowledge but one, viz. ‘fertilis oræ et in majus laudatæ fama.’†

* Seneca. *De Consol. ad Helviam*.

† On subjects like this, of great importance, but where opinion is not yet sanctioned conclusively by science—that is, grounded upon established principles—we reserve to ourselves, while giving currency to

We trust, however, that such statistical facts as we have been examining, will invite attention to the exaggeration with which the necessary evils of an increasing population have been dressed up; and to the advantages which we may all derive from it, if the additional labour which it supplies be but allowed to take its natural direction. We trust that when it is seen that no forced emigration, no excessive mortality, no unanswerable demands upon public charity, are its necessary or even natural consequences, we shall, as a nation, as a united people, determine upon proceeding in that course of policy which will remove all chance of these evils. Let us not be scared by predictions of agricultural distress, which we venture to say will never be realized, if we shall wisely enlarge the demands for labour and for food, in those districts which have already supported so large a portion of our surplus rural population, and so enormously increased the consumption of our agricultural produce. Let us give up that practice of class legislation, which, like the ivy, checks the growth of those branches it would seem to shelter and protect. Let us disregard all questions of private interest, which cannot be long separated from those of the public advantage; and when once the right course of policy is set before us, let us, as a united people, follow wherever it leads. 'Alacres et erecti, quocunque res tulerit, intrepido gradu properemus.'

ART. IV.—*Mémoires Authentiques de Jacques Nompar de Caumont, Duc de la Force, Maréchal de France; et de ses deux fils, les Marquis de Montpouillan et de Castelnaut: suivis de documents historiques, et de correspondances inédites de Henri III., Henri IV., Catharine de Bourbon, Louis XIII., Marie de Medicis, Condé, Sully, Villeroy, Pontchartrain, Bouillon, Biron, Montespan, Du Plessis Mornay, Schomberg, Chatillon, D'Effiat, Fouquières, Richelieu, Servien, Des Noyers, et autres personnages célèbres, depuis la Saint Barthelemy jusqu'à la Fronde. Publiés, mis en ordre, et précédés d'une Introduction, par M. le MARQUIS DE LA GRANGE. 4 Tomes. 8vo. Paris: 1843.*

JACQUES NOMPAR DE CAUMONT LA FORCE was one of the toughest of that tough provincial aristocracy, of the sixteenth century, who fought for so long a period in effect to divide France amongst themselves, whether under the colours of the Catholic

views that have any strong support, the fullest liberty to state, or to adopt any others, that may appear to us worthy of our notice or advocacy.

League, or by aid of the organization of the Protestant towns and provinces.

In other great states of Europe the grand religious movement of that age, whether by its suppression or its recognition, had turned to the immediate aggrandizement of the secular powers which had achieved either result. In Spain, the Inquisition became the political and fiscal tool of the King's government: whomsoever that government desired to punish or plunder, without any legal pretext, it handed over to the Inquisition, and obtained sentence and condemnation for *heresy*. The sending of military stores to France was, on one occasion, condemned as *heresy*. In Germany, England, and Scotland, on the other hand, we need not recall to our readers how the secular powers which promoted, found their account in, the Reformation.

In France neither result took place. She had not, like Germany, independent Princes, who made the Reformation their work. She had not, like England, Princes, Parliament, and a *People*, who took successive shares in that work. In France, the great mass of the population remained attached to the old faith, the church retained its proprietary and monastic preaching power; so much at least of the former as the sovereign did not permit himself to appropriate for the gratification of his courtiers, under the complaisant terms of the Papal Concordat with the above-named monarch. That Concordat had, in fact, transferred to the crown, from the papal see, a power nearly as absolute over the church and its revenues as reform could have given it; and, on the other hand, the government was soon alarmed by the iconoclastic and innovating spirit which showed itself in company with the new doctrines.

The ferment excited by the Reformed opinions in France, had the effect of re-opening all the old wounds which had seemed to be closed under the more vigorous regimen of the monarchy, since the period of the English invasions, and the reign of Louis XI. It was a relapse from the *Renaissance* into the middle ages—from monarchy into *quasi-feudalism*—the wars of the Roses thrust forwards amidst the journalism and artillery of modern Europe—aristocratical and popular barbarism warring with the improved weapons of civilization. Modern diplomacy, tactics, and the press have begun their work, while courts and camps still exhibit an extraordinary mixture of rudeness and corruption; the great nobles revive the factious and feuds of the middle ages, and the people are sunk in ignorant apathy, except when roused to superstitious crimes.

Every external motive might have seemed to designate France, in the sixteenth century, for the political and military head of the

European revolt against the ecclesiastical power. Her national interests pointed distinctly in that direction; as being the direction in which she could enlist the most effective forces against the house of Austria. This motive was so clear, powerful, and positive, that, in spite of bigotry, it governed the foreign policy of France at every lucid interval; while the Protestant party, which she aided and subsidized abroad, was persecuted and crushed at home.

The French sovereigns, vacillating between European and Italian policy, took no consistent part, from the first, on either side of the great struggle; and by letting the reins of government slip out of their hands, (under Henry III.,) permitted independent powers and jurisdictions to re-appear in the provinces. The great families of feudal times were indeed for the most part extinct; but their place was supplied by those Princes who had obtained appanages from the Crown—by the governors of provinces and towns, who maintained themselves in defiance of royalty—and finally, by the royal favourites raised by the last Valois sovereigns to wealth and command, which rendered them formidable so soon as they found cause to be discontented. Under such leaders, crowds of small gentlemen, disbanded soldiers, and adventurers were, at all times, ready to serve. The ferment introduced by the new opinions set all these unquiet spirits in motion; and the Catholic or Protestant cause furnished excellent watchwords to those who wanted nothing else.

The *Memoirs* before us, beginning with the Saint Bartholomew,* end within a few years of the Fronde. They embrace, therefore, a whole political and military chapter of French history, and traverse some of the most important epochs which occur in that history, from the commencement of what are commonly distinguished as modern times, to the Revolution. But those

* Of course, they begin first of all with the genealogy of the house of Caumont. We need not ascend to its remote honours; and the only circumstances in their later descent which are worth remark at present, are, first, that the editor of these volumes (who has prefaced them with a well-written introduction) states in a note that his connexion with the family is by marriage to Mademoiselle de Caumont la Force, daughter of the Duke de la Force, Peer of France, and descendant of the Marshal de la Force; secondly, that the noble family of Beaupoil, from which the Marshal de la Force was descended on the mother's side, has for one of its representatives at the present day the Count de Sainte Aulaire, ambassador of France at the court of London, and author of the *History of the Fronde*.

epochs were traversed by the principal personage of these Memoirs, more in the manner of Sancho Panza with his tenacious ambition for governorship, and of Captain Dugald Dalgetty with his equal fidelity to all masters, (and *paymasters*,) than of any higher or more heroic model. M. de la Force is the *sort* of hero that is formed in civil discords, and gets well through them. These movements are begun by the Quixotes; but it is the Sancho Panzas that see the end of them, and 'comfort their little carcasses' amidst the wreck of devotion and enthusiasm.

The existence in MS. of these Memoirs in the family archives of the House of La Force, has long been known. Voltaire, in the second book of the *Henriade*, has given, as follows, the popular version of the escape from the Saint Bartholomew of the young Caumont, afterwards Duke of La Force, who prolonged a life, spent in warfare, to the mature age of ninety-five:—

‘Quelques-uns, il est vrai, dans la foule des morts
Du fer des assassins trompèrent les efforts.
De Caumont, jeune enfant, l'étonnante aventure
Ira de bouche en bouche à la race future.
Son vieux père, accablé sous le fardeau des ans,
Se livrait au sommeil entre ses deux enfans ;
Un lit seul enfermait et les fils et le père :
Les meurtriers ardens, qu'aveuglait la colère,
Sur eux à coups pressés enfoncent le poignard :
Sur ce lit malheureux la mort vole au hasard.

• • • • •
Son père à ses côtés, sous mille coups mourant,
Le couvrait tout entier de son corps expirant ;
Et du peuple et du roi trompant la barbarie,
Une seconde fois il lui donna la vie.’

Voltaire thus corrects the above romantic narrative in his Notes to the poem:—‘It was on the faith of Mézerai that I put this adventure in verse. That historian asserts that the young Caumont, his father, and brother, lay in the same bed; that his father and brother were massacred, and that he escaped as by miracle. The circumstances by which Mézerai supports his story, did not suffer me to doubt the truth of the fact as he states it; but M. the Duke de la Force has since shown me the MS. Memoirs of that same Marshal de la Force, written by his own hand. The Marshal there relates his adventure in a different manner. *Cela fait voir comme il faut se fier aux historiens.*’

This was Voltaire's favourite moral from all such occurrences; and it must be acknowledged that it derives additional confirmation from the fact, that Sismondi has repeated the little romance

of De Thou and Mézerai, in the teeth of Voltaire's correction of his own use of it.

The 'Saint Bartholomew' has naturally fixed the attention of historians; because it is the turning-point of the whole series of events that followed. Perhaps, however, it need not have been quite such an historical puzzle, if men's minds had not been at once arrested and bewildered by the vast scale of the affair; and if modern writers had kept hold of the leading clues to its true origin, in the general character of the times, and in the peculiar character of Catharine of Medicis. The immensity of the slaughter has given a sort of dignity of crime to the Saint Bartholomew; and it is taken for granted that so vast a massacre must have had deep motives and long preparation.

We need hardly mention what were the current maxims of that age with regard to the policy of ridding the Church or State of enemies by assassination. These had been put in practice (as was suspected, by the instigation of Coligny himself) on the person of Francis of Guise, the idol of the popular party. We do not believe Coligny to have been guilty of that crime; and we think his generous confidence in his late enemies a strong indication of innocence. But it is quite sufficient that it *was* believed; and that the crime was *justified* by the Protestant party. The murdered hero of the Catholics was compared to Holophernes, and the assassin Poltrot to Judith. A celebrated Huguenot pamphlet, the *Reveil-matin*, declared his memory sacred.

Such was the morality current on both sides. With regard to the part of the Queen-mother, and the court, in the affair, it is generally assumed that the notion of long and fixed purpose and premeditation, or that of entire want of premeditation, must be adopted. In an essay on this subject, published in his *Historisch-Politische Zeitschrift*, Ranke has drawn a more subtle, and it seems to us a juster inference from Catharine's character; and has done more than any previous writer to reconcile the conflicting representations.

The points in the character of the Queen-mother which explain her part, and that of the King, blindly guided by her in this affair, and leave it not more enigmatical than every thing else in which she chose to be concerned—are, her unscrupulous passion for power, and her habit of looking *two ways* at once in her policy. Catharine cared nothing for either Catholicism or Protestantism. She was an *esprit fort*, addicted to the liberal and forbidden researches of Astrology and Alchemy. What she cared for was *power*—power over the factions of turbulent grandeens, while regent—power over her sons, successively nominal sovereigns, as Queen-mother. As Regent, she had tried the moderate and

tolerant policy of L'Hôpital. This was frustrated by the intolerance which prevailed on both sides, and the ascendancy regained by the boldness of the Guises and the Catholics. Catharine then leaned over to that party, but always with a double eye and tongue. 'Not only,' finely observes Ranke, 'her speech was double, but her understanding and sentiments—it was a real *duplicity*, which cannot be expressed by the word *hypocrisy*, but which lay deeper.' All this is ascribed by French writers to Italian birth and training; and Lacreteille is absurd enough to tell us, that so long as she continued under French influence, as the wife of Henry II., her behaviour was unexceptionable. It was only when she reverted to Italian maxims and models, that she went wrong! All that Catharine seems to have learned at the French court was contempt for mankind—bitter retaliation for her bitter daily draught amidst its dissolute turbulence. She had to crouch under an imperious mistress, and courtiers semi-barbarous in corruption, and seems to have lost all faculty for love or esteem, and retained only ambition. There is a little trait of bitter placidity given by Brantôme, which paints her admirably:—'Quand elle appelloit quel qu'un *mon amy*, c'estoit qu'elle l'estimoit sot, ou qu'elle estoit en colère; si bien qu'elle avoit un gentilhomme servant, nommé M. de Bois-Fevrier, qui disoit bien le mot, quand elle l'appelloit *mon amy*—“Ha, madame,” respondoit-il, “j'aymerois mieux que vous me dissiez votre *ennemy*, car c'est autant à dire que je suis un sot, ou qu'estes en colère contre moy, ainsy que je cognois vostre naturel de long-temps.”

We think with Ranke, that it is perfectly impossible to imagine that the whole period of Huguenot favour at court, previous to the Saint Bartholomew, was a two years' performance of mere dissembling; as it was afterwards represented by both parties. There is much reason to believe that the court was in earnest in its anti-Spanish demonstrations; and the Huguenots in France and the Netherlands were its natural allies in that policy. It is a line of policy which was repeated over and over again by the last Valois sovereigns—as often as the real interest of their country and dynasty got the better of their bigotry, or of their afterwards enforced compliances with the popular fanaticism they had themselves done so much to stimulate. Charles IX. was besides jealous of the credit of his brother (afterwards Henry III.) with the ultra-Catholic party, and of his laurels of Jarnac and Montcontour. Every motive conduced to throw the court for a time under Huguenot influence; and there is every evidence that Coligny obtained a real ascendancy over Charles IX.'s mind. This indeed, and the use which he made, or which Catharine

suspected him to have made of it, appear to have caused the total revolution she brought about in the royal councils. Coligny had infused into Charles's mind sentiments unfavourable to his mother. He had precipitated a resolution for war with Spain in Catharine's absence, against her opinion. This was enough, and more than enough, to bring her to court, and set her to work to regain that influence which she exercised through life, to such a wonderful degree, over her children. It was enough, and more than enough, to cause her to *work* that anti-Protestant zealotry which stood *armed*, and ready at her call, for the total destruction of the party supplanting her in power. We must refer to Ranke those who would study the circumstantial evidence on this subject.

The young La Force escaped doubly from the massacre of his party and family; since it seems that he was marked and pursued with the sordid keenness of self-interest, after his narrow escape from royal policy and religious fanaticism. His brother-in-law, M. de Larchant, captain of the Gardes-de-corps, 'had 'a great interest,' say these Memoirs, 'in the death of the 'young La Force; since, having married a daughter of his mother's 'first marriage, he would have inherited the whole property of 'the (massacred) M. de la Force on the death of his son; and 'indeed it was said publicly enough at the Louvre and in Paris, 'that orders would not have been given for the massacre of these 'two young innocents, but for the interest which the said Sieur de 'Larchant had in it.' It is curious enough that when young La Force was picked up naked in the street, by a tennis-marker, from the bodies of his father and brothers, the first person he desired to be taken to was his sister, Madame de Larchant, who was then at the Louvre, in attendance on the Queen's person;—fortunately, the Louvre was of no safer approach for the marker than for himself. The boy then asked to be taken to the Arsenal, where his aunt lodged, Madame de Brisambourg.

The circumstance that rendered the life of the young La Force worth pursuing at the age of fifteen, fortunately rendered it worth saving also—the fact, namely, that the massacre had left him sole heir of the house of Caumont. Marshal de Biron, who was then in command at the Arsenal as Master of the Ordnance, kept him there for several days, disguised as his page; and 'advice having been given to the said Marshal, that the King 'had been made to understand that several Huguenots had found 'refuge in the Arsenal, and that his Majesty had resolved to send 'to visit every place. This put the Marshal in such wrath, that 'he said he would well hinder of entrance those who came to 'control his actions; and thereupon pointed three or four pieces

‘of cannon towards the gate of the Arsenal.’ Masters of the Ordnance, it would seem, had an independent way with them in those days, and a strong disposition to ‘doing what they would with their own.’ Public trusts were in a great measure viewed as hereditary possessions; and the nobility were reviving, in those troubled times, the habit of considering themselves independent of all legal authority. The monarchy was falling back again into the feudal anarchy from which it had emerged; and the House of Valois felt the consequences of letting loose the popular passions, when the great towns constituted themselves as so many confederated republics, and the great provincial governments as so many separate belligerent powers.

The towns and castles belonging to the house of Caumont in Lower Guienne and Perigord, rendered it a matter deserving of royal solicitude to provide the Protestant heir with a Catholic guardian, since his throat was not cut. Henry III. nominated to that trust the *Sieur de la Vauguyon*; rather, observes the Editor, to secure the fortresses of Caumont and Castelnaut, places of great importance in the wars of religion, than to direct the education of his ward. Marshal de Biron made good his claim of salvage four or five years afterwards, by marrying the young La Force to his daughter; and the couple seem to have lived in great harmony for the better half of a century, (fifty-eight years,) and their correspondence, for some twenty years or so, supplies curious glimpses of the personal habits of those times.

It was the fate of this young gentleman to fall on his feet at last; though he sometimes had a good way to fall before he touched bottom. Instead of the orthodox *Sieur de Larchant*’s hopes being realized, of making his fortune by massacre *en masse* of his wife’s family, ‘God,’ says the Memoir-writer, ‘disposed otherwise, and it came to pass that M. de la Force inherited the worldly goods of M. de Larchant; for his sister, Madame de Larchant, having inherited her husband’s goods without his malice, bequeathed the whole on her death to her brother.’ We shall also find that he stepped into M. de Larchant’s place as captain of the *Gardes-du-corps*, along with his other appointments under Henri IV.

As soon as the young La Force could bear the weight of arms, he hastened to range himself under the Huguenot standard of Henry of Navarre; and his first achievement was against his father-in-law, whom he compelled to raise the siege of Marans. ‘Men fought then,’ observes the Editor, ‘for their faith, as they have fought, in later times, for glory; the conquest the most precious was liberty of conscience. Decimated by the poniards

‘ of assassins, Protestantism now aspired less to domination than to independence; it felt itself the weaker, and could only front its numerous enemies by multiplying its efforts. The realization of the gigantic projects of the Condés and Colignys, who had organized reform on a grander scale, was no longer now contemplated; they now thought, not of aggrandizement, but of keeping their ground against the League—that reaction against Calvinism, which threatened it in its very existence. At the head of a handful of brave followers, Henry defended himself, fighting foot by foot for his ground, between the Garonne and the Dordogne, on that territory, of small extent indeed, but so favourable to a war of partisans and of posts by the number of its chateaus and fortified places, which has been thence named *les galeries des Protestants*. Falling back on these strongholds from the shock of superior forces, he always reissued from thence more formidable, and pursued to the heart of France the enemies who thought they had conquered him. The ability of the leaders, and the valour of the soldiers, seemed to multiply their numbers. These men, who lived on privations, bivouacking in their buff, and with their cuirasses, on the bare ground, easily broke the glittering battalions which had just quitted an effeminate court; and bore down the chevaliers, decked with their mistresses’ colours, who imagined they had only to advance gayly to certain victory.’

The hardest portion of provincial chivalry was with Henry of Navarre; but Paris and most of the principal towns of France joined the banners of the League. The French character and fortunes have been stamped at Paris repeatedly in the course of centuries; and each time with a striking repetition of scenes and circumstances. The people of Paris equally allowed themselves to be made the active or passive instruments of the massacres of September, as of the Saint Bartholomew. They have equally been the heroes of the first and last world-famous days of Barricades—whose echoes bore over Europe the astounding intelligence of the first and last grand victories of a roused multitude over regular troops.

The part of the Guises in the League is dismissed with military bluntness in these volumes. ‘ The Guises, wishing, as all the world knows, to make the crown of France fall on their heads, and fearing lest the valour of the King of Navarre should upset their pernicious designs, made this famous League, which had nearly turned the whole kingdom topsy-turvy. Henry III., governed by the counsels of Catharine of Medicis, instead of opposing himself by arms to this movement from its commencement, made use of the pen; and by putting forth a fine manifesto, tried to prevent his subjects from following the de-

‘ signs of the Guises. But they, seeing the King was afraid of them, having become more arrogant, replied, to palliate their *mauvais procédés*, that they were not aimed at him, but against Henry of Navarre, a favourer of heretics, and himself a relapsed heretic.’

Henry III., the victor of the Huguenots at Jarnac and Montcontour, the young hero of the Saint Bartholomew, might be thought to have shown himself a true son of the church. But the very impulse those popular triumphs had given to the Catholic cause, was the inevitable source of unpopularity to those who had gained them; unless they could advance indefinitely (which as rulers they could not) in the career they had opened. Popular fanaticism is altogether infinite in its exigencies, because it is altogether undefined in its expectations. No act of indulgence can satisfy, but can only stimulate the vague craving. No good was attained to the French people by the Saint Bartholomew; but that did not suggest the lesson that no good was attainable by such means; but only that the heroes of the St Bartholomew had turned traitors, and that they must seek other leaders. The Duke of Anjou had massacred the enemies of the church, side by side with the Guises. But the King of France could not carry on a progressive extirpation of his subjects, especially while those who continued to clamour for blood refused to vote money. The Guises therefore soon got on his back, and strangled his popularity, because they continued to promise what the government could not continue to perform. The preachers of Paris acted precisely the part of popular clubbists and journalists; and acted that part, by grace of their sacred character, with perfect impunity. They pushed the license of political agitators to the utmost excesses in the name of God. The government had given this consecrated militia their full swing too long, and had too signally sanctioned their worst doctrines by its own acts and professions, to have retained the slightest power of controlling it. Henry III. feebly remonstrated, and feebly bribed. The Most Christian King could never understand how he had lost his most Christian character—and how his royal resurrection of the devout discipline of the Flagellants, his minute exterior devotions, and even the sermons he preached himself, went for nothing. He imagined at last he had only to get rid of the brothers Guise to succeed to their popular *rôle*! This was his last fatal crime and blunder.

The royal assassination of the Guises, of course, was the signal for tenfold outpourings of every vial of wrath from every pulpit in Paris. The indecent triumph of these *Sermonnaires*, when the

Jacobin brother Jacques Clément put their principles in practice by the act of regicide, was only equalled by the indecent exultation of the Spanish Ambassador in transmitting the intelligence of the death of Henry III. to his court. We need not remind the general reader of the protracted struggles of Paris and the League against the title and the arms of Henri Quatre; nor follow M. Capefigue in his illustrations from the Archives of Simancas, of the intrigues carried on to place the daughter of Philip upon the throne of France: the imperious tone of that grand subsidizer of the League, and the anti-national spirit, whether stimulated by pure bigotry or sheer bribery, of his French supporters, are brought to light in every despatch, as in every sermon, of that strange period. The Catholic feeling in the nobles, in the magistracy, and the better sort of citizens, which had hitherto held them aloof from the recognition of Henri Quatre, was not proof against his readiness to buy off the Chiefs at their own price, their disgust at the Spanish emissaries, and their paid or fanatic partisans. The Pulpiteers still swayed the populace; but the pamphleteers addressed themselves to the better classes; and the *Satire Ménippée* did final justice on the League and its preachers.

The license of the pulpit, however, was no new thing in France. From the first years of the fifteenth century, says M. Labitte, in his entertaining volume entitled *De la Démocratie chez les Prédicateurs de la Ligue*, 'the irruption of the actual politics of the day becomes manifest in the pulpit. The true precursors of the *Sermonnaires* of the League are the *Sermonnaires* of the time of the Armagnacs and Bourguignons—the time of the grand Schism of the West. We find already the same violence of language, the same cynical coarseness, the same venality, (I fear,) and the same sanguinary doctrines.'

In effect, the Preachers of the League, backed by the authority of the Doctors of the Sorbonne, performed, *mutatis mutandis*, the same parts at the close of the sixteenth century, as their predecessors of the same theological faculty, and the several Monastic orders, had performed in the same city at the opening of the fifteenth. Michelet's description* of the *University of Paris*, the mendicant monks, and their democratic workings at the former period, will equally suit the latter; and we may refer to that description Lord John Manners, and the monk-fanciers of our own time, who dream of gentlemanly and conservative barefooted Friars to keep the peace in our great towns. Do they

* *Histoire de France.*

not know that Monkery takes,ameleon-like, the colour of the masses it feeds on? Where these brotherhoods have embraced by profession the poverty and hardships of the lower classes, (which is the ideal formed by these monk-fanciers of the 'best possible public instructors,') they have embraced and inflamed the prejudices and passions of those classes likewise. We do not deny the benefits the world has derived from some of the Monastic orders. We do not deny the possibility that the educated celibacy of great towns may be organized more usefully than in clubs. We only say (and the history of Paris and the League is there to prove it) that something very different from the popular preaching of Monkery in past times, must be contemplated by those who intend an influence conservative of peace and order.

M. Capefigue,* who is a great admirer of the 'Catholic democracy,' for reasons peculiarly his own, only omits to put two elements of the League in their proper place—the two *anti-national* ones—the ambition of the Guises, and the ambition of Philip the Second. We call anti-national that which is hostile to the only possible centre of national power; and the only possible centre of national power in that age was the Monarchy. That Philip the Second was hostile, for his own ends, to the greatness and true policy of the French Monarchy, we shall not here waste time in proving; and that the League and the Guises flung themselves into his arms, followed his dictates, and took his doubloons, is a strong presumption of similar tendency. It may be answered that Henry of Navarre was aided likewise with money and troops by our Queen Elizabeth. There is, however, all the difference in the world between a policy of *defence* and alliance with religious *independence*, and a policy of aggression and of self-aggrandizement, under colour of reducing independent states to religious unity. The former was the policy of Elizabeth, the latter that of Philip the Second.

It is impossible to regard without a sort of interest an organization which did and suffered so much as the League in a public quarrel. But we cannot be quite insensible to the question whether the quarrel was a good one;—M. Capefigue can, or rather he makes it his pride to affect to be so, on all occasions. That historian admires absolute principles and inflexible wills; whether reasonable or unreasonable, successful or unsuccessful. He only deviates from that idolatry to make his obeisance to *faits accomplis*. Catharine of Medicis, Philip II., and Henri Quatre, have each his approval; versatility, perfidy, and success,

* *Histoire de la Réforme, de la Ligue, &c.*

divide his good graces with stubborn failure. But, after all, Philip II., conspiring with the League, seems his prime favourite; in exact proportion, and for the express reason, that his views are absolute and uncompromising, fixed on Catholic unity, and bent on re-establishing it in France and Europe by blood and bribes. The one fixed domineering idea of Philip II., makes him a greater man than Charles V. in the eyes of M. Capefigue. This example of greatness may be considered a *reductio ad absurdum* of his system. The more wrongheaded any Prince or any Association, the greater they become in his eyes—provided their objects are sufficiently vast, and involve moral impossibilities. It is natural he should look upon the League with immense admiration. An association which went on so long with the assistance of Philip II., ruining the prosperity of France and draining the resources of Spain, for an object morally impossible of attainment—and, if attained, mischievous, (for it expressly included the establishment in France of a Spanish influence and a Spanish Inquisition)—bears naturally every character of greatness in the mind of M. Capefigue.

It is curious to remark, that, while the League represented in France what may be termed the 'Conservative democracy,' jealous for the old faith, the old municipal franchises, and the popular license associated with both—in Spain, the policy of Philip the Second was impelled, it would seem, from a similar quarter.* For the first twenty years of Philip's reign, his policy had as widely differed as possible from that which it became during the last twenty years. It had been wholly directed to the preservation of European tranquillity and *statu quo*. There had been no vestige of his father's ambitious views and far-reaching projects—no suspicion of his compassing or imagining universal monarchy. It was during the last twenty years of his reign, that his policy took quite a new start. It was in those years that he destroyed the freedom of Arragon, conquered Portugal, fitted out the invincible Armada against England, vexed the Netherlands with incessant warfare, took part in the intestine discords of France, and lavished every means to establish his family on her throne. In his first ministry, Ruy Gomez personified the pacific tendencies of the grandees, whose policy had that character which marked the stationary point reached by their order. In his second ministry, Alva, by the old connexions and history of his house, represented the *Comuneros*, who under the previous reigns had warred, like the municipali-

* See Ranke, *Fürsten und Völker von Süd-Europa*.

ties united in the League, for their old banners and franchises. There was some sympathy of origin, therefore, in the Spanish and French parties to that holy alliance. There was, in both countries, a moving power of popular pride and prejudice, urging on their rulers to the extermination of all heresy; and rushing themselves to that servitude which enforced uniformity of faith involves. The Spanish impulse towards aggressive bigotry was congenial to Philip's temper; he followed it out in a policy of extermination, which at last was successful in ruining alike Spain and her dependencies—the objects and the instruments of his designs.

Henry IV. was too indifferent to religious distinctions to let his Protestantism stand in the way of his recognition, and said, *Paris vaut bien une messe.*

What had either Reformers or Catholics, then, been fighting for? Each party had begun the contest for the exclusive supremacy of their own faith. What had they got? A King who had given repeated evidence that he cared for neither faith, and whose conversion could only be regarded as a hollow compliment to that of the majority of his subjects. The religious wars had accomplished nothing that the Moderate or *Tiers parti* had not proposed before they began, when predominant in the States-General and the royal council. That party had of course been plentifully abused on both sides, (and indeed some of them hanged by the Catholic democracy during the rule of the Sixteen.) That party, however, whom that democracy had stigmatized by the name of *Politiques*, (much as the Maratist vocabulary made *Modérés* and *Hommes d'Etat* titles of proscription,) saw precisely their views of compromise adopted—precisely the views which Catharine of Medicis had espoused, and L'Hôpital had propounded—which were then accepted by neither party. Contrasting the government of Henri Quatre with those which preceded and succeeded, its distinction will be seen to have been, (speaking at least comparatively,) that it commanded and overawed all parties from a sphere of its own, instead of making itself a party to either exclusive division of opinion. Henri Quatre, therefore, succeeded in making all Frenchmen feel themselves his subjects, and conduct themselves in some measure as fellow-citizens; while Henry III. before, and Louis XIII. for some time after him, had one division of their subjects for unruly partisans, and another division for enemies. It may be true that nothing but equal exhaustion would have bent parties to a common yoke. But only minds of the true quality for sovereignty saw the object they should aim at; and felt that the task of royalty was to govern all parties and proscribe none.

'Henry IV.,' observes the Editor of these Memoirs, 'had thoroughly understood his mission. He was the King of a com- promise; and could only reign by its realization. Placed between two extremes, he had to assume the part of arbiter between them, and attach himself to neither. This he accomplished admirably by the edict of Nantes. It was the charter of hitherto opposed interests: it constituted each on a large base. The Protestants showed themselves discontented, alleged that all the promises to them had not been kept; the Catholics asserted, on the contrary, that too much was accorded to the Reformers. The Parliament resisted the registering of the edict as contrary to the religion of the State. But the general disapprobation in fact was its best praise: it was only blamed on both sides in this way, because it did justice to all; and because each, in claiming justice for himself, had no mind to do it to his enemies. The royal authority alone had reason to grudge the surrender to the Protestants of seventy-five fortified places. However, it did not suffer; for it was held by a firm hand who knew how to make it respected, and prevent the abuse of concessions which had freely been granted. The whole forces of the country, ably directed, converged to a single point—the happiness of France, which, at peace with herself, and at peace with Europe, enjoyed the finest reign of which our history has to boast.'

The memory of great men undergoes some vicissitudes of treatment before it finds its proper and ultimate place in the temple of fame. The vulgar tradition first invests it with somewhat extravagant attributes. Then comes historical criticism to correct the excess of admiration, and to render enlightened readers better pleased with their own insignificance, by suggesting to them the same conclusion respecting heroes which their valets are said to form. Many an insipid female censures the 'unwomanly' character of brave Queen Bess; and many a moral Pecksniff hugs himself on exemption from the foibles of Henri Quatre.

For our part, we are well persuaded that mankind do not mistake their masters. We care little for demonstrations that Henry was not that candid chief of the *panache blanc*, who wore his heart on his sleeve, and was 'all for love, and a little for the bottle.' We care little for the ironical marginal notes of the fair De Grammont to his love-letters, or for the sarcasm handed down against him by Madame de Rohan—that love had no room to niche itself between his hooked nose and peaked chin. We admit that he was less of a lady's man than he wished to be; and no pattern either in love or friendship. But a great commander of men must have lived, to make a popular impression so endu-

ring. It is all very well to tell us that he and Sully were not heroes of romance, and did not do this or that heroic thing. They must have done great things; and the greatest thing of all was to restore France to internal unity, and roll back the tide of influence and encroachment of the holy allies of the League. Henry vigorously opened that policy which reversed the relations of France and Spain. (It is curious to look back to times when Spain and the Sublime Porte were the terrors of Europe!) At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Protestant powers joined Henry, to save France from Spain: before its close, they were leagued with our William the Third, to save Europe from France.

The trial and execution of Biron is the best remembered episode in the reign of Henri Quatre; and the most fatal to all romantic heroism in the character of the monarch or the times. La Force was the brother-in-law of Biron, who like his father, it is sufficiently known, had stood in the very first rank of the faithful followers who had helped Henry to the throne. Indeed it was the very fact that he *had* helped Henry to the throne, and stood beside it in the attitude of a brother in arms, rather than a subject—it was the consciousness of this, both on the part of the King and that of Biron, that chilled the gratitude of the Sovereign, while it fired the ambition of the subject. ‘In the eyes of Biron,’ observes a cynical but acute writer we have already quoted,* ‘Henry was not King of France, but the companion in arms of Arques and Ivry, the chief of a band of gentlemen his equals, who had witnessed the royal straits and miseries, the ragged hose and doublet, the old blackened helmet. In the eyes of the Marshal, his Monarch always remained the poor and suppliant Béarnais, on whom he could impose whatever conditions he pleased; why should not Burgundy have seen the restored splendours of the old family of its Dukes in their old capitol of Dijon? The King had intended to marry Biron to a bride and heiress of his own choice, whom Biron had refused, at Spanish intriguing instigation, for a daughter of the house of Savoy—a marriage which might reconstitute the titles of the great duchy of Burgundy on the head of a puissant vassal, around whom might have grouped themselves the whole *gentilhommerie* of the kingdom. The sentence of Biron was not an act of justice, but of cold calculating policy; one of those strokes which power aims at opinions or influences that threaten it.’

The account in these Memoirs of Biron’s arrest, and the

* Capesigue.

subsequent proceedings, is given as left in writing by the Marquis de Castelnaut, the second son of La Force, who was in attendance on the person of his noble kinsman. It confirms the impression of profound dissimulation and fixed purpose in Henry. On the arrival of La Force, according to royal orders, after Biron's arrest, 'at Chapelle la Reine, he found his son there, 'who had come to meet him, and who apprised him that M. de 'Biron had already been conducted to the Bastille. This news 'much displeased him; he would not go to Fontainebleau the 'same evening, but presented himself there early next morning. 'The King was about rising when he entered his chamber, and 'did not take leisure to dress himself, but suddenly led him into 'the gallery, and said, embracing him many times: "Ah! how 'I regret that you were not here sooner! you would have hindered the extremities to which I have been constrained to 'proceed, (the very reason probably why La Force was not sent 'for sooner.) I have much displeasure that the Marshal de 'Biron has given me occasion to do what I have done, for you 'know that I loved him, and regard to you has also much agitated me, for certainly I pity you!"' The interview, says his son, lasted more than two hours, during which the King was remarked to show so much emotion, to change countenance so often, that the whole court believed La Force had saved his brother-in-law. In effect, according to the humour of courtiers, they all came to make their congratulations; but the resolution to destroy Marshal de Biron *was too express*, and those who aimed at his destruction acted too powerfully.

It is well known that the relations of Biron were permitted to throw themselves at his Majesty's feet, in which attitude La Force delivered a premeditated petition for his life. This discourse has nothing about it of the energy of Biron's own words, which appear to have strongly moved his judges, and still more the unprepossessed auditors.

'Some days,' says the Memoir-writer, 'before the death of the Duke de Biron, the King, walking in the Tuileries, sent for the First President to inform himself of the state in which the proceedings were. The King said these words to him on arriving—"Eh bien, mon compère, est-ce fait?"' The President having answered No, and his Majesty demanding of him the reason, "It is," he replied, "that we do not find any crime worthy of death, if your Majesty does not revoke the pardon accorded at Lyons to M. de Biron; for since that time he has done nothing new, and has even been so well with your Majesty, that your Majesty sent him into Switzerland to renew the alliance with the cantons; and the only thing which there is against him, but which is not worthy of death, is, that his secretary saw the Duke of Savoy in passing by Tunis; but we having caused the secretary to be arrested, and to suffer the ordinary and extra-

ordinary question, [*torture*,] he has brought no charge against his master, and has said that, if he had seen the Duke, it was by simple politeness, the peace having by that time been made."

'These words struck the King, which the enemies of the Marshal perceiving, they contrived that the Chancellor went to preside in the Parliament, who, by a subtle point of law, condemned the Marshal de Biron; for the said Marshal having in his answers maintained that the King had pardoned him all that passed *before*, and that *since* that time he had held no commerce with the enemies of the State, alleging also that the treaty which the Sieur de Lafin had produced was anterior to his Majesty's pardon, and that he (Biron) had ordered it to be burned, the Chancellor demanded of him, "*If he had spoken to the King of that treaty at Lyons.*" Biron answered no, for that Lafin and himself had sworn never to speak of it. The Chancellor, when it came to delivering opinions, pointed out that the King could not have pardoned a crime he had no knowledge of.'

In the midst of the loyalty and combative piety of M. de la Force, it is edifying to observe his unremitting attention to *the main chance*. He appears to have left Paris with all the other relatives of the unfortunate Biron, after the ill success of their petition to save his life, that they might not, for the honour of the family, witness his execution. When, after his sentence, he asked to see his relations, and was told none of them were in Paris, he exclaimed *Tout le monde m'abandonne!* It would seem, however, that his relations, or at least their agents, had not abandoned all hope of sharing his leavings, and were not willing that 'the Devil and the King' should 'divide the prize.' M. de Franchemont, the confidential secretary of M. de la Force, after writing him the details of the execution, proceeds to *business*. 'In taking leave of M. de Lomenie, who has shown much affection, I represented to him that, if you were not treated in Biron's will as favourably as you deserved, he might suggest to his Majesty to gratify you with a good part of the property which would fall to his Majesty's disposal, and which would give you the means of rendering Messieurs your sons more capable of serving his Majesty.'

La Force's paternal and courtly solitudes for his children begin early, and indicate the transition-period from provincial and martial independence to gilded servitude. He writes to his wife, 'The King does us the honour to ask news of our children, and wished me to give him one to be *enfant d'honneur* with six or seven whom he has of very honourable birth:—

'J'ai peur de vous rendre trop glorieuse, si je vous dis avec quel soin la Reine m'a parlé de vous, s'enquérant de vos nouvelles, et quand nous enverrions notre petit pour être auprès de M. le Dauphin; mais je vous dis moi à cela que vous ferez bien de m'en faire un autre, car

autrement je ne consentirois jamais de me défaire de mon petit Jean.'

It seems presently to have been thought high time to bring to a handsome anchor the spending of the eldest hope of the house of La Force. 'While M. La Force was at court,' says the Memoir-writer—and grumbling grievously, he might have added, at the *compte rendu* of the young gentleman's six months' expenditure—('Elle se monte à trois mille neuf cent vingt-quatre écus, que j'ai trouvé si étrange que je vous répons que je lui en ai bien dit mon avis, et suis fort résolu d'y mettre un si bon règlement que les choses prennent un meilleur ordre dorenant')—Monsieur de Rohan, and Madame de La Tremouille, his sister, advised him to think of the establishment of his eldest son in marriage to Mademoiselle de Saveille, of an illustrious house of Saintonge, who had already large property, and was to have yet more after the death of her mother, who had espoused in a second marriage M. de Saint-Germain. This affair was first broached at the beginning of the year, (1607.) The answer which Madame de Saint-Germain made was, that this marriage would do them great honour, *mais qu'il n'y avait encore rien de pressé*. However, the friends of M. de la Force acquainted him that the design of M. de Saint-Germain was to marry the young lady to a son of his own by a first marriage, but that the said demoiselle would not hear of it.'

The royal intervention with the lady's relations is a curious and amusing part of the correspondence. His Majesty is anxious to assist his old servant in a matter *qui ne coûte guère*, and anxious also to keep the peace, and prohibit the family from *voies de fait* and *port d'armes*. The whole affair is one of those instances of prompt action and efficient diplomacy, which we discover M. de la Force always exhibits when the family interests are concerned. When that is not the case, he trusts to God 'to guide all things to his own glory'—when it is the case, he trusts to God also, but leaves untried no possible human means. His early resignation to the probable event of Biron's arrest, contrasts somewhat with his marvellous resolution (*je vous répons que j'y suis merveilleusement résolu*) when the vindication of any of his own rights is in hand.

If little elevation of sentiment is traceable in the Memoirs of La Force, matters become much worse in those of his son—the young favourite of the young Louis XIII. If the father appears unwilling to risk favour by too importunate intervention in behalf of a kinsman marked for a victim by his own imprudence and the royal policy, the son actually courts favour as the prime planner of the Marshal D'Ancre's assassination.

The Marquis de Montpouillan, whose Memoirs form a part of the publication before us, was the same *petit Jean*, who, as we have heard already, was asked for by the queen of Henri Quatre, Mary of Medicis, to be brought up with the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII. The first important act of his courtiership to his young master, whose majority had been declared at the age of thirteen, and who was now in his sixteenth year, was a rather indifferent return to her Majesty for her promotion of *Petit Jean* near her son's person. *Petit Jean* appears, by his own account of himself, to have been rather more ready to make his *coup d'essai* in political life in the style of *Petit André*, than even the morals of those times can excuse. At least morals had sunk still lower since the era of assassination on religious grounds. Royalty was becoming the religion of courtiers, as the parties in the country were sinking before the court. The family of La Force were courtiers and insurgents alternately, for nearly a century; courtiers when their provincial importance (maugre Protestantism) could find them favour at court,—insurgents, when they were driven out of court, and into the field, to maintain that importance, with the Protestant cause for a watchword. It is merely an ante-constitutional prototype of 'Majesty's Ministers' and 'Majesty's Opposition.'

We proceed to give at some length the details of the assassination of the Marshal D'Ancre from Montpouillan's Memoirs, as they exhibit coolly and nakedly, with more explicitness than had been done before, the cast of the parts in this drama of intrigue and homicide. It is possible that M. de Montpouillan has arrogated the honour of even more forwardness than he actually showed in doing this dirty and bloody work. However, boldness and readiness seem never to have been wanting in this family; and we shall find Montpouillan throwing himself amongst hard blows, and getting knocked on the head for 'the Protestant cause,' with equal coolness as he states himself to have shown on the occasion in question. Besides, if he has wreathed more murderous laurels than he properly merits, round his own brows, in the business, the best posthumous punishment is to leave them there.

Enough is known not only of the great favour at which the Marquis D'Ancre had arrived with the Queen-mother, but of the power and authority he had acquired over all the Messieurs the Ministers of State; so that nothing was any longer done but by his order and approbation. And he had rendered himself so powerful in all things, as to be capable of giving apprehension to the King, and to the Messieurs de Luynes, whose favour and credit had much augmented, although the King had always a particular friendship and confidence for M. de Montpouillan.

‘ And as the Marquis D’Ancre had sought and employed all sorts of means to augment his credit and sustain his ambition, he had some days before made overtures to M. de Montpouillan to seek to gain him to be his friend, and depend upon him ; for on some former occasion of quarrel, he had offered his services to the adverse party to the house of La Force, which was the reason none of them had ever visited him. The Marquis D’Ancre then sent to offer to M. Montpouillan a pension of 16,000 livres, his design being to have him always near the King’s person, where he might render his good offices, and apprise him of all that passed. M. de Montpouillan made answer that he could receive benefits from no one but his master, nor ever could depend on any one but him.

‘ Returning to our discourses, we shall say that the rumours of the Marquis D’Ancre’s designs alarmed the King in some measure, and kept him in much trouble, as well as Messieurs de Luynes, and in much uneasiness what they should do, and what would become of them ; well judging that there could be no change in the State without they could be the first to feel it, and that it would be judged better to get rid of them than to leave them alive, either near the King or removed from thence ; and that they were too little considerable in the State to believe that this would cause any disturbance, since measures were taken even against the Princes—[this was after the arrest of Condé]—who had been compelled to withdraw themselves from the court.

‘ So that, in this inquietude in which they were, they proposed to the King that he should rid himself of the Marquis D’Ancre ; but that this could not be done without some address. Their design was that on the Marquis D’Ancre coming to see the King, his Majesty should invite him to see his cabinet, where there were many sorts of arms, and, above all, beautiful guns—that M. de Montpouillan should have the commission of conducting him thither, and that, going alone, and being there, he should try to dispatch him, these gentlemen proposing that they would find some one else to assist him. The King having agreed to this thing, and taken this resolution, gave him the command for the execution, of which M. de Montpouillan testified his willingness to do all that the King should order him, desiring to depend entirely on his will. It seems that it would have been much more reasonable, those gentlemen being there, and thinking they had the principal interest, that it should have been to one of them that this order should have been given. I will say that they were willing enough indeed for the thing, but that they had not boldness or resolution enough for the execution of it. The Marquis D’Ancre coming to see the King, his Majesty invited him with so good a grace to go and see his cabinet, that he could not excuse himself from it. The King gave it in charge, according as had been fixed, to M. de Montpouillan to accompany him. But no sooner were they out of the presence of the King, and before they had entered the cabinet, than repenting themselves, and seized with some apprehension, Messieurs de Luynes sent the Sieur de Brontes, one of the three brothers, to say to M. de Montpouillan, on the part of his Majesty, that he was not to execute what had been ordered him. The Marquis d’Ancre, on the other hand, seeing himself alone, and in a remote place, whereas he

never went any where but well accompanied, whether from fear or otherwise, found himself indisposed, and almost fainted; *ce qui étoit donner un bien facile moyen à se pouvoir defaire de lui.* Thus the thing passed without the Marquis having any occasion for suspicion.

The alarms of the young King's little court, composed, as it appears to have been, mainly of the three De Luynes and Montpouillan, went on rather increasing than diminishing; and seem to have been specially aggravated by the circumstance that the Queen-mother's minion had not presented himself at court for some days, and that military preparations were actively going on at the hotel d'Ancre, under colour of the withdrawal of Messieurs the Princes to Soissons, and also of the ensuing departure of the new made Marshal for his government of Normandy. On the whole, the little court seems to have been quite as much frightened as necessary, and to have communicated their fears with great success to their master—who had nothing to fear for himself.

Whereupon the Sieur de Montpouillan proposed that it would be good that some one should go, on the King's part, to the Marquis d'Ancre, as to enquire of his health, concerning which the King was in pain, not having seen him for three or four days, and apprehending that he might be ill. After this, they would be both able to judge what there might be to fear, and what resolution they might be obliged to take. This advice was relished; but when the question was to whom this commission should be given, *c'est à quoi ils se trouvoient bien empêchés*; for they dared neither communicate nor trust it to any one else, for fear they should discover their design, and none of the three Messieurs de Luynes would undertake it. Whereupon M. de Montpouillan again offered to visit the Marquis D'Ancre on the part of the King, who said to him, "*Bul, Pouillan* (for he did him the honour to call him so) *how can you go there, seeing that you never have visited him? That is true, Sire,* replied M. de Montpouillan; *but going there on the part of your Majesty, neither he nor any one can find any thing to say against it.* The thing then being thus resolved, M. the Marquis of Montpouillan sets out to the Marquis D'Ancre's about three o'clock in the afternoon; it happened at that time that the nuncio of the Pope was with him. M. de Montpouillan knocks at the door of the chamber where they were—the usher demands, *Who is there?*—he replies, *Montpouillan.* But whether the usher had not well heard, or had not been accustomed to hear that name, or had been ordered to let no one enter, he did not open; which obliged M. de Montpouillan to knock a little louder, so that the Marquis D'Ancre himself heard it, and at the same time that the usher again asked, *Who is there?* the Marquis D'Ancre also asked the same thing of the usher, and M. de Montpouillan having repeated his name, the usher made excuse to him, and told it also to the Marquis D'Ancre, who, though taken by surprise, commanded him however to open, and could not but find this visit very novel and very strange. While the usher opened the door, the Marquis demanded the nun-

clo's permission to go and receive the cavalier, and accosting M. de Montpouillan with open arms, he said, embracing him, *Est-ce bien possible que la faveur prenne la peine de venir me visiter?* M. de Montpouillan replied *comme quoi* he was there on the part of the King, who, not having seen him for several days, apprehended that he might be ill, and had sent him there to inform himself about his health. The Marquis D'Ancre again embracing him, did not omit to make him a thousand civilities and caresses, thanking him for the trouble he had pleased to take. Then M. de Montpouillan asked him if he would not have the honour to see the King before his departure into Normandy, which it was held for certain would be on the morrow. The Marquis D'Ancre replied Yes, and that it should be in the morning; and after having accompanied him a good way, which his custom was not to do to any one, he retired.

Returning to the King, M. de Montpouillan, by his own account, did his best to redouble the apprehensions of the royal circle; and they came at last to the conclusion that there was no remedy but to seize the person of the Marquis D'Ancre, to avoid the movements they had reason to fear. But the Marquis D'Ancre never went any where without being well accompanied, and kept in his pay a hundred gentlemen who were always about his person. At length they threw their eyes on the Marquis de Vitry, captain of the Gardes-du-corps. This family of De Vitry, says the Editor, was *predestinée aux arrestations*. The father had been employed to arrest the Marshal de Biron, and here we have the son earning the baton of Marshal of France, by arresting or rather assassinating, the Marquis D'Ancre. For *assassination* was the job in hand; and M. de Montpouillan again takes credit for bringing things to the point. Vitry had promised the King overnight to *seize the person* of the Marquis D'Ancre, when he should come the next morning to the Louvre to see him. But when he came to take counsel of his pillow concerning his undertaking:—

‘Behold, early on the morrow, the King having risen, as well as those other gentlemen who, according to appearance, had not reposed much during the night, M. the Marquis de Vitry again presented himself to the King, accompanied by M. du Hallier his brother, and by the Sieur de Ronquerolles, a brave man and a bastard of his house—and said, “*Your Majesty, Sire, gave me yesterday such a command, I beseech you very humbly to take it not ill that I beg you to give it me again before my brother and Ronquerolles.*”

‘Thereupon the King said to him, “*Yes, I command it you again.*”

‘Then the Marquis de Vitry resuming the word, said to the King: “*But, Sire, if he defends himself, what does your Majesty wish me to do?*”

‘Upon this the King paused a little, without making him any answer; and none of these Messieurs de Luynes dared open his mouth.

‘Then M. the Marquis de Montpouillan, being a little bolder, and

seeing well that they had already engaged themselves deep, and that matters had gone too far to stop there, said, resolutely enough, "*The King intends you should KILL HIM.*"

'Then the Marquis de Vitry, without more bargaining, and well knowing the confidence which the King had in M. de Montpouillan, said to his Majesty, "*Sire, do you command me this?*"

'And the King said to him, "*Yes, I command it you.*"

'M. the Marquis de Vitry replied, "*Well, Sire, I will execute your commands.*"

This was businesslike at least; and the performance was answerable to the promise. We leave the Marquis de Montpouillan's memory in full possession of the credit he claims for himself in the above details; which he is stated to have dictated to his brother De Castelnaut, who seems to have been the *pen* of the family, which had no lack of swords and daggers. The share in the spoils of their joint victim which M. de Montpouillan asked for himself was, the place of first gentleman of the chamber, which the late Marquis D'Ancre held. This, says the Memoir, was 'agreeably accorded to him'—and no less agreeably taken back, on the agreeable representations of M. de Luynes to its new holder, and to the King—prospects of future favour being held out, with a vague *vista* of a Marshal's baton for La Force père.

It is only justice to the son of La Force to say, that a larger motive than personal interest may be probably assigned for his part in the D'Ancre tragedy. There was something in it of the same spirit that excited Poltrot to the murder of Francis of Guise. The Marshal D'Ancre represented the person of the Queen-mother, Mary of Medicis; and Mary of Medicis represented the ultramontane influences—Spain and Rome. The Protestants, stirred up by Condé to join his faction of Princes of the Blood in open arms, had already attempted to force the female hand of the Regent, and to repeat the bold stroke of possessing themselves of the royal person, which had repeatedly failed at the commencement of the civil wars. They had attempted forcibly to prevent the alliance by a double marriage of France and Spain, which Mary of Medicis made it the crowning glory of her regency to consummate. La Force père, whom the Protestant assembly had named general of Lower Guienne, had levied troops with Rohan, Boisse-Pardaillan, and Lauzun, to intercept the passage of the court to Bordeaux, and actually to seize on the person of the young King.* The Count de

* Sismondi observes on this movement,—'*Le parti de la religion s'ébranloit par légèreté, par inquiétude, sans aucun motif de plainte que l'ambition de quelques jeunes chefs de Rohan, surtout qui vouloit marcher sur les traces de Coligni et de Dandelot.*'

Saint-Paul, who had been reckoned upon for this expedition, failed to redeem his word:—like Lauzun, he had reconciled himself with the Queen-mother. This bold stroke having failed, La Force learned that royal letters had been issued declaring him a rebel in Béarn, and that Grammont was authorized to expel him from his government. He returned precipitately to Pau, dispersed the troops of Grammont, and circumvented the Sieur de Caumartin, who had been sent by the court to dispossess him of his charge. Then came a truce, and the edict of pacification which followed the conferences of Loudun, and in which was stipulated the abolition and amnesty of what had passed in Guienne and in Béarn. (The old story of Catharine of Medicis and her pie-crust treaties.) Then again the court broke its engagements with the Huguenot party; the Queen-mother renewed on all hands her Penelopean web of negotiations and intrigues—ending in the arrest of Condé; and the flight of the other Princes from Paris; and M. de Montpouillan bethought himself, whether he could not assist his father and his Huguenots with a little Palace Revolution—a little Protestant Saint Bartholomew.

The little Saint Bartholomew succeeded no better for the House of La Force than the great one had succeeded for the House of Valois. For Italian enemies of Protestantism it merely substituted French enemies of La Force. De Luynes nimbly tripped up his younger and braver rival in the royal confidence, procured the abrupt passing of an edict for Catholic resumption of the church property in Béarn; and sent it to La Force to carry through the Protestant States of his provinces. If he obeyed, he would inevitably lose all credit with the reformed party; if he disobeyed, he would draw upon himself the rigours of Louis XIII., whose moral feebleness was combined with ferocity, conceit of his own military talents, and a great passion for military operations. And (what de Luynes aimed at) the son of a rebel could not possibly be the favourite at court! The calculation answered: La Force could not carry through the edict in Béarn and Navarre; and the King dismissed all his sons from court, and sent them to teach their father loyalty. After this, who would help little courts to make little Saint Bartholomews!

The King, having made his peace with his mother, who had been driven from court, by the palace revolution which had dispatched her male favourite by open violence, and her female favourite (the Marchioness D'Ancres) by judicial murder, for the sake of sordid confiscation, resolved to have done once for all with the religious insubordination of Béarn; and marched in person to reduce the province to subjection by an army of oc-

cupation. In five days its whole ancient religious and political institutions were modified or abolished. The fortresses were strongly garrisoned to keep the Protestant party in awe. The King had been upon the point of arresting La Force;—but left him his nominal government, with no more than the shadow of power attached to it. In the mean time, the violent changes effected in Béarn had alarmed the Protestants of France. A general assembly was convoked at Rochelle, without Royal authority, contrary to the provisions of the edict of Nantes. Remonstrances were addressed from this assembly; the King, considering them as having proceeded from an illegal assemblage, would not receive them. The sole basis for negotiation which the court would admit, was to begin by seeking for pardon, and then to dissolve their assembly immediately. This was refused; and religious war was rekindled, with diminished breadth—but increased boldness—of front, since the Edict of Nantes. That Edict had conferred on Protestantism what may be termed its constitutional charter; and there is no denying—the result indeed proved—that it had conferred a power apt to be turned, on any disgust, against that of the State—an *imperium in imperio*, which, had the Protestants possessed more numerical strength, would have produced a Huguenot second edition of the League; but which, being weaker in numbers, and even in zeal, than their more zealous members supposed them, produced nothing but overweening confidence, rash moves, and ultimate subjugation by Richelieu.

The fortified places, the occupation of which was guaranteed for a term of years to the Protestants, were so many places of encampment, as Capefigue observes, secured to them in a hostile country. Their mixed periodical assemblies, where the nobles and citizens sat side by side with their pastors, were so many organs of a new and independent power, separate from all other jurisdictions. The exercise of these organs of opinion, backed by the possession of so many fortresses in the heart of the kingdom, no less naturally disposed the Huguenots to over-estimate their own strength, than the court to deprive them of their strongholds, on the earliest pretext. That pretext was afforded by the conduct of the assembly of Rochelle;—conduct, indeed, which might naturally enough be expected from its composition. Besides the ecclesiastical deputies—those of the *noblesse* and the *tiers etat*, appointed by the provinces—the great lords of the reformed religion had the right of sitting in the general assemblies, and indeed exercised in general a preponderant influence there. Not one of them came to that of Rochelle, whether on account of the royal prohibition, or because they were, in

general, little inclined for renewed civil warfare—were afraid of committing themselves against the court, and in hopes that terms might be arranged with it. A few only, such as Rohan, La Force, and Bouillon, sent gentlemen as their representatives to the assembly; but this delegation of their powers to subalterns was almost an abdication of them. The deputies of the churches, and the *tiers état* predominated accordingly, and the consequence was the democratic manifesto published by them in 1621.

The assembly of Rochelle, with the common illusion of heated partisans, expected a general conflagration in Europe to aid their provincial bonfire. Nothing of the kind took place. Mansfeld was beaten in Germany, and the Protestant League dissolved there. Our gentle King James, far from subsidizing Rochelle, forbade his subjects to aid rebels; and Bassompierre signed a treaty at Madrid, which satisfied some points in dispute between France and Spain. None of the great lords stirred, whom the assembly thought it could call into the field by the easy process of appointing them to act as its generals—none stirred excepting Rohan, Soubise, and the La Forces, father and sons—who were driven into a corner by the court, and could not choose but turn rebels. Of the other leading men among the Protestants, some openly embraced the King's party; others played into its hands, and paralysed the zeal of their co-religionists; and the rest, such as Sully, Duplessis-Mornay, and Parabère, abstained from all share in the resistance, and opened to the royal troops the gates of the towns under their dependence, and which had been entrusted to them as *places de sûreté*.

The position of La Force and his sons became one of distress almost ludicrous. They were absolutely compelled to draw their swords for existence—dignified existence at least—and somehow or other to make themselves formidable to a court ruled by their personal enemies; and from which they had been expelled on pretence of the Protestant cause. The mischief was, that there was no getting up any good fight (to speak familiarly) for this Protestant cause: La Force rides about looking for troops to lead, and his services are declined every where. The ground had been cut away from under him in Béarn by the new model of its government; D'Epernon was sent there with a small force, and surprised and expelled him without striking a blow. The assembly next charged him with the command of Guienne, where he found it equally impossible to get up any fight against the King's forces. His sons, Montpouillan and Castelnaut, attempted to sustain a siege in one or two places in Lower Guienne, within the family domains or dependencies, but were soon compelled to

evacuate them. La Force in vain exhausted all his resources to put the town of Bergerac, of which his son Castelnaut was governor, in a state of defence; the inhabitants (practised upon, as the Memoirs assert, by a certain Panissault, but, we rather think, in pure fear and faintness of heart) send him a deputation one evening, on hearing that the King is at Coutras, in their immediate neighbourhood:—

‘Twelve or fifteen of the principal inhabitants, with the mayor and consuls, came to the house of the Sieur de La Force, demanding to speak to him. He having taken them apart, they begin to say to him, “Sir, you see the King with his army near us; our fortifications are not finished; we have not the fourth part of the men we should need; we fear your courage and affection for our defence will destroy you and yours, and us also. We supplicate you to think of this, and not to proceed to extremities.” “Gentlemen,” the Sieur de La Force replied, “have no regard to me; I have protested to you a thousand times that I myself and all my children are ready to die with you. Speak clearly to me, and let me know your intentions, for I will not fail you.” Then they said to him, “We humbly beseech you to retire, *for we have resolved to-morrow to send to the King, protest our obedience to him, and send him the keys of our town.*” “Gentlemen,” he replied, “you tell me this very late; I commit myself to the conduct and providence of God, who will not fail to aid us.”’

Having wished the worthy burgesses good-evening, it now, says the Memoir, behoved him, and all his family, to resolve themselves, that is, to prepare themselves—*car de résolution de déloger, il n’y falloit plus marchander.* The Sieur de la Force had with him the Dame de la Force, his wife, his eldest son, with all his little sons and daughters, and other members of his family besides—all must decamp at the dawn of day, with the disorder that may be supposed, and with great lamentation on the part of the town’s people, seeing them depart *comme cela*. The members of the family had then to separate, and where to go was the question. La Force *père* went to Monflanquin, where he was received with all sorts of honours; but the governors declared to him they had already been obliged to send to the King. La Force *fils* went to Clairac, which was soon infected with the same loyalty. We have not leisure to follow the movements of this militant family; but the unkindest cut of all was that which met La Force senior at Montauban, where the mob clamoured under his windows against the man who had abandoned Béarn, abandoned Guienne, and was no doubt come to surrender Montauban! There was talk of treating him with the poniard, and of throwing him into the Tarn!

At Montauban, however, La Force at length makes a decided hit.

His son-in-law, the Count D'Orval, was governor of the place; and lent his name as the authority for the execution of La Force's orders. His son, the Marquis de Castelnaut, and the Baron D'Eynet, who had accompanied him, promptly contributed to the defence of the place. Castelnaut took the command on the weakest point, selected for the royal attack; and rendered it in a short time so formidable, as to brave all the besiegers' efforts. A considerable number of Protestant officers, who had fought in Lower Guienne under La Force, came to rejoin him at Montauban.

' Louis XIII. with his whole army, surrounded by all the Princes, the Constable and Marshal of France, with abundant artillery and ammunition, spent himself for about three months in vain efforts to take Montauban, defended by La Force, his son-in-law, two of his sons, and several thousand Protestants. He who disposed of all the soldiers, and all the treasures of France, could not obtain possession of an ill fortified place at the cost of as much bloodshed before it; and he on the other hand, [La Force,] who had only prayed for the poorest shelter to get killed in, had the signal glory of effectually repulsing an enraged monarch, who was in the habit of hanging the inhabitants of towns who dared to await his arrival before submitting themselves. The Constable De Luynes, who (as Rohan, though his ally, said of him) *étoit parti de si bas lieu*—Luynes, who had pushed ingratitude to the pitch of persecuting *à l'outrance* his benefactor, M. de la Force, died shortly before the siege was raised. The chagrin of having failed in this enterprise, was aggravated by the humiliation which he experienced on hearing the defeat of his own company of gendarmes—surprised and routed by the Marquis de la Force near the royal quarters.

' This check to the royal army raised even higher the hopes of the reformed party. The *Marchionesses* de la Force and Castelnaut, who had lived retired during the siege, on their estates in Lower Guienne, perceiving the discontents excited by the non-execution of the King's promises to the Protestants, did not allow the occasion of serving their cause to escape. Confiding in the irresistible ascendancy of courage and beauty, these ladies brave all obstacles to attend the secret assemblies of the Protestants; and animate by their pure presence the zeal of the most timid. No one thinks of avoiding dangers to which two young females devote themselves with so much resolution "for the glory of God and his Church." Their example soon finds imitation; the Marquis de Theobon and de Mirambeau son-in-law and son of Boisse Pardaillan, who had procured for the King the submission of that province, was the first to raise the standard of insurrection; the Marquis de la Force and Montpouillan are summoned from Rochelle; De la Force *père* and Castelnaut find their way from Montauban through the posts occupied by the royal troops. The war recommenced in the very same place where La Force had combated the League with success. For six months he maintained his ground against the Duke d'Elbeuf and the Marshal de Themines, who commanded the royal armies. But of all

the arms employed against the Protestants, the most effectual was corruption. The King gained less ground by the numerical force of his troops than by his friends and treasurers. Abandoned successively by all who had supported his efforts, La Force was overpowered, not by the valour of his enemies, but by the defection of his friends. Twice he risked a decisive action to relieve Montpouillan, besieged in Tonneins, twice treachery baffled his exertions and courage. This episode is the subject of a touching narrative. The devotion of the father could not save the son. Montpouillan dies heroically, carrying with him the respect and admiration of *the whole court*. La Force, reduced to throw himself into Sainte-Foi with a handful of soldiers, was resolved to bury himself under its ruins. But the King, no longer excited by De Luynes' hatred against the house of La Force, touched by the death of Montpouillan, for whom he had felt a particular affection, struck besides by such determination, and perhaps having some presentiment how highly it imported the interest of France, and the honour of the crown, to preserve so eminent a man of war, charged M. de la Ville-aux-Clercs, the son of Lomenie, an old friend of La Force, to treat with him. M. de la Force would stipulate nothing either for himself or for his house. He treated only in behalf of the town of Sainte-Foi and the whole of Lower Guienne, which the assembly of Rochelle had committed to him. He succeeded in obtaining for the Protestants of that province guarantees more advantageous than those acceded several months afterwards at Montpellier, at the general peace, to the Protestant party.

'When the King was received in Sainte-Foi, M. de la Force holding himself aloof, the Prince of Condé took him by the hand and pulled him before Louis XIII., who complimented him on his valour, made him take the oaths of Marshal on the spot, and presented him with 200,000 crowns of *recompense*.'

The Editor is at great pains to make it clear that *recompense* does not mean *bribery*, but simply *compensation*; and that 200,000 crowns was no more than a barely just indemnification for the value of the offices of Governor of Béarn, and Captain of the Gardes-de-corps, and of all the official emoluments of which La Force and his sons had been deprived, during the period in which they had been kept in somewhat more than constitutional opposition. 'These offices, at that time, constituted a *property* not less inviolable than any other; they were, in like manner, purchased and sold for money. If the King, by a stroke of authority, disposed of them without the consent of the titular owner, he was bound to accord him an indemnity which was then called *recompense*—that is, *compensation*.'

The Editor is further extremely anxious to defend his family hero from the charge of having abandoned the Protestants—averring that, on the contrary, they abandoned him; and that most of the nobles of the party fetched much higher prices than he did for neutrality, or submission. We are free to say, for our part, that he, and his numerous kin and dependents, were quite

right to leave off fighting when they could fight no longer to any purpose; and when the head of the family had given full proof that his sword was worth securing for the King's service; in which service it continued to be employed till its wearer was past fourscore. (At a still later period, however, at the commencement of the movements of the Fronde, this patriarch of aristocratic revolt was again on the point of taking the field against the Court, if a sufficient force had been raised for him.) So far from thinking that La Force needs excuse for dropping 'Lord Grizzle's' part, it is quite clear to us that, had he not lost his footing at court, he never would have assumed it. The Editor is much less successful in excusing him (on any public grounds) for having taken up arms than for having laid them down again.

The Protestants should have been more than satisfied with the guarantees given them by the Edict of Nantes. By using for aggression the position which had been given them for security, they reopened the whole question of their rights with a bigoted Catholic government and community; and by provoking the collision of their weak and divided minority with the increased power of the crown, they provoked, and almost justified, the curtailment of their franchises which was the consequence. We do not speak of Louis XIV.'s final revocation of the Edict of Nantes;—that was an act of sheer superstitious tyranny, adopted from superstitious motives. We speak of the abolition of the political part of the privileges accorded by Henri Quatre, which followed the rashly renewed contest of 1621—the political extinction of the reformed party, consummated by the taking of Rochelle, and the policy of Richelieu.

The accession of Richelieu to power, observes the Editor of these Memoirs, marks a new era. By extinguishing the Huguenots as a party, and humbling the great noblesse, he restored the royal power to undisputed ascendancy, and was enabled to employ against foreign enemies the whole effective forces of France, which had previously been consumed amidst intestine discords. He realized the vast project of Henri Quatre, by humiliating the House of Austria. But by levelling social superiorities, abolishing privileges, and dismantling the citadels of the reformed party, he prepared future dangers for the monarchy; since, to raise it to the height of despotism, was to isolate it from its natural supports, and expose it to revolution *alone*.*

* Two such opposite writers as Alexander Lameth and the Marquis de Ferrières coincide in observing, that the first movements towards the French Revolution were, in their impulse, aristocratical efforts to regain the political importance destroyed by Richelieu.

ART. V.—*Travels through the Alps of Savoy, and other parts of the Pennine Chain, with Observations on the Phenomena of Glaciers*. By JAMES D. FORBES, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1843.

AMONG the grand truths which, during the last fifty years, have arrested the attention of philosophers, those of Geology occupy a very distinguished place. The history of our globe had been chiefly drawn from the monuments displayed on its surface; and from the more articulate memorials which the sacred writings and human tradition had preserved. But while the historian and the divine were reckoning the world's age from the creation of their own species, the geologist was disinterring from the bowels of the earth the records of still more remote events—the mosaics of a pre-existing world—the wrecks of forests which man had neither planted nor cut down, and the spoils of an animal kingdom over which man had never swayed the sceptre.

We have already had occasion, in preceding articles,* to make our readers acquainted with these most interesting studies; but during the brief interval which has since elapsed, the intellectual community has been startled by the promulgation of facts and views, which promise to give us the knowledge of events on the earth's surface more recent than those to which we have referred; yet equally unchronicled in history—equally perplexing to science—and equally interesting as a portion of that scheme of creation, of which so vast an extent remains to be revealed.

In a recent article on the theory of Glaciers,† we have already introduced our readers to this important subject; and have made them acquainted with the latest works on this almost new branch of physics—with the various facts which have been accumulated since the time of Gruner and Saussure, and with the different theories by which these facts have been explained. So fully, indeed, have we treated of these topics, that but for the appearance of Professor Forbes's very interesting and instructive work, we should not have been justified in resuming the subject.

The history of our globe exhibits to us three grand periods: the *first* or preparatory period, when it was enriched only

* See this *Journal*, Vol. lxi. p. 265, and Vol. lxxv. p. 1.

† *Ibid*, Vol. lxxv. p. 49.

with vegetable life; the *second*, when it was under the power of the brute creation; and the *third*, when it was under the dominion of man. This last period is again divisible into two, the antediluvian period, and that in which we ourselves live. During this extensive portion of time, numbering 4300 years, no event has occurred of the same transcendent magnitude as the deluge; but great changes, both of a local and a general nature, have taken place on our globe. Floods of vast extent have swept over its surface; successions of mighty forests have flourished and decayed on the same spot. The seas have, in one region, quitted their ancient beds, and in another invaded and destroyed the habitations of man. Earthquakes have shaken the mountain crests, and dislocated the solid pavement of the globe. Extensive lakes have poured out their contents, and recorded upon their ancient shores the erosions of the winds and waves. Huge masses of rock have been transported from their mountain crags to vast distances in the plains below; and that element with whose desolating power we are all familiar, seems to have at one time exercised a more tremendous energy; when, in the form of glaciers, it descended our valleys with slackened pace but accumulated power—grinding the granite flanks which held it—crushing the forest trunks which stopped it—poising on its crystalline pinnacles huge blocks of stone, and carrying them along its glassy viaduct over valleys now smiling with lakes, and plains now luxuriant with vegetation.

Many of these interesting phenomena have been described in the very valuable work now before us. With the natural history and theory of glaciers, as the more immediate object of his pursuit, Professor Forbes has crossed the principal chain of the Alps *twenty-seven* times, and by *twenty-three* different passes—exploring its innermost recesses, and studying the meteorology, mineralogy, and geology of that elevated region. Combining with the ordinary functions of the traveller the patience and toil of the naturalist, and the higher qualifications of the philosopher, he has produced a work of deep and varied interest, rich in its literature, accessible in its science, and teeming with information for all classes of readers. The tourist will be conducted by our author in new paths, through the labyrinth of mountains—he will dwell with him in the glacier hut, descending while he sleeps; he will clamber with him down one face of the yawning chasm, and climb the other by steps cut with his hatchet; he will find himself perched, like the bewildered chamois, among toppling crags of ice, with a chaos of impassable chasms around and beneath him. Escaping from one icy prison, he will soon find him-

self in another, now startled with the explosive roar of avalanches of rock, and now deafened with the thunders of crashing icebergs. Even the imagination of the poet will gather the purest elements of its food amidst these vast, grand, and beautiful solitudes. The Spirits of the air, indeed, the poet's aides-de-camp, have already made 'the glaciers sacred to their revels ' and their vigils.'

‘ ———We nightly tread
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
We skim its rugged breakers, which put on
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,
Frozen in a moment—a dead whirlpool's roar.'

And assuming the 'diadem of snow,' and the sceptre of ice, they have seated themselves on their thrones of crystal, and presume even to give laws to the glacier and the avalanche :—

‘ Around his waist are forests braced,
The avalanche in his hand ;
But, ere it fall, that thundering ball
Must pause for my command.
The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day ;
But I am he who bids it pass,
Or with its ice delay.'

But while Professor Forbes's work is thus pregnant with interest, as the record of travels through a region at once grand and picturesque, planted in the very heart of European civilization, and occupied by an active and intelligent race, enjoying the blessings of civil and religious liberty, it is entitled to take a much higher place, as a work of original and successful research, teeming with new facts and important generalizations, illustrative of those great physical events which have disturbed the climate as well as the surface of our globe, during the last period of its history. It is in this aspect chiefly that we are to examine it ; and with the labours before us of those eminent men who have preceded our author in the same field of enquiry, we cannot but express the feeling of satisfaction—national it may be, but nevertheless impartial and just—that a countryman of our own should have been the first to give a true account of the structure of glaciers, and a correct theory of their descending movements.

For nearly a century the Glaciers of Switzerland have been the subject of anxious research. Travellers from every part of Europe have explored their wonders. Naturalists have plied their vocation amid and around their frozen pinnacles. The mi-

neralogist has pursued his crystal chase among their debris and moraines. The entomologist has excavated his insects even from their solid ice; and on the face of their granite spires has been seen the botanist

——— 'Halfway down,
As one that gathers samphire.'

The artist, too, has found here materials for his pencil, the philosopher data for his speculations, and the pious student of nature's works has drawn fresh and fervid inspirations from the wonders of the icy world.

It was scarcely to be expected, however, that ordinary observers, whether travellers or naturalists, would have entered upon a study which required so much accurate observation and continuous research; nor was it likely that the ardent and eminent philosophers who were born and lived within the Alpine range, would have left so interesting a subject as that of the glaciers to the casual investigation of the passing traveller. We accordingly find that the most able naturalists and philosophers of Switzerland have dedicated their leisure and their faculties to the study of the glaciers.

So early as 1760, M. G. S. Gruner* examined many of the most interesting glaciers of Switzerland, and the descriptions of some of those which he had not personally visited were taken from observations made previous to 1743. In the very year when Gruner's work appeared, Saussure set out on his first visit to the glaciers. Accompanied by a body of pioneers carrying ropes and scaling ladders, he explored the inmost recesses of the glaciers; and his chapters on that subject were thought to have exhausted both the description of their phenomena and the theory of their formation. After the death of Saussure in 1799, his opinions were no longer sustained by the influence of a living name; and new speculations respecting the motion of glaciers, summoned new observers to the regions of ice and snow. It was not, however, till 1818, when the great glacier of Gétroz had choked the Drance, and formed it into a huge lake which subsequently inundated the Val de Bagnes, that the successors of Saussure resumed their investigation. Philosophers considered the subject as worthy of their deepest study. Engineers applied their mechanical knowledge in gaug-

* *Beschreibung des Eisgebirge des Schweizerlandes.* Berne, 3 vols. 8vo. This work, which is highly praised by Saussure, was translated into French and abridged, by M. Keraglio, under the title of *D'Histoire Naturelle des Glaciers de Suisse.* 4to. Paris: 1770.

ing their depths, and in estimating the forces which rent them, and upheaved them, and carried them along; and naturalists, such as Hugi and Agassiz, took up their residence on their surface, and made it their daily object to descend their crevasses, to explore their structure, to measure their velocity of descent, and to register their various phenomena and mechanical effects, as influenced by the state of the weather and the period of the year. But though these able and intrepid observers have discovered many new facts, and obtained results of general and exciting interest, it was reserved for Professor Forbes, while engaged in other researches among the Alps, to ascertain the internal structure of their glaciers, and to establish the true theory of their motions.

When we consider the great amount of talent and labour which had been previously expended in these researches, we naturally ask the question, how a traveller not native among the Alps, and who was at first but a casual observer of their glaciers, should have been able to outstrip his predecessors and his contemporaries in the race of discovery? The question is an important one, and fortunately not of difficult solution. Had the glacier problem been a natural history one, it would long ere this have surrendered its strongholds to the distinguished individuals by whom it has been for a century beleaguered. But it is essentially a physical and dynamical problem—physical, in so far as minute structure, produced by molecular and mechanical forces, is concerned; and dynamical, as involving questions of force and motion, depending upon gravity as well as upon the semi-fluidity and ever-varying temperature and expansion of the heterogeneous mass of ice, snow, water, and air. Hence it was in vain to bring to such a question the ordinary resources of the naturalist. It required a mind disciplined in the school of geometry, habituated to severe and accurate observation, and endowed with those varied powers which are to be found chiefly among the cultivators of physical science. Nor is it alone in this branch of natural history that such acquirements are necessary. There is a certain stage in all the sciences of observation, when the duties of the collector, the observer, and the classifier, fall into partial abeyance, and when the higher efforts of the mind are required to develop structures, to discover functions, to detect analogies, and to establish generalizations—the essential elements and objects of the philosophy of nature.

To the investigation of the dynamics of ice and snow, Professor Forbes brought all the knowledge which the subject demanded; and, in endeavouring to make our readers acquainted with the important facts and reasonings by which his theory of glacier

motion has been established, we trust that they will recognise the truth of the preceding observations; and at the same time learn the process by which alone great physical questions can be successfully solved.

When a traveller sees a glacier for the first time, and learns, on the testimony of others, that the whole mass is gradually advancing to the plains below; when, in summer, he sees streams of water rushing into its crevices and openings, and issuing at its lower extremity from beneath the descending mass, he can scarcely avoid the conclusion that it slides down its inclined and wetted bed in virtue of its gravity; and is pushed onwards by the fresh supplies of snow and of ice which follow it from its upper extremity. This simple theory of glacier motion was that maintained by Saussure, and generally acquiesced in by travellers; but within the last ten years, various naturalists of no mean authority have revived and adopted the early theory of Scheuchzer, that glaciers descend their inclined bed in consequence of the dilatation or expansion of their mass by the congelation of the water contained in their pores and fissures. The abettors of these rival theories have been very successful in disclosing their mutual defects; and the very first conclusion which is forced on the mind of the impartial enquirer is, that the real facts connected with the structure and motion of glaciers have not yet been determined.

There are obviously two kinds of structure which require the attention of the naturalist; the *first* the general structure of the heterogeneous mass considered as a compound of ice, snow, water, and air; and the *second* its intimate and normal structure, as produced by the mechanical forces to which it is subject. The *first* of these structures seems to have been studied with considerable care, and those changes noticed which depend generally on the distance of the portion observed from the upper extremity of the glacier; but we conceive that no adequate attempt has yet been made by *deep sections*, and by *boring*, to ascertain the structure at different distances from the sides and bottom of the glacier bed; and of those particular parts of its course where it widens or contracts, or changes its velocity, or unites with other glaciers, or passes over portions of its bed, differing in character and inclination. In studying the variations of structure which may thus be displayed, even the microscope should be appealed to; and much important information will doubtless be obtained by submitting transparent or translucent masses to the scrutiny of polarised light.

With regard to the *second*, or most important structure, we can find no information either in ancient, or more modern works on the glaciers. Neither Scheuchzer nor Gruner, nor Saussure nor

Agassiz, have noticed it at all ; and even those who did observe it, observed it only as a casual phenomenon, without being aware of its value. The earliest observation of this structure was made on the Glacier de Bois, by Sir David Brewster in 1814, as stated by Professor Forbes ; and was published in 1816 or 1817 in the article *Glacier* in the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia.*' Since the publication of that article the same structure seems to have been noticed by Colonel Sabine, and M. Elie de Beaumont, and also by M. Guyot of Neufchatel, in the glacier of Gries ; but none of these observers considered the fact as of sufficient importance to be given to the world. In 1841, Professor Forbes observed the same structure, saw its importance, and was thus led to direct his attention to the interesting subject upon which it seemed to him to throw a clear light.

This veined structure of the ice, is described by the Professor, as an alternation of bands—'marked by *blue* and *greenish blue* or *white curves*, which are seen to traverse the ice throughout its thickness whenever a section is made. It is, therefore, no external accident, it is the *intimate structure of a glacier, and the only one which it possesses*, and may be expected to throw light upon 'the circumstances of the formation and motion of these masses.' He first discovered these bands on the glacier of the Aar, where the stratification 'exhibited an appearance of almost vertical layers, nearly parallel to the length of the glacier, inclining outwards a little like the rays of a fan as it approached either shore.' It was difficult to make out its form at the lower termination ; but a visit which he subsequently paid to the glacier of the Rhone, satisfied him that these apparent layers bent round the lower extremity of the glacier—dipping forwards as the surface was depressed, and at last becoming nearly or quite horizontal. In the glacier of the Brenva these layers are more beautifully displayed than in any other: they are exhibited, indeed, on a grand scale throughout the whole mass of the glacier, and are beautifully represented in Plate V. of the work before us.

The veined or ribboned structure now described, is in reality 'the intimate arrangement of the very particles of the frozen water, and which constitutes as properly its structure as the pattern of a piece of curious damask does, or as the veins of woody fibre do in a piece of mahogany.' The glacier ice, therefore, consists of alternate parallel veins of ice of different texture and colour. The *bluer* veins are the *hardest* ; and, when the ice is dissolved by the action of the sun and rain, the blue veins stand up in ridges, and permit the comminuted sand from the

moraines to be deposited in the excavated hollow veins. On the common route from Montanvert to the Jardin, the whole surface of the glacier, especially after rain, appears striated with these lines; and where groups of the harder bands occur, there are projecting ridges, with intervening grooves many fathoms long, like the cart-ruts of a much-frequented road.

Professor Forbes was now anxious to observe the form of these veins, as displayed over the whole surface of a glacier; and determined to obtain an empirical representation of the structure, by laying down the bearing of the veins and dip at a great number of points; but an accidental circumstance rendered this unnecessary. Upon walking up the hill of Charmoz at sunset, he observed, when 1000 feet above the glacier, a very peculiar appearance on the surface of the ice, which he had never before seen. 'It consisted of a series of nearly hyperbolic brownish bands on the glacier, the curves pointing downwards, and the two branches mingling indiscriminately with the moraines, presenting an appearance of a succession of waves, some hundred feet apart.' He has laid down these curves in his beautiful 'General Map of the Mer de Glace of Chaumoni, and of the adjoining Mountains;' and, after descending to the glacier itself, he found that some parts of the ice were dirty and some clean; and that the 'dirt bands,' as he calls them, were those porous portions of the glacier in which particles of earth and sand were lodged—that they corresponded with the veined structure, that the veined structure was the cause of the dirt bands, 'and that some more general cause, yet to be explained, caused the alternation of the porous veins, at certain intervals, along the glacier.' Upon tracing these bands throughout the glacier, over a length of 6400 feet, he found their average interval to be 711 feet.

The next object of his researches was to ascertain from observation the nature and laws of glacier motion. Although accurate measurements of the motion of a glacier at different points of its length and breadth, at different times of the year, and of the day and night, and under the different circumstances of form of bed, inclination of surface, &c., were absolutely essential to the formation of any correct theory on the subject, yet naturalists had contented themselves with very vague and incorrect conjectures.* Saussure, we believe, has never

* M. Plouquet, indeed, a German writer, has endeavoured to prove 'that the progressive movement of the glaciers was a thing physically impossible,' and some other writer inserted what has been called a confirmation of that opinion in the *Literary Gazette* of Jena.

assigned any rate of motion at all, and it will be seen from the following measures how little was known on the subject:—

Authors.	Glaciers.	Rate of Motion per annum. Feet.
Ebel	Chamouni	14
—	Grindelwald	25
Hugi	Aar	240
—	Aar	200*
Agassiz	Aar	720†
Bakewell	Mer de Glace	540
De La Beche	Mer de Glace	600
Sherwell	Mer de Glace	300‡
M. Rendu	Mer de Glace	442
—	—	400
—	—	365
—	—	242
—	—	40
Saussure's ladder§	Mer de Glace	375

Such was the state of our knowledge respecting the motion of glaciers when the present author found it necessary to make it a subject of accurate determination. By a method, the correctness of which cannot be doubted, he obtained the following results on the Mer de Glace, opposite the rocky promontory called L'Angle:—

	Inches in 24 Hours.	From 6 A.M. to 6 P.M.	From 6 P.M. to 6 A.M.
1842, June 27,	15.	—	—
... .. 28,	16.3	—	—
... .. 29,	17.5	9.5	8.
... .. 30,	17.4	8.9	8.5

Hence it appears that the glacier advances continuously, not

* Measured by himself in 1839–40.

† This is an inference from the observations of others.

‡ An experiment made by the guides.—*Philosophical Magazine*, 1831, vol. ix. p. 33.

§ 'The ladder which M. de Saussure used in crossing the crevices in the ice during his first visit to the Col de Géant, and which he left on the upper part of the glacier, has lately been discovered imbedded in the Mer de Glace, in a situation nearly opposite to the Aiguille called Le Moine. This ladder, moving on with the body of the ice, will thus appear to have advanced *three leagues* since 1787.'—*Journal de Genève*, 1830. *Philosophical Magazine*, January 1831, p. 32. Professor Forbes, who seems to doubt the preceding fact, computes the velocity of the descending ladder at 375 feet per annum.

by sudden jerks, as had been supposed; but with a regularity which is little affected by the diminished temperature of the night. Even in the short interval of one hour and a half, Professor Forbes was able to detect the advance of the glacier.

Hitherto it had been supposed by most authors that glaciers move faster at their sides than at their centre, and Agassiz appears to have used this supposition as an argument against the sliding theory of Saussure. Professor Forbes however found, from observations made between the 29th June and 1st July 1842, that the motion in 24 hours was 17.5 inches at the side of the glacier, and 27.1 at the centre; that in different portions of the glacier 'the velocity of the central parts is nearly alike, and that the greatest differences in velocity are close to the side, where friction may be expected to act exactly as in a current of water.'

Resuming his observations at this station, near Montanvert, where the glacier is about 715 yards wide, he obtained the following measures:—

Distance from East side of Glacier. Yards.	Distance from West side of Glacier. Yards.	1842.	Motion in 24 hours. Inches.
350	365	June,	27.1
...	...	July,	25.7
...	...	Aug.	23
...	...	Sept.	21.7
410	305	... 17—20	19.7
...	...	... 20—26	20.1
...	...	... 26—28	23.7
485	230	Sept. 17—19	18.6
...	...	... 19—20	20.3
...	...	... 20—26	19.2
...	...	... 26—28	25.2
615	100	June 29—July 1	17.5
...	...	July 1—28	17.3
...	...	... 28—Aug. 9	16.4
...	...	Aug. 9—Sept. 16	18.0
...	...	Sept. 16—17	16.9
...	...	... 17—19	13.2
...	...	... 19—20	16.3
...	...	... 20—26	16.2
...	...	... 26—28	19.5

The diminutions of velocity exhibited in the preceding table, arise from a corresponding diminution in the mean temperature, as indicated by the register kept at the Great St Bernard.

The next observations made by our author were at *L'Angle*, about 5500 feet further up the *Mer de Glace*.

Distance from <i>East</i> side of Glacier.	Distance from <i>West</i> side of Glacier.	1842.	Motion in 24 hours
Yards.	Yards.		Inches.
615	100	June 26—28,	15.7
		... 28—30,	17.45
		... 30—July 28,	14
		July 28—Aug. 1,	13.6
		Aug. 1—9,	15.4
		... 9—Sept. 16,	13.0
		Sept. 16—26,	11.15

About 9600 feet above this last station, namely, at the Pierre Platte, between the Couvercle and the Tacul, at the mouth of the Glacier de Lechaud, the motion was as follows:—

	Motion in 24 hours.	Inches.
About 650 feet from the Couvercle,	June 27—June 30,	10.2
	... 30—Aug. 2,	9.9
About 1500 feet from the Couvercle,	Aug. 2—Sept. 17,	8.7
	June 30—Aug. 2,	10.8
	Aug. 2—6,	10.0
	... 6—Sept. 17,	9.7

The following observations were made on the Glacier du Géant, where it unites with that of Lechaud, and consequently at the same distance as the last station above L'Angle:—

	Motion in 24 hours.	Inches.
South-east side of the Glacier du Géant,	June 30—Aug. 2,	13.8
	Aug. 2—4,	14.0
	... 4—6,	14.25
	... 6—Sept. 17,	10.4
Near centre,	Aug. 4—6,	18.0
	... 6—Sept. 17,	12.6

The following results were obtained in the Glacier de Lechaud, about 7200 feet above the Pierre Platte:—

	Motion in 24 hours.	Inches.
East side of the glacier,	July 20—Aug. 2,	11.3
	Aug. 2—8,	14.3
	... 8—Sept. 25,	11.3
Centre of glacier,	July 29—Aug. 2,	13.5
	Aug. 2—8,	16.3

Since these results were published, M. Desor has communicated, to the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, an account of the observations made by Agassiz on the motion of the Glacier of the Aar, in 1841 and 1842, which harmonize almost in every respect with those of Professor Forbes. The following results were obtained from *three* stakes fixed ten feet deep across the branch of the Finster Aar. The measures were obtained on the 20th July 1842:—

Finster Aar.

	Motion in One Year in feet.
No. 1. Nearest the centre of the glacier,	269
No. 2. The next stake,	225
No. 3. The stake nearest the side of the glacier,	160
The block at the old cabin of M. Hugi, which was in the same line across the Finster Aar as No. 1, advanced also 269 feet.	

Lauter Aar.

	Motion in One Year in feet.
No. 1. Stake nearest the centre,	245.5
No. 2. The next,	209.5
No. 3. The stake nearest the side,	125.0

In order to determine the velocity of the glacier at different points of its length, M. Agassiz measured the distances of *five* blocks on the 5th September 1841; and having remeasured their distances on the 5th September 1842, he obtained the following results:—

	Distance from the Abschwung in feet.	Motion in One Year in feet.
A. Block of the Hotel de Neuchatelois,	3,077	274
B. Block of the cabin of M. Hugi,	5,176	291
C. Great block above the Great Aar,	13,950	219
D. A large block,	21,970	168
E. Another large block, (observation uncertain,)	24,470	265

This last block was about 3000 feet from the extremity of the glacier.

This last series of observations does not accord with those of Professor Forbes. Here the maximum velocity is at B, the cabin of M. Hugi, and it decreases both above and below this point; whereas Professor Forbes found that the lower part of the glacier moved faster than the upper part, in the ratio of 5 to 3. His observations, however, as M. Desor remarks, were made during some weeks in the middle of summer, whereas those of M. Agassiz give us the motion during a whole year. In this state of uncertainty on this fundamental question, we look forward with great impatience to the publication of Agassiz's new work, which will contain his series of observations between July 1, 1842, and July 1, 1843, upon *eighteen* blocks, the relative positions of which were measured trigonometrically, and laid down in a chart, by M. Wild, civil engineer at Zurich. M. Desor considers the diminished velocity of the glacier at its 'terminal region' as in favour of the *dilatation* theory, as the

ice is there more compact, and the infiltration and imbibition of water smaller.

In a still more recent communication, made to the Ashmolean Society of Oxford by Professor Twiss,* who visited Agassiz on the Glacier of the Aar, we are informed that, in M. Wild's chart, 'the transverse lines of stratification are distinguished in red ' from the longitudinal blue bands or lines of infiltration; and ' that the gradually distorted curvature of the former, originally horizontal in the higher névé, according to the irregularities of the valley along which the glacier descends, is carefully traced out.' Mr Twiss also informs us, that M. Agassiz has counted ninety-two transverse bands of stratification between M. Hugi's cabin, and the line of junction of the névé and glacier; and that he conceives them to represent the number of years during which this portion of the glacier has been formed, indicating an annual advance of 250 feet.

In a letter to Earl Cathcart, published since we began this article,† Professor Forbes gives an account of some important observations which he made on the glaciers in the summer of 1843. He found that the *Pierre Platte*, from June 27, 1842, to September 12, 1843, had moved in these 442 days 320 feet, or 264 feet annually, or 8·7 inches daily. Professor Forbes succeeded also in tracing the dirt bands, or annual rings, further up than Trelaporte; and he counted six new ones higher up in the direction of the Glacier du Géant. Then followed a space corresponding to three intervals of dirt bands, which were not seen. Higher up the Glacier du Géant, however, he was surprised with a most striking appearance. He saw a series of snowy bands, at regular intervals, corresponding in distance and form to the dirt bands in the lower part of the glacier—the snow occupying curvilinear hollows on the nearly plane surface of the ice. The veined structure was distinctly seen between these hollows at the sides of the glacier. Our author compares them to 'the wrinkles of the horns of many animals;' and he adds, that there is more than a vague analogy between the facts, of which he may, at some future time, offer a better elucidation.

We have detailed these valuable observations thus fully, because they are facts on which every theory of glacier motion must rest; and, upon looking at the results, we cannot refrain from expressing our surprise, that any intelligent individual should have ventured to speculate on the subject of glaciers,

* *Athenæum*, March 11th, 1843, p. 247.

† In the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*, April 1844, vol. xxxvi. p. 217.

without possessing some knowledge of their movements, and *without even knowing whether the centre or the sides, the upper or the under portions of them, moved fastest.* The following are some of the deductions which Professor Forbes has drawn from his own measures :—

1. The motion of the higher parts of the Mer de Glace is, on the whole, *slower* than that of the lower portion ; but the motion of the middle region is slower than either. Taking the four stations, Montanvert, L'Angle, the Couvercle, and on the glacier of Lechaud—parts which are not very distant from the edge, and consequently all retarded by the friction of the sides—the velocities are in the following ratios :—

Stations.	Distance from lower end of the glacier.	Distance from each other.	Relative velocities of the ice.
Montanvert,	6,000 Eng. feet,	—	1·000
L'Angle,	11,500 ...	5,500	0·770
Couvercle,	22,100 ...	10,600	0·479
Lechaud,	29,100 ...	7,000	0·674

It appears also, from the observations, that the Glacier de Géant moves faster than the Glacier de Lechaud, in the ratio of nearly *seven to six.*

2. The difference of motion of the centre and sides of the glacier varies with the season of the year, and the state of the thermometer, and with the absolute velocity, at the time, of the ice under experiment. The experiments clearly indicate, 'that thawing weather, and 'a wet state of the ice, conduce to its 'advancement, and that cold, whether sudden or prolonged, 'checks its progress.' Between July 1st and September 16th, the relative velocities of the centre and west side of the glacier at Montanvert varied from 1·548 to 1·349.

The author's attention was next directed to the depression in the surface of the Mer de Glace in summer. M. Escher de la Linth and M. Martins had made some observations on the subject, but by methods on which confidence cannot be placed. The following were the results obtained by Professor Forbes :—

		Depression of surface.		Daily depression.
		Feet.	Inches.	Inches.
1842, June 26,	June 30,	1	9	4·1
... ..	July 28,	10	11	3·6
... ..	August 9,	14	10	3·7
... ..	Sept. 16,	24	6·5	2·5

The Professor considers this subsidence as partially owing to superficial waste, and as produced chiefly by the subsidence of the entire mass of the ice, which visibly collapses as the warm season advances. This collapse he ascribes to the excavating action of the streams of water which flow beneath the glacier in summer—to the melting of the ice in contact with the ground, by the earth's heat—and to the lower part of the glacier moving faster than the higher portion, and thus *attenuating* the mass. During the first sixteen days of July 1842, the superficial loss of ice was at least twenty-nine inches, or about one and three-fourth inches per day. The actual *fall* of the surface, at this time, was *twice* as great, owing mainly to the general subsidence.

With the preceding well-established facts standing out in bold relief, we are now in a situation to think and to decide upon the nature of glaciers as masses of ice, and upon the causes of their motion. Hitherto speculation had been as limited in its excursions as it had been barren in its results. It had not even ventured to start a great idea. Because a stone slides down an inclined plane, and slides faster when that plane is wet, it was supposed that a rigid glacier might do the same; and because solid bodies may push themselves down a declivity or an inclined plane by expansion, when the resistance to this force was less in that direction than in others, it was thought quite reasonable to ascribe the descent of glaciers to their expansion, during the congelation of water in their crevices and capillary fissures. Amid this penury of thought it did occur to M. Rendu, Bishop of Annecy, that 'glaciers might roll down declivities like a ductile and 'liquid lava.* He speaks of *glaciers d'écoulement*, in contradistinction to *glaciers réservoirs*. He was the first, likewise, to conjecture that the central portions of glaciers move faster than the lateral ones, as in fluid motion; and he distinctly states, 'that there was a number of facts which would make us believe 'that the substance of glaciers possess a kind of ductility, which 'permits them to mould themselves on the locality which they 'occupy, to become thinner, and to contract and expand themselves in the same manner as a soft paste would do.† This idea, however, just though it be, was too bold to meet with reception even from philosophers; and when the author of it himself states, 'that the rigidity of a mass of ice, when struck, is in 'direct opposition to this theory, (though experiments made on 'greater masses may give other results,)' we cannot but view it

* *Théorie des Glaciers de Savoie*. Chamberri, 1840, p. 93.

† *Ib.* p. 84.

as one of those glimmerings of truth which would have soon died away, had it not been immediately surrounded by that pure atmosphere of oxygen, in which our author has made it flash into a brilliant light. Although he has, with great candour, published and given currency to the sagacious conjectures of Rendu, yet we fear that those spiteful critics who delight in depreciating inventions and discoveries, will seek to confer the honour of the new theory on the Sardinian prelate. No real philosopher, however, will countenance such a claim. Professor Forbes's theory was established by numerous and direct experiments before he saw the bishop's work; and even if he had seen it, the possession of a conjecture which its own author distrusted, cannot, in the slightest degree, affect either the originality or the merit of his discovery.

Although we have, in a previous article, described the nature and discussed the comparative merits of the *gravitation* and *dilatation* theories of glaciers, yet we are now able, with the aid of Professor Forbes's more recent observations, and with the guiding light of the true theory, to point out their errors and defects.

The single fact which he has established, that glaciers *move fastest in the middle*, seems to us decisive against the theory of Gruner and Saussure—that glaciers, as rigid bodies, slide like solids along their inclined bed, under the influence of gravity, aided by the lubricity of the water produced from the ice melted by the heat of the earth. When we consider, too, the great contractions and enlargements of the glacier bed, its small inclination, which is at an average 9 degrees, but the greater part of it 5, the fact that certain glaciers are frozen to their bed, the incompetency of the heat of the earth to loosen and sufficiently dissolve the prominences of ice which rest upon it, we must admit the utter insufficiency of the *Gravitation theory*.

The *Dilatation* theory of Scheuchzer and Charpentier, expounded and defended by Agassiz, has a sort of philosophical aspect, and comes to us recommended by persons who are familiar with the phenomena of glaciers, and founded upon the most recent observations and experiments. It is, notwithstanding, but a philosophical conceit, which its own assumption and data at once overthrow. The ice of glaciers has not the continuous texture of ordinary ice. In their upper parts it is a spongy mass, in their middle regions it becomes more and more compact; being broken down by the least increase of heat into a mass of angular fragments of different sizes, between which the surface water infiltrates itself; and at depths where this does not take place completely, the ice appears to be filled with capillary fissures,

crossing each other in all directions, and arising from the cementation of the angular fragments. M. F. de Pourtales, when along with Agassiz, observed, that in blowing strongly against the sides of the ice, the numerous fissures were displayed, and the water which they contained displaced. The water thus enclosed is always near the freezing point, and is frozen with the least degree of cold; so that the mass which it occupies is expanded or dilated in all directions. The beds of ice near the surface dilate most from containing most water, and move fastest down the inclined bed; being carried onward, not only with their own motion, but with that of all the inferior beds. These statements, which we have presented in abstract from the pages of Agassiz, are fortunately capable of being brought to a severe test—the very test by which they are supposed to be established. ‘I have already remarked,’ says M. Agassiz, ‘*that the sides of glaciers travel more rapidly than the middle*, and this difference of velocity indeed is easily conceived, when *we reflect on the cause of the motion of glaciers*.’ He then goes on to state that the fissures are *most numerous at the sides of the glacier*, the water, therefore, most abundant, the expansion greatest, and the motion most rapid. ‘All these facts,’ he adds, ‘which are so well explained mutually, would be so many enigmas if the glaciers moved by sliding on their bed; for if this supposition were well founded, *the middle part of the glacier ought to have a motion more rapid than the sides*, because the bottom of the valleys is always more excavated.’* When we repeat the fact, demonstrated by Professor Forbes, that *the middle part of the glacier does move faster than the sides*, we consign the dilatation theory to the grave which it dug for its rival. It is needless to disturb its rest with any of the other arguments which are contained in the work before us.

Having thus disencumbered ourselves of rival theories, we are prepared to announce, as a great truth, the theory of Professor Forbes, which is embodied in the following proposition—A GLACIER IS AN IMPERFECT FLUID; OR A VISCOUS BODY; WHICH IS URGED DOWN SLOPES OF A CERTAIN INCLINATION, BY THE MUTUAL PRESSURE OF ITS PARTS.

The idea embodied in this proposition is, doubtless, bold and startling. The Bishop of Annecy shrunk from it, and Professor Forbes must have himself stood aghast, with upturned eye and little faith, when his mind first attached the notion of imperfect

* *Etudes sur les Glaciers, par M. Agassiz. Neuchâtel, 1844, pp. 165, 166, 167.*

fluidity to the solid, or even to the fissured ice of the glaciers. Such, indeed, is the travail of the mind when it gives birth to transcendental conceptions; and many a great discovery has perished amid the intellectual terror by which its germ has been overlaid. If it requires the highest pressure of the mind to elaborate a great truth, above the comprehension and beyond the sympathy of the age, it requires a moral power of no less intensity to submit it to the ordeal of a shallow philosophy, and the criticism of a sceptical and ignorant generation.

Copernicus was doubtless startled when he first realized the belief that the earth revolved round its axis in rapid rotation, while the sun stood fast in the heavens; and he must have summoned up no ordinary courage when he resolved to submit such a truth to the double scrutiny of reason and the senses. When Newton, too, extended the attractive agency of the earth beyond the region of the falling stars, till it grasped the moon in its embrace, and carried her round in faithful obedience to terrestrial power, the daring speculation must have at first overpowered him. And when Cuvier started the thought, that man was the latest of earth's inhabitants, and his cycle of life the last of a series of creations under which brute nature held sway over the earth, he must have descried in the distance either the stake or the dungeon as the punishment of his heresy. But Copernicus, and Newton, and Cuvier, have triumphed over universal scepticism; and we doubt not that the less revolting theory of glacier motion will have an earlier and an easier victory.

We shall now proceed to give our readers a succinct and popular account of this ingenious theory. Glacier ice is singularly fragile. It is granular, composed of ice and water, possessing little cohesion. In 1842, M. Nicolet obtained the following results from different kinds of ice taken from the Glacier of the Aar.* The experiments were made at a temperature of 0 degrees centigrade, and under a barometrical pressure of 570 millimetres. The quantity of ice submitted to experiment was in each case 500, and the number of cubical centimetres of air which each kind contained, is given in the following table:—

			Cubical Centimetres.
Blue ice contains of air,	...	..	0.5
Ice (glace de la Galerie†)	...	...	0.9
White ice, ...	...	...	7.5
Snow, passing into <i>Névé</i> ,	...	...	32.0

* *Bibliothèque Universelle*, Jan. 1844. Mars et Avril 1843, p. 334.

† This is in some sort transformed into *blue* ice.

Near the sides of glaciers the mass of ice consists of a 'congeries of tightly wedged polyhedrons of the most irregular figures, three inches or more in length, and of which a bunch may be held connectedly together, until by melting they become disengaged and fall asunder.' If ice is much saturated with moisture, it has a certain rude flexibility sensible even to the hand; and when we consider that glaciers subside, that the faces of crevices fall together, and choke the crevice with their plastic substance, the idea of glaciers being semi-fluids ceases to appear unreasonable.

But the exact resemblance between the actual motion of a glacier and the motion of a viscous fluid, gives the theory under consideration a still higher probability. Owing to the friction of water upon the sides and bottom of the channel in which it moves, the surface moves faster than the rest of the stream, and the centre of the surface faster than its sides;—the velocity diminishing from the surface to the bottom, and from the centre of any horizontal stratum to the sides of it. But it has been proved, both by the experiments of Professor Forbes on the Glacier de Bois, and more recently by those of Agassiz on that of the Aar, that the centre of the surface of the glacier moves faster than the sides. The glacier, too, like a fluid stream, has its pools and rapids—its expansions and contractions; the velocity diminishing where it expands into pools, and increasing where it contracts into rapids. Professor Forbes found that the slopes on the declivities of the Mer de Glace, in its upper, middle, and lower regions, were respectively 8, $4\frac{1}{2}$, and 15 degrees, and on the corresponding portions of the glacier, the ratios of the velocities .925, .574, and 1.397.

When the consistency or viscosity of a fluid varies, which it always does with heat or cold, its velocity varies in the same proportion. Hence we see the reason why the glacier moves faster in summer, and during the day, and in great heats; and slowest in winter, during night, and in severe frosts. In every point, therefore, the velocity of glaciers varies according to the same laws as that of fluids.

Not satisfied with these general resemblances, Professor Forbes proceeds with a bolder step to show, *that the varied structure of the ice is a direct consequence of the viscous theory*. This structure consists of alternations of blue and white ice, or compact and aerated ice, like the veins in calcedony. This structure he considers to be due to the formation of fissures in the aerated ice, or consolidated névé, which have been filled with water drained from the glaciers, and frozen during winter, thus producing the compact blue bands. This structure assumes three mo-

difications—as in *canal-shaped* glaciers like the *Mer de Glace*, *oval-shaped* glaciers like that of *La Brenva*, and glaciers of the *second order* like that of *Macugnaga*. All these structures, which show themselves by a succession of oval waves on the surface, passing into hyperbolas, with a corresponding internal structure; are conceived to arise from ‘a difference of velocity’ of the higher and lower, as well as of the central and lateral ‘parts of the ice.’ In order to illustrate these views, Professor Forbes proceeds as follows:—

‘Imagine a long narrow trough or canal, stopped at both ends, and filled to a considerable depth with treacle, honey, tar, or any such viscid fluid. Imagine one end of the trough to give way, the bottom still remaining horizontal; if the friction of the fluid against the bottom be greater than the friction against its own particles, the upper strata will roll over the lower one and protrude in a convex slope, which will be propagated backwards towards the other or closed end of the trough. Had the matter been quite fluid, the whole would have run out and spread itself on a level; as it is, it assumes precisely the conditions which we suppose to exist in a glacier. The greatest disturbance or maximum separation of the parts takes place at the lower end, and there (the retardation of the sides being proportional to the absolute velocity) the separation will be most violent, and the loops on the surface will be most elongated. Near the origin the declivity is less, and the loops are more transverse. This is true of the glaciers.

‘Now; let the trough be a little inclined, so as to aid the gravitating force derived from the mere depth of the fluid. Each particle will be urged on by a force due to the slope diminished by the resistance opposed to it. The particles near the lower termination of the stream have no resistance, except their attachment to those behind them; they, therefore, roll straight on; but those in the middle of the glacier will easier raise the weight of a certain superincumbent stratum of ice than push the entire glacier before them; they may do part of both, but will undoubtedly rise towards the surface, and thus *slide upwards and forwards* over the particles immediately in advance.’—(Page 376.)

Conceiving that the ‘dirt bands’ are the necessary results of this form of fluid motion, he considers that they arise from the unequal and mutual pressure of the particles; and hence he concludes, *that the crevices formed by the forced separation of a half rigid mass whose parts are compelled to move with different velocities, becoming infiltrated with water, and frozen during winter, produce the bands which he has described.*

With the view of confirming, as well as of illustrating this theory, he used a viscous mass composed of plaster and glue, which does not *set* readily, and poured it down irregular channels representing Alpine valleys. These streams of viscous matter were composed of alternate doses of white and blue

fluid poured successively into the channel; and the results, which we have seen and examined, exhibiting as they do a striking uniformity between the facts of motion and of structure, are the strongest possible confirmations of the theory. The artificial sections, indeed, of many of these models, were almost identical with the glacier sections which had previously been transmitted from Geneva as the results of actual observations.

M. Agassiz* had objected to the preceding theory, that, if it were true, the individual structure of the glaciers would be lost after their union; and would have single loops due to the union of their streams; whereas he had found from observation, that the loops of two united glaciers remained distinct. To this objection our author replies, that though the distinct structure of the double stream is maintained for a time, it is partly worn out if the glacier be long enough, and then forms single loops, cutting at an angle the medial moraine of two glaciers. In order to prove that this is precisely what should take place in a semi-fluid mass, he poured double streams of viscid plaster down a single channel. The separate forms of the sections were worn out very slowly, and perpetuated far beyond the point of union of the streams. Hence the objection of Agassiz is in reality a confirmation of the theory.

The theory which we have been expounding, has recently met with another assailant, though not a very formidable one, in Professor Merian† of Basle, who is probably better acquainted with natural history than mechanics. 'M. Merian cherche ensuite à refuter en peu de mots la nouvelle supposition de M. Forbes, qui admet dans les glaciers une sorte de demi-fluidité, et il pense que la glace solide des glaciers, telle que nous la connaissons, glisse à la fois dans toute sa masse sur le fond, et ne peut être comparée à une *masse pâteuse* dont les parties avanceraient en roulant les unes sur les autres.'

In supporting the gravitation theory of Saussure, Professor Merian seems not indisposed to borrow a portion, at least, of the semi-fluid theory, when he compares a glacier 'non à un corps solide uniforme, mais à un *abattis de débris réunis par une matière plastique.*'

Mr Hopkins of Cambridge, who, we presume, was not acquainted with Professor Forbes's theory, had espoused the

* *Athenæum*, March 11, 1843, p. 247.

† *Sur la Théorie des Glaciers.*—*Biblioth. Univers.*, tom. xlv. p. 336. August 1843.

sliding theory of Saussure, in opposition to that of dilatation. In order to illustrate it, he made the following experiment, which we describe in Professor's Forbes's words :—

‘ Mr Hopkins placed a mass of rough ice, confined by a square frame or bottomless box, upon a roughly chiselled flagstone, which he then inclined at a small angle, and found that the gradual dissolution of the ice in contact with the stone produced a slow and uniform motion, at a very inconsiderable slope, such as a degree, or even less; as showing that such a sliding motion may take place without acceleration. This experiment is undoubtedly very interesting; but the parallelism to the case of a glacier is so far incomplete, for the reasons I have stated, and others which might be mentioned, that I cannot suppose it possible that any glacier can move as a *rigid* mass in this manner. At the same time, I readily admit, that the motion of the superficial and central parts having commenced by their own weight, and being rendered possible by their plasticity, the inferior and lateral portions of the glacier may slide over the surface on which they rest, somewhat in the manner of the ice in Mr Hopkins's experiment; although I think it may admit of doubt, whether, even in the least elevated glaciers, the amount of pressure is sufficient to produce a great effect; and whether, in the higher regions, or in glaciers of the second order, it can act sensibly. But Mr Hopkins's views will no doubt soon receive a further development, in which these objections may be more or less removed.’—(*Note*, p. 420.)

Having thus given our readers a condensed sketch of the most recent and best established theory of the structure and motion of glaciers, we must refer them to Professor Forbes's work for minute details, and for those numerous maps and lithographic embellishments by which it is illustrated. The work itself consists of twenty-one chapters, the first of which relates generally to the Alps and to Alpine travellers. The seven succeeding chapters, and the twenty-first, are devoted almost wholly to the description and examination of glaciers; and the remaining *twelve* chapters contain what may be properly called the author's travels through the Alps, though the fourth and fifth chapters, descriptive of the Mer de Glace, have a similar character.

In the third chapter, our author has treated of the *Geological Agency of Glaciers*—one of the most interesting branches of modern science, and one which, more than any other, is likely to give us important information respecting those vicissitudes of climate to which our globe has been subjected. We could have wished to pursue the subject here; but it has been so amply treated in the article on Glaciers in a former Number, that we

have only to make a single reference to it. Since that article, however, was written, Professor Forbes has visited the two principal localities of these huge erratic blocks, which have been the burden of ancient glaciers, and the information which he has given us on this subject is too important to be withheld.

On the slope of the secondary chain of the Jura, just facing the valley of the Rhone, and at a mean height of 800 feet above the lake of Neufchatel, there exists a great belt of angular blocks of granite, (protogine,) extending many miles. These blocks have somehow or other been transported from peaks of the Alps sixty or seventy miles distant. Some of them are of the size of cottages. The *Pierre à Bot*, or *toadstone*, lies in a belt of wood, about two miles west of Neufchatel. 'It forms a stupendous monument of power. It is impossible to look at it without emotion, after surveying the distance which separates it from its birthplace.' On the rise of the hill immediately behind, there are hundreds and thousands of travelled blocks of similar granite, some of them 'small and rounded, but a vast number exceeding a cubic yard in contents, and perfectly regular.' If these blocks were transported by glaciers, our author conceived that evidence of its existence and effects would be found in the valleys through which the supposed glaciers must have passed. He accordingly found, in the narrow gorge through which the Rhone rushes at St Maurice, and particularly between St Maurice and Bex, the marks of glacier wear and polish. On the north-western face of the Val D'Illiers, which must have fronted the tide of ice which flowed through the rocky defile, the condition of the blocks is not less surprising than those on the Jura. The rock is here all limestone; but the distance from native granite does not exceed eighteen or twenty miles.

'The "Blocks of Monthey," as they are called, from the ridge immediately below them, must be seen to be appreciated. . . . We have here again a belt or band of blocks—poised as it were on a mountain side, it may be 500 feet above the alluvial flat through which the Rhone winds below. This belt has no great vertical height, but extends for miles—yes, for miles along the mountain side, composed of blocks of granite of 30, 40, 50, and 60 feet in the side—not a few, but by hundreds, fantastically balanced on the angles of one another, their grey weatherbeaten tops standing out in prominent relief from the vertical slopes of secondary formation on which they rest. They are thickest in the midst of a wood, and the traveller has his admiration divided between the singularity of the phenomenon and the exquisite picturesque of the spot. . . . The blocks are piled one on another, the greater on the smaller, leaving deep recesses between, in which the flocks or their

shepherds seek shelter from the snow-storm,* and seem not hurled by a natural catastrophe, but as if balanced in sport by giant hands. For how came they thus to light upon the steep, and there remain? What force transported them, and when transported, thus lodged them high and dry 500 feet at least above the plain? We reply, a *Glacier* might do this. What other inanimate agent could do it, we know not.—(P. 51, 52.)

In examining the higher valley of the Sallenche, before this stream forms the cascade of the Pissevache, Professor Forbes found that the vertical precipices, which form the mural angle between that valley and the valley of the Rhone, are scored by horizontal grooves or flutings, which are clearly the result of superficial attrition.

‘But what (asks our author) could have worn it in this position? Could a current of water 1500 feet deep have borne boulders on its surface, which should leave these plain horizontal markings? What could have been moved with a steady pressure as a carpenter presses his cornice plane on the wood, or as a potter moulds with a stick his clay, pressed laterally too with a perpendicular face of 1500 feet beneath? Nothing that I am acquainted with save a glacier, which at this day presses, and moulds, and scores the rocky flanks of its bed, extending to a depth often certainly of hundreds of feet beneath. A torrent, however impetuous—a river, however gigantic—a flood, however terrific, could never do this.’—(P. 53.)

As a record of travels and personal adventure, the main purpose of Professor Forbes's work was to describe that part of the Alpine chain, which was called by the ancients the ‘Pennine Alps.’ It extends from the west side of Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa inclusive, and thus composes the most elevated land and the highest mountain groups in Europe. Distinguished by the number and extent of its glaciers, it was a field peculiarly suited for the principal object of Professor Forbes's researches; while it has enabled him at the same time to carry his readers among scenes at once wild and picturesque; through frozen gorges as well as through romantic dells; across passes seldom trodden even by native feet, as well as along beaten tracks and patent highways, where nature had been often viewed but never studied,

* ‘One of these afforded shelter to a monomaniac disappointed in love, whose sad story is known to many of the inhabitants of the valley, who recollect him. The block, which is figured in De Charpentier's work, is named, from the poor man who lived, I think, forty years under it, *Pierre à Milan*.’—P. 53, note.

and where rocks and stones bore testimony to great events, but which, like other witnesses to truth, had testified in vain.

We could have wished to retrace some of the instructive journeys to which we refer; but our limits will permit us only to glean a few interesting occurrences and descriptions. On the margin of the Mer de Glace, and stretching along the face of the rocky chain which extends from the Aiguille de Dreux to the point called Les Echelets, are some fine grassy slopes, where it is the practice to graze cows during several weeks of summer. How such unwieldy animals can be conveyed to these pastures across passes in the glacier, which an unloaded man feels it difficult to accomplish, must appear surprising. Stray goats are often found bewildered among the crevasses, and bleating for help; and our author mentions the case of a hotel-keeper and his companion, who, in transporting by means of ropes a mule across the Mer de Glace, were both pulled into a crevasse—they themselves escaping with difficulty, and abandoning the mule to its fate. The march of the cows, however, seems to be conducted with great skill.

‘The most usual way of transporting the cows is by the glacier, at the foot of the *Mauvais Pas*, where, as I have already said, the ice is in the very act of tumbling headlong down. There, by the aid of hatchets and planks, a sort of small pathway is constructed the day before the ascent or descent of the cattle is to be performed, and then about thirty peasants assemble to pass as many cows, and, by the aid of ropes, succeed, usually without any loss, in compelling the poor animals to traverse the rude gangways which they have prepared.’—(P. 69.)

On the 16th February 1842, an American traveller had ventured without a guide to climb the granite peaks which rise almost vertically above the glacier of Trelaporte. These solitary precipices were but casually visited by the shepherd, and still more rarely by the chamois hunter; but our adventurous traveller had succeeded in mounting to a commanding eminence. His foot, however, slipped. He fell over the rock, and being caught in some bushes by his clothes, his fall was checked, and he found himself safely deposited on a narrow ledge of rocks, ‘in a perfectly hopeless prison,’ from which there was no escape. Here he passed the whole night; but in the morning his cries were accidentally heard by some young men from Chamouni, who were at a great distance below on their way across the glacier. The two boldest had with difficulty climbed to a position above him, but were unable to give him help. Fortunately, however, Professor Forbes and his guide, Balmat, had gone to this remote spot, where he had one of his surveying stations,

and when the guide was seeking for water, he came within sight of the young men attempting to relieve the traveller.

‘Balmat (says he) instantly joined them, and by great personal courage, as well as strength, succeeded in dragging the man up by the arm, from a spot whence a chamois could not have escaped alive. Balmat told me, that while he bore the entire weight of the man on the slippery ledge to which he himself clung, he felt his foot give way, and for a moment he thought himself lost. * * * I returned with Balmat to view the exact spot of the adventure, and a more dreadful prison it is impossible to conceive. It was a ledge about a foot broad in most places, and but a few feet long, with grass and juniper growing upon it. It thinned off upon the cliff entirely in one direction, and, on the other, terminated abruptly against a vertical portion of the solid rock, at least ten feet high, so that no man unassisted could have climbed it. * * * The ledge was about twenty feet below the top of a smooth granitic precipice, to which a cat could not have clung; and below, the same polished surface went sheer down, without a break, for a depth of at least 200 feet, where it sinks under the glacier, where yawning crevasses would have received the mangled body, and would never have betrayed the traveller's fate.’—(P. 83, 84.)

In his journey from Chamouni to Val Peline, Professor Forbes visited the Val de Bagnes, a wild and lonely valley, and well known as the scene of three awful inundations, which destroyed life and property to an enormous extent. These inundations were occasioned by the fall of the Glacier of Getroz, which blocked up the river Drance, and formed a lake, which subsequently burst its icy barrier and desolated the plains below. The first of these inundations took place in 1545, when one hundred and forty persons perished in the flood. In 1595, the valley above the bridge of Mauvoisin was completely shut up by the descent of huge avalanches of ice. The dammed up waters rose to an enormous height, till, under the influence of the hot weather, the icy barrier gave way, on Sunday the 4th of June. The accumulated water rushed out with irresistible force, bearing along with them masses of rock of enormous size, tearing up every thing in their course, desolating the plains of Bagnes, St Branchier, and Bovernier, and destroying the whole town of Martigny. The wretched peasantry were reduced to abject poverty, and no fewer than from sixty to eighty perished in the torrent.

For some years previous to 1818, blocks of ice and avalanches of snow, from the Glacier of Getroz, began to obstruct the river Drance. When this accumulation had acquired sufficient size and solidity to resist the summer heats, it increased every winter, till it became a huge conical mass of homogeneous ice.

The apex of the cone lay in the ravine about 100 feet above the river, and descending with an inclination of 45° , it crossed the Drance, and its base rested upon the precipitous flanks of Mount Mauvoisin, on the opposite side of the valley. The waters of the Drance, however, still found channels for themselves till the month of April, when these channels were closed, and a lake about half a league long quickly formed. The danger of an inundation was now apparent, and means were instantly taken to prevent it. M. Venetz, an able Engineer of the Valais, and 'the founder of the modern geological theory of glaciers,' suggested the idea of cutting a subterraneous gallery or tunnel, for the purpose of effecting a gradual discharge of the water. The lower end of the tunnel was to be fifty feet below the line of contact of the cone of ice with the flank of Mount Mauvoisin, while its upper end was fixed to be at the height to which the lake might be supposed to have risen when the tunnel was finished. By this contrivance it was expected that the water entering the tunnel would deepen it by degrees, and then permit the surface of the lake to descend gradually till it was nearly empty. This bold and dangerous experiment, during which the workmen ran the constant risk of being buried under the glacier, or crushed to pieces by the falling blocks of ice, was begun on the 10th of May, and completed on the 13th of June. During the thirty-four days which were required to finish this tunnel, which was sixty-eight feet long, the lake had risen *sixty-two feet*; but from particular causes, the mouth of the tunnel was still many feet above the surface of the lake. M. Venetz, therefore, sunk the floor of the tunnel several feet at its mouth, and the water began to enter it on the 13th of June. At this time the lake was about 11,000 feet (more than two miles) long;—its average breadth at the surface about 700 feet; and at the bottom 100 feet. Its absolute average breadth was therefore 400 feet, its average depth 200 feet, and its contents at least 800 millions of cubic feet.

The floor of the tunnel began to wear down on the 14th of June at eleven o'clock, and at five o'clock the lake had sunk one foot. At six A. M. of the 15th of June, the lake had sunk ten feet. In twenty-four hours more, it had sunk thirty-six feet; and twelve hours after that, the total descent of the lake was forty-five feet. Hence the whole had been reduced from 800 to 530 millions of cubic feet. At the outlet of the tunnel the ice was rapidly melted; and enormous fragments, owing to the absorption of water, fell away from the lower sides of it, so as to diminish the body of the glacier which formed the retaining wall of the lake. Hence the tunnel was gradually reduced to a few feet in length. When the cascade had thus cut through the cone of

ice, it attacked the mound of debris at the base of Mount Mauvoisin, against which the cone rested ; and having carried it off by degrees, it pushed away the soft soil at the same place, and excavated a passage between the glacier and the rocky beds of which the mountain is composed.

The water now rushed out—the ice gave way with a tremendous crash, and the lake was discharged in half an hour. The rapidity and violence of the flood were indescribable. It was first stayed by a narrow gorge below the glacier ; and when thus pent up, it carried away the bridge of Mauvoisin, ninety feet above the level of the Drance. After spreading itself over a wider part of the valley, it was again stemmed by another gorge ; and thus, rushing from one basin to another, it acquired new force, and swept along with it forests, rocks, houses, barns, and cultivated lands. At the village of Le Chable, the flood, containing more debris than water, was pent up between the piers of a solid bridge, nearly fifty feet above the Drance ; and began to attack the inclined plane of earth, on which stood the church and principal part of the village. An increased rise of a few feet would have undermined them had not the bridge given way, carrying along with it the houses at both its extremities. The flood now spread itself over the wide part of the valley between Le Chable and St Branchier, undermining and hurrying away the houses, the roads, the richest crops, and the finest trees, loaded with fruit. Thus armed with new powers of mischief, it entered the narrow valley below St Branchier, and, after ravaging Le Bourg and the village of Martigny, it fell with comparative tranquillity into the Rhone ; leaving the plains around covered with the wreck of houses and of furniture, with thousands of trees torn up by the root, and with the bodies of men and of animals which it had swept away.

M. Escher de la Linth has calculated that the velocity of the torrent from the Glacier to Le Chable was thirty-three feet per second, and that the efflux of water was *five times greater than that of the Rhine below Basle*.*

We must now take leave of this most interesting work ; and we cannot do so more appropriately, than by extracting the following striking passage with which it closes.

‘ Poets and philosophers have delighted to compare the course of human life to that of a river ; perhaps a still apter simile may be found

* Professor Forbes has given a very brief notice of this remarkable catastrophe. We have abridged the preceding account of it from a more detailed one, with plans and drawings, by the late Professor Pictet.—See *Edin. Phil. Jour.* vol. i. p. 187.

in the history of a glacier. Heaven-descended in its origin, it yet takes its mould from the hidden womb of the mountain which brought it forth. At first soft and ductile, it acquires a character and firmness of its own, as an inevitable destiny urges it on its onward career. Jostled and constrained by the crosses and inequalities of its prescribed path, hedged in by impassable barriers, which fix limits to its movements, it yields groaning to its fate, and still travels forward, scarred with the scars of many a conflict with opposing obstacles. All this while, although wasting, it is renewed by an unseen power—it evaporates, but is not consumed. On its surface it bears the spoils which, during the progress of existence, it has made its own;—often weighty burdens devoid of beauty or value—at times precious masses, sparkling with gems or with ice. Having at length attained its greatest width and extension, commanding admiration by its beauty and power, waste predominates over supply; the vital springs begin to fail; it stoops into an attitude of decrepitude; it drops the burdens one by one which it had borne so proudly aloft—its dissolution is inevitable. But as it is resolved into its elements, it takes all at once a new, and livelier, and disembarassed form; from the wreck of its members it arises ‘another, yet the same’—a noble, full-bodied, arrowy stream, which leaps rejoicing over the obstacles which before had stayed its progress, and hastens through fertile valleys towards a freer existence, and a final union in the ocean with the boundless and the infinite.’—(P. 387.)

It is not to supply what is unavoidably deficient, or to perfect what is necessarily incomplete, that, inappropriating the preceding lesson, we recall the important truth, that the material prototype of our moral progress is but the slave of the laws of gravity and temperature written on its bosom. Hence its inevitable destiny, its prescribed path, and its groaning submission to its fate. But the life which it typifies is guided by a gentler power and a lighter rein. Within the heart of man, and in letters woven with its fibres, there is written a law of which conscience is the interpreter, and there is implanted a will to appreciate or to reject its decisions. Hence may it take the broad or the narrow path, the light or the oppressive burden, and, having cast off in its youth or in its manhood the incubus of its moraines, it emerges from its icy cavern with a softer murmur, and in a purer stream.

But even when merged in the ocean, the glacier life has not rounded its cycle. Its waters re-distilled ascend in their aerial vehicle, tinting the mountain-tops, and clothing the sky in their ethereal blue; and, when liberated from their gaseous prison by the lightning's stroke, they again descend in showers of dew-drops, or in stars of crystal, throwing their rainbows and their haloes round the luminaries of Heaven—the homage of the elements to Him who made them.

ART. VI.—*The Martyrs of Science ; or, the Lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler.* By Sir DAVID BREWSTER, K.H. D.C.L. 12mo. London : 1841.

IF the distinguished author of this unpretending little volume had undertaken to write the history of the origin of Physical Astronomy, he could not have thrown his narrative into a more convenient or interesting form, than by writing the lives of Galileo, Tycho Brahé, and Kepler. These three names occupy by far the most conspicuous place in the annals of Astronomy, between those of Copernicus and Newton. By explaining the phenomena of the celestial motions, on the hypothesis of the immobility of the sun and the twofold motion of the earth, Copernicus made the first step towards the true theory of the universe ; but he did not discard the eccentrics and epicycles of the ancient faith ; and the universally received dogma of antiquity—uniform motion in circular orbits—remained undisturbed. In order to proceed a step beyond the point at which Copernicus had arrived, observations of greater precision, and more distinct ideas respecting the laws of motion, were necessary. Tycho Brahé furnished the observations. Kepler, with infinite labour and sagacity, traced out their consequences, and proved from them that the planetary orbits are not circles but ellipses ; and that the motions are not uniform, though regulated by a law remarkable for its simplicity and beauty. Galileo directed the telescope to the heavens ; fortified the Copernican doctrine with new proofs ; and, by the discovery of the laws of motion, prepared the way for the dynamical theories of Newton. In effecting this advance from formal to physical astronomy, no other individual contributed in any remarkable degree ; hence the history of their labours includes that of the science itself, during one of the most interesting periods of its progress.

But if the three individuals just named are pre-eminently distinguished for their services to Astronomy, they are not less remarkable for their intellectual characters, and the incidents of their personal histories. They lived in an age of unusual intellectual activity, when Europe was rousing itself from the torpor of centuries, and gradually acquiring the characteristics of our own times. First in chronological order comes Tycho—the prototype of an age in a state of transition from ignorance and barbarism, to knowledge and refinement—devoting himself with equal zeal to the pursuits of astronomy and astrology, chemistry and alchemy, and in whose character religion and superstition, enlarged views

and abject credulity, were strangely blended. Next we have Kepler, also an astrologer, but while practising the art, railing at its vanity and worthlessness ;—indulging in the wildest reveries respecting the laws of the planetary motions, but rigidly subjecting all his fancies to the test of calculation ; refuting his own hypotheses, when he found them inconsistent with observation, with as much patience and complacency as others employ in establishing the most important theories ; speculating on the nature of attraction so as almost to anticipate Newton, yet stating at the same time his belief, that the solid globe of the earth is an enormous animal, and that the tides are produced by the spouting out of water through its gills ! Lastly, we have the accomplished and courtly Galileo ; a controversialist, a rhetorician, a man of the world ; treating with sarcasm and ridicule the physical dogmas countenanced by the Church, yet living on terms of intimate friendship with its dignitaries ; establishing the true system of the world with an overwhelming force of argument, and recanting his doctrines in submission to ecclesiastical authority. Characters thus marked would afford, under any circumstances, interesting subjects for biographical sketches ; but in the present case, the interest is greatly increased by the accidents of life and position. The persecution of Galileo by the Catholic Church, for maintaining doctrines which are now regarded as the most certain truths of science ; the injuries, real or imaginary, which compelled Tycho to abandon his Observatory, and exile himself from his country ; the privations and miseries of Kepler, whose fate it was to be one day engaged in working out the laws of the universe, and the next in calculating nativities to procure bread for his children ;—the incidents, in short, which entitle them to be regarded as martyrs of science—have procured for them the sympathies of the world, and given them a notoriety altogether independent of their scientific discoveries.

It is to the personal, rather than the scientific history of these three individuals, that Sir David Brewster has chiefly directed the attention of his readers in the present brief but interesting Memoirs ; for though their services to science are distinctly set forth, and on the whole accurately appreciated, they are not dwelt upon at such length, or with so much detail, as to interfere with the popular character of the work. He does not profess to have had access to any new sources of information, or to have placed the already known facts in a new point of view ; he has undertaken no laborious researches for the purpose of settling controverted points in history, or detecting minute errors or omissions in the accounts of previous biographers. In fact, the field had already been so diligently gleaned, as to leave but small hopes of

success in any attempt at novelty. The work derives its interest from the vivid portraiture it places before us of the characters of men whose labours occupy a large space in the history of science, and whose endeavours to enlighten the world were attended with so many personal sacrifices. It is written in an agreeable style; it abounds with traits of good feeling and generous sympathy; and, what may be regarded as of importance in a popular work, it represents science and its pursuits under an attractive and dignified aspect.

The life of Galileo, whom Sir David Brewster places at the head of his martyrs, has been given by his numerous biographers with great minuteness of detail. The materials for the scientific portion are of course collected from his various writings and literary correspondence; the anecdotes and personal traits rest chiefly on the authority of Viviani and Gherardini, the former of whom was one of his pupils, and revered his memory with a species of idolatry. Until recently, there was no good account of his life and discoveries in English; but the want was ably supplied by the elaborate, though somewhat discursive treatise, in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, (1829;) a work which, it is but justice to say, has afforded our author considerable facilities in preparing the present Memoir. The recent historical work of Libri* has an account of Galileo which is very valuable from its fulness and research, and the care which has been taken to quote the original authorities for the various statements and anecdotes recorded; but unfortunately the author is a partizan, whose zeal to magnify his hero causes him to lose sight of all fairness and moderation in speaking of the characters and conduct of those to whom he was opposed.

Galileo Galilei, born at Pisa in 1564, was descended from a patrician, though decayed family, some of whose members had filled high civic offices in Florence. He was originally destined for commerce; but his studious disposition and promising talents led his father, Vincenzo Galilei, to entertain visions of success in a liberal profession; and, at the age of seventeen, he was sent to the university of Pisa to study medicine. His taste for geometry is said to have been developed by accidentally overhearing a lesson given by the Abbé Ricci to his pupils, the pages of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Ricci happened to be a friend of Vincenzo Galilei; and, on becoming acquainted with the circumstance, and the progress already made by the young aspirant, admitted him to his course, and encouraged him to persevere.

* *Histoire des Sciences Mathématiques en Italie*. Tom. iv. 1841.

The study of Euclid was followed by that of Archimedes ; and, after some ineffectual attempts on the part of his father to recall him to his professional studies, he was allowed to follow the bent of his genius. But Vincenzo, being burdened with a numerous family, was unable to maintain his son at Pisa ; he applied for a bursary, and was disappointed ; and Galileo was compelled to leave the university without taking his Doctor's degree.

Galileo's first essay in science was a treatise on the hydrostatical balance. This production fell into the hands of Guido Ubaldi, who forthwith conceived a friendship for the young author, and procured for him the appointment of lecturer on mathematics at Pisa, with a salary of sixty crowns. In this office he soon made himself conspicuous for the freedom and boldness of his attacks on the mechanical doctrines of Aristotle, whereby he excited the suspicions, and provoked the hatred of a strong party in the university. In 1592, he was appointed by the republic of Venice, again on the recommendation of Ubaldi, to the professorship of mathematics at Padua, with a salary of 180 florins. At that time, it was the custom (as it had been in the middle ages) to engage professors for a term of years. Galileo's appointment was for six years ; but when the first period of his engagement had expired, he was re-elected for another period of six years, with an increased salary of 320 florins ; and, in 1606, he was a third time appointed, and his salary raised to 520 florins. His popularity by this time had become so great, that his audience could not be accommodated in the spacious lecture-rooms, 'and he was frequently obliged to adjourn to the open air.'

In 1609, Galileo, from some obscure hints, found out the construction of the telescope. The instrument excited intense curiosity at Venice ; and he presented one to the Senate, 'who 'acknowledged the present by a mandate, conferring on him 'for life his professorship at Padua, and generously raising his 'salary from 520 to 1000 florins.' In the following year he was induced, by offers from Cosmo, Grand Duke of Tuscany, to return to his native state ; and he took up his residence at Florence, in the capacity of mathematician of the Grand Duke, with a salary of 1000 florins, and with no official duty excepting that—which we may suppose would not press hard upon his leisure—of occasionally lecturing to foreign princes. This appointment Galileo continued to hold during the remainder of his life, enjoying the favour first of Cosmo, and afterwards of his successor, Ferdinand II., both of whom treated him with distinction ; and used their influence with the court of Rome to shield him from the persecutions which were raised against him

by the churchmen, and the partisans of the Aristotelian philosophy.

Being thus placed in a situation of independence, and in possession of uninterrupted leisure, Galileo devoted himself with ardour to the study of philosophy; and it must be admitted, that if there be others to whom physical science is indebted for more profound investigations, and researches of greater difficulty, there is, perhaps, no one whose writings have more contributed to its general progress, or whose name is associated with a greater number of brilliant discoveries.

Galileo's astronomical discoveries were the natural, it may be said the necessary, consequences of the invention of the telescope. With respect to the instrument itself, it is not easy to pronounce with certainty on the exact degree of merit he can claim in the invention. The received story is, that while at Venice in 1609, he heard accidentally of an instrument having been constructed in Holland, which possessed the property of causing distant objects to appear nearer to the observer; that on reflecting on the means by which this effect could be produced, he found, after a night's consideration, the explanation in the principle of refraction; and that by applying two spectacle glasses of a particular kind to a leaden tube, he was immediately in possession of a telescope which magnified three times. According to this account, Galileo was a re-inventor of the telescope. He himself claims no other merit than that of divining the construction, and improving the instrument. He affirms that he had never seen any of the Dutch telescopes; and although, as remarked by Sir David Brewster, there is no reason to doubt his assertion, it appears from various evidence that more than one telescope had previously been brought from Holland to Italy; whence it has been conceived to be quite possible that, without having actually seen the instrument, he may have received such information with respect to its construction, as would render the discovery of the principle not altogether independent. But whether his merit in the re-invention of the telescope be great or small, he is entitled, beyond all question, to the honour of first applying it to the examination of the Heavens; and displaying, to the astonished gaze of mankind, new worlds and wonders, of the existence of which, till that time, no one had formed a conception.

The invention of the telescope was followed almost immediately by a crowd of astronomical discoveries, which, though, from our familiarity with them at the present day, they cease to be regarded with wonder, could not fail, on their first announcement, to excite very great admiration and astonishment. The

first object he examined was the moon, whose rugged and irregular surface, presenting so many points of resemblance to our own earth, supplied him with arguments against the Aristotelian doctrine of the perfection, absolute smoothness, and incorruptible essence of the heavenly bodies; of which he was not slow to take advantage. He next observed and pointed out the remarkable difference between the telescopic appearances of the planets and fixed stars; and the innumerable multitude of small stars that become visible in the milky way, the pleiades, and other nebulae and clusters. But, of all his telescopic discoveries, that which was regarded as the most astonishing and incredible, (for their existence was denied, and cause shown why they could not possibly exist,) was the satellites of Jupiter. Four small planets revolving about a central body, and presenting so palpable and striking an analogy to the primary planets revolving about the sun, furnished an argument in favour of the Copernican theory, to which even the most bigoted followers of Aristotle could scarcely withhold their assent. The ring of Saturn also attracted his notice; but, in this case, he mistook the nature of the phenomenon, and supposed the planet to be triple. He remarked the horned appearance of Venus, and thereby removed a difficulty which had occurred to Copernicus himself, who perceived that, if his theory were true, the inferior planets ought to have phases like the moon. His discovery of the spots on the sun has occasioned much controversy; having been claimed by Fabricius, Scheiner, and our countryman Harriott. Galileo's claim to priority seems now generally admitted; and he deduced from the phenomena the important conclusion, that the sun revolves on its axis in a period of about twenty-eight days.

Greatly as these discoveries have contributed to the fame of Galileo, it cannot be said that they occupied a large portion of his time—having been all published within three years after he was in possession of the telescope. Viewing them with relation to the present state of knowledge, their intrinsic merit is not very great. They are nothing beyond what an ordinary observer, with a tolerably good telescope, would be expected to make out in the course of a few evenings; excepting, perhaps, the phenomena of the solar spots, and the motions of Jupiter's satellites, which require time for their development. After the invention of the telescope, they imply no great merit; and could not long have escaped observation, although Galileo had never lived. In fact, with the exception of the phases of Venus, and the triple appearance of Saturn, they were all claimed by other observers even in his own lifetime. But, in order to appreciate them correctly, we must go back to the period at which they were made;

and consider them with reference to the ideas universally entertained in that age. In this light, their importance assumes a very different character; and it will appear that to Galileo must be conceded the honour, not only of having made an immense addition to the existing knowledge of the heavens, but of having prepared men's minds for the reception of the true Theory of the Universe, by beating down and overthrowing the prejudices by which they had been kept enthralled for so many generations.

The researches of Galileo, in some of the other departments of natural philosophy, were of more importance than his telescopic discoveries. Since the days of Archimedes, no advance had been made in the theory of mechanics. In determining the law of the acceleration of falling bodies, and thereby laying the foundation of dynamics, Galileo gave it an immense extension. While yet a student at Pisa, he remarked the extremely important fact of the isochronism of the pendulum; and being then engaged in medical studies, he proposed to apply that property as a means of ascertaining the rate of the pulse. At a more mature age, he had an idea of making use of a pendulum as a regulator of clock-work; but he was ignorant of the theory of the isochronism, which was first given by Huygens. The three (so called) laws of motion, though they are not distinctly enunciated, are virtually involved in the reasoning which he employs in his '*Dialogues on Mechanics*,' published in 1638. The principle of virtual velocities has usually been ascribed to him: the germ is, however, to be found in the anterior writings of his first patron and early friend, Guido Ubaldi. In mathematics he was not an inventor; and it would seem that his acquirements in this department were scarcely equal to the state of knowledge at the time. Delambre has remarked as extraordinary, that in his long calculations (published in 1632) to prove that the new star of 1572 had no parallax, he made no use of Logarithms, although the tables of Napier, Kepler, Ursinus, and Briggs, were then in existence, and would have greatly abridged his labour. In a letter to the Grand Duke, written in 1609, he mentions several mathematical treatises on which he was engaged; among others, one on the composition of continuous quantity. It is not very clear that the works alluded to ever existed elsewhere than in his own mind; but it is supposed that many of his writings have been lost, and that with reference to the one just mentioned, Cavalleri long refused to publish his own theory, in the hope that Galileo's would be given to the world. On these very insufficient grounds, Libri gives him the credit of having imagined the calculus of indivisibles.

It is not our purpose to enumerate the specific services which Galileo rendered to the physical sciences; and still less to enter into any account of the long and prolix discussions with which the announcement of the greater part of his discoveries was followed. His claim to the gratitude of posterity consists not so much in his actual discoveries, important though they were, as in the revolution which he contributed to effect in philosophy, by applying geometrical reasoning to experimental facts, and teaching mankind to reject the dogmas of the schools, and to appeal from the authority of Aristotle to reason and observation. It cannot, indeed, be said that he was either the first who followed the inductive method of reasoning, or who perceived and denounced the worthlessness of the scholastic philosophy; but the credit which he had gained by the telescope, and the wonders it revealed, and, above all, the extraordinary elegance and perspicuity of his writings, threw the merits of others into the shade; and gave an impulse and currency to his opinions, which they would not have obtained without these accessory advantages. Considering the frequency with which his name occurs in all the scientific productions of the seventeenth century, and that it stands at the head of so many important discoveries both in astronomy and mechanics, we may admit the remark of his countryman Libri, that in science he was the master of Europe.

The circumstances which entitle Galileo to be regarded as a *martyr of science*, are the persecutions he sustained on account of his assertion of the earth's motion; his trial, condemnation, and imprisonment, by the Inquisition; and his constrained abjuration, in his old age, of the Copernican doctrine, which it had been the principal business of his life to establish. This episode in his history has been represented in very different colours by his biographers; some ascribing his persecution to the jealousy with which the Romish Church has always been disposed to regard the propagation of physical knowledge; while others have considered that it was provoked, if not altogether compelled, by his own imprudent conduct; which left the heads of the Church no alternative but to reduce him to silence, or abandon their pretensions to spiritual authority. Sir David Brewster has treated this subject with fairness and moderation. He is no apologist of the Inquisition; yet, on perusing his narrative, we cannot fail to see that its conduct, in this particular case, was not without circumstances of palliation; and that Galileo himself, like many others who have had the credit of suffering for the cause of truth, had no small share in stirring up the persecution by which his last years were embittered.

Galileo had adopted the Copernican theory at an early period;

and as it was not the disposition of his mind long to cherish any opinion in silence, keen discussions on the subject had taken place between himself and the Peripatetics during his residence at Padua. Defeated in argument, they invoked the aid of religion, and attempted to silence him by the authority of Scripture. The heads of the Church, though disliking the innovation, were reluctant to commit themselves by a formal condemnation of the doctrine, and desirous that it should be viewed in the light of a mere mathematical hypothesis. In fact, the theory of the earth's motion, so far from having met with opposition on its first promulgation, had been received with favour by some of the most eminent cardinals and churchmen; and Copernicus, himself a priest, had dedicated his great work, *De Revolutionibus*, to the Pope. But when Galileo, who had no spiritual character, began to disseminate the same doctrine, the Dominicans took alarm, and forced the Church into a reluctant declaration of its sentiments. In replying to the objections which his opponents drew from certain texts of Scripture, Galileo, in a letter to his friend and pupil Castelli, endeavoured to prove that the expressions employed in the sacred writings were not intended to have reference to astronomical systems; and that there was, in fact, as much difficulty in reconciling the language of Scripture with the Ptolemaic as with the Copernican theory; and in 1615 he published a letter, addressed to the mother of the Grand Duke, in which the same arguments were stated at greater length, and enforced with quotations from the ancient fathers, and instances of the former practice of the Church. The publication of these letters gave great offence to the court of Rome; for, however favourably it might be disposed to the new doctrines, it could not submit to see the interpretation of the Scriptures wrested from the hands of the priesthood by a layman. Galileo having reason to apprehend that the doctrine would be formally condemned, proceeded to Rome for the purpose of endeavouring to avert, if possible, this consequence. Here, he was brought before the tribunal of the Inquisition, charged with maintaining the doctrine of the motion of the earth and the immobility of the sun, teaching it to his pupils, and attempting to reconcile it to Scripture. In February 1616, a congregation of cardinals, having considered the charges, decreed that Galileo should be enjoined to renounce the obnoxious doctrines, and to pledge himself, under the penalty of imprisonment, that he would neither teach, defend, or publish them in future. Galileo, says Sir David Brewster, 'did not hesitate to yield to this injunction. ' On the day following, the 26th of February, he appeared ' before Cardinal Bellarmine to renounce his heretical opinions;

‘and, having declared that he abandoned the doctrine of the earth’s motion, and would neither defend nor teach it, in his conversation or his writings, he was dismissed from the bar of the Inquisition.’

Having disposed of the case of Galileo, the Congregation next proceeded to consider the doctrine itself; and, on the 5th of March of the same year, a formal decree was pronounced, declaring it to be false, and contrary to the Holy Scriptures; and in order that the heresy might spread no further to the prejudice of Catholic truth, they decreed that the work of Copernicus should be suspended until it should have been corrected; and that the book of one Foscarini, a Carmelite friar, should be altogether prohibited and condemned, together with all other works teaching the same doctrine. In this general prohibition, therefore, Galileo’s letters to Castelli and the Grand Duchess were included, although they were not expressly named. Galileo remained for some time at Rome, doing his best, it would seem, notwithstanding his pledge, to frustrate these intentions. Nevertheless, he had an audience of the Pope, by whom he was very graciously received. The Pope assured him, ‘that the Congregation were not disposed to receive upon light grounds any calumnies that might be propagated by his enemies, and that, so long as he occupied the papal chair, he might consider him, self safe.’ These assurances (Sir D. Brewster remarks) ‘were no doubt founded on the belief that Galileo would adhere to his pledges; but so bold and inconsiderate was he in the expression of his opinions, that, even in Rome, he was continually engaged in controversial discussions.’ To such a length was this imprudence carried, that the Tuscan minister, apprehensive of the consequences, represented the danger which Galileo was incurring to the Grand Duke, who, by a letter under his own hand, recalled him to Tuscany.

In 1623, Cardinal Maffeo Barberini succeeded to the Papal Chair, under the title of Urban VIII. This personage having been an intimate friend of Galileo, the latter was induced to proceed to Rome, to congratulate him upon his accession. Here, says Sir D. Brewster, he met with a noble and generous reception:—

‘The kindness of his Holiness was of the most marked description. He not only loaded Galileo with presents, and promised him a pension for his son Vincenzo, but wrote a letter to Ferdinand II., who had just succeeded Cosmo as Grand Duke of Tuscany, recommending Galileo to his particular patronage:—“For we find in him,” says he, “not only literary distinction, but the love of piety; and he is strong in those qualities by which pontifical good-will is easily obtained.”’

The spirit in which Galileo met the forbearance of the Inquisition, and the favours of the Pope, is thus set forth:—

‘ Although Galileo had made a narrow escape from the grasp of the Inquisition, yet he was never sufficiently sensible of the lenity which he experienced. When he left Rome in 1616, under the solemn pledge of never again teaching the obnoxious doctrine, it was with a hostility against the church, suppressed, but deeply cherished; and his resolution to propagate the heresy seems to have been coeval with the vow by which he renounced it. In the year 1618, when he communicated his theory of the tides to the Archduke Leopold, he alludes, in the most sarcastic terms, to the conduct of the church. The same hostile tone, more or less, pervaded all his writings; and, while he laboured to sharpen the edge of his satire, he endeavoured to guard himself against its effects by an affectation of the humblest deference to the decisions of theology.’

It is justly remarked by Sir David Brewster, that whatever allowance may be made for the ardour of Galileo’s temper, and however we may justify or even approve of his conduct up to this time, his visit to the Pope, in 1624, placed him in a new relation to the church, which demanded on his part a new and corresponding demeanour. The advances were made on his side—he had been received with courtesy and kindness—been loaded with favours, and had accepted pensions for himself and his son:—

‘ Thus honoured by the head of the church, and befriended by its dignitaries, Galileo must have felt himself secure against the indignities of its lesser functionaries, and in the possession of the fullest license to prosecute his researches and publish his discoveries, provided he avoided that dogma of the church which, even in the present day, it has not ventured to renounce. But Galileo was bound to the Romish hierarchy by even stronger ties. His son and himself were pensioners of the church; and, having accepted of its alms, they owed it at least a decent and respectful allegiance. The pension thus given by Urban, was not a remuneration which sovereigns sometimes award to the services of their subjects. Galileo was a foreigner at Rome. The sovereign of the papal state owed him no obligation; and hence we must regard the pension of Galileo as a donation from the Roman pontiff to science itself; and as a declaration to the Christian world, that religion was not jealous of philosophy, and that the church of Rome was willing to respect and foster even the genius of its enemies.

‘ Galileo viewed all these circumstances in a different light. He resolved to compose a work, in which the Copernican system should be demonstrated; but he had not the courage to do this in a direct and open manner. He adopted the plan of discussing the subject in a Dialogue between three speakers, in the hope of eluding, by this artifice, the censure of the church. This work was completed in 1630; but, owing to some difficulty in obtaining a license to print it, it was not

published till 1632. In obtaining this license, Galileo exhibited considerable address, and his memory has not escaped from the imputation of having acted unfairly, and of having involved his personal friends in the consequences of his imprudence.

The charge here hinted at, refers to the concealment from the censors, whose duty it was to examine and authorize the publication of the work, of the material fact, that he had been enjoined by the Inquisition, in 1616, not to hold or to teach the Copernican doctrine in any way whatever; and this is one of the circumstances of offence recited in the sentence that was ultimately passed on him. In consequence of the license, Ricciardi, the master of the palace, and Ciampoli, the Pope's private secretary, were dismissed from their situations, and even the Inquisitor of Florence did not escape a reprimand.

The work thus furtively ushered into the world, produced an immense effect, not only in Italy but over Europe. The Pope was greatly exasperated; and it has been said that the enemies of Galileo endeavoured to persuade him, that the *Simplicio* of the Dialogue—the Peripatetic whose feeble attempts to support Aristotle and Ptolemy were met by so overwhelming a force of argument and ridicule—was intended to represent his Holiness. He appointed a commission to enquire into the circumstances, and Galileo was again summoned to appear before the Inquisition at Rome. Here he arrived in February 1633—all the efforts of the Grand Duke and the Tuscan ambassador to obtain a dispensation from his attendance, on the grounds of his advanced age, his declining health, and the inconvenience of the quarantine regulations then in force, having been unsuccessful. These remonstrances, however, were not altogether without effect. The quarantine was relaxed in his favour; he was allowed to take up his residence in the house of the Tuscan ambassador; he was visited by the Pope's nephew; and throughout the whole of the proceedings, and the trial which followed, he was treated with the most marked indulgence and consideration. It would be uninteresting to describe in detail the proceedings before the court of the Inquisition; the result is thus stated by our author:—

‘ A long and elaborate sentence was pronounced, detailing the former proceedings of the Inquisition, (in 1616,) and specifying the offences which he had committed in teaching heretical doctrines, in violating his former pledges, and in obtaining, by improper means, a license for the printing of his Dialogues. After an invocation of the name of our Saviour and of the Holy Virgin, Galileo is declared to have brought himself under strong suspicions of heresy, and to have incurred all the censures and penalties which are enjoined against delinquents of this

kind; but from all these consequences he is held to be absolved, provided that with a sincere heart, and a faith unfeigned, he abjures and curses the heresies he has cherished, as well as every other heresy against the Catholic church. In order that his offence might not go altogether unpunished, that he might be more cautious in future, and be a warning to others to abstain from similar delinquencies, it was also decreed that his *Dialogues* should be prohibited by public edict; that he himself should be condemned to the prison of the Inquisition during their pleasure; and that, in the course of the next three years, he should recite once a-week the seven penitential psalms.

Galileo offered no resistance to this decree, but immediately signed the act of abjuration; in which 'he invoked the divine aid 'in abjuring, and detesting, and vowing never again to teach, 'the doctrine of the earth's motion and the sun's stability; 'pledged himself that he would never again, either in words or 'writing, propagate such heresies; and swore that he would 'fulfil and observe the penances which had been inflicted upon 'him.'—(P. 93.)

Galileo's abjuration was unquestionably a great triumph for the Romish church, and due care was taken to make it widely known. Sir David Brewster seems to consider that his character received some tarnish from the facility with which he renounced a doctrine which he had established by so many proofs, and of the truth of which he must have entertained a profound conviction. Assuredly his conduct displayed little of the firmness of a martyr; nor can he aspire to participate, in that respect, the approbation and applause which mankind willingly award to those who stand prepared to sacrifice even life for their principles. It must be remembered, however, that the matter at issue was not, like some speculative article of a theological system, a question of authority or opinion. Galileo must have felt that, whatever the Inquisition might be pleased to decree, the fate of his doctrines would ultimately be decided by facts and observations over which they had no control. He might reason as Pascal did with the Jesuits:— 'It is in vain that you have procured against Galileo a decree from 'Rome condemning the opinion of the earth's motion. Assuredly 'that will never prove it to be at rest; and if we have unerring 'observations proving that it turns round, not all mankind together can keep it from turning, nor themselves from turning with 'it.' Having this conviction, he must have felt that the progress of truth could neither, on the one hand, be retarded by formal submission to ecclesiastical power, nor, on the other, advanced by self-sacrifice. Under such circumstances, the insincerity of his act should not, perhaps, be severely judged. That Galileo was insincere in his abjuration cannot be doubted; his persecutors

were probably not more sincere : indeed, it is apparent on the face of the proceedings, that the point about which the Inquisition was solicitous, was not the truth or falsehood of the doctrine, but submission to the spiritual supremacy of the Church.

A question has been mooted with respect to this trial, which, though it is not alluded to by our author, we shall briefly notice, in consequence of the prominent manner in which it has recently been brought forward by Libri. It has been surmised that in the course of his examination Galileo was put to the torture. The ground of this surmise is the following sentence in the recital prefixed to the decree of the Inquisition :—‘ But whereas it appeared to us that you had not disclosed the whole truth with regard to your intentions, we thought it necessary to proceed to the rigorous examination of you, in which you answered like a good Catholic.* Now it is argued, that in the books of the Inquisitorial law, the phrase *rigorous examination* is understood to imply torture ; and processes are said to be extant which leave no doubt as to the correctness of this interpretation. Libri, indeed, goes the length of asserting, that, according to the laws of the Holy Office, whenever there was doubt with respect to the intention of the accused, it was matter of necessity to have recourse to torture. It is true, that neither Galileo himself, nor Niccolini, the ambassador of the Grand Duke, who transmitted an account of the proceedings to his master, has made the slightest allusion to torture ; but to account for their silence, it has been argued that the Inquisition was known to impose the most profound silence on those who had the misfortune to be brought before it, and that the trial of Galileo, as is evident from the correspondence of Niccolini, was, in a particular manner, shrouded in mystery. In the absence of all direct evidence, Libri and others have urged the probability of the allegation from the known character of the Inquisition, and its conduct in other instances ; but arguments of this kind must be received with great caution, when used for the purpose of proving a specific charge. It is a curious circumstance, that the document containing the original process, which would have afforded conclusive evidence in the present question, was in France previous to the restoration of the Bourbons, and that Napoleon intended to publish it. Libri states, that at the Restoration it was lost, or probably made away with. According to what is said of it by Venturi, who had his information from Delambre, the document was mutilated towards the end ; and Venturi was of opinion, that it would be in the defective part that the *Catholic answers*

* *Life of Galileo*, p. 60.—*Library of Useful Knowledge*.

of Galileo, in his *rigorous examination*, might be expected to be contained.*

Sir David Brewster, as we have already said, has made no allusion to this subject; probably considering the allegation, on such flimsy grounds, of a proceeding so utterly at variance with all that is certainly known with respect to the treatment of Galileo by the Inquisition, as undeserving of attention. In fact, the indulgence he met with during and subsequent to the trial, was such as must destroy every shadow of a suspicion of *torture*; at least if the Inquisition is to be judged of according to the rules which are ordinarily applied to human actions.

Galileo had remained only four days in the prison of the Inquisition, when, on the application of Niccolini, the Tuscan ambassador, he was allowed to reside with him in his palace. As Florence still suffered under the contagious disease we have already mentioned, it was purposed that Sienna should be the place of Galileo's confinement, and that his residence should be in one of the convents of that city. Niccolini, however, recommended the palace of the Archbishop Piccolomini as a more suitable residence; and though the archbishop was one of Galileo's best friends, the Pope agreed to the arrangement, and in the beginning of July Galileo quitted Rome for Sienna.

After having spent nearly six months under the hospitable roof of his friend, with no other restraint than that of being confined to the limits of the palace, Galileo was permitted to return to his villa near Florence under the same restrictions; and as the contagious disease had disappeared in Tuscany, he was able in the month of December to re-enter his own house at Arcetri, where he spent the remainder of his days.—(P. 101.)

Galileo survived this proceeding about nine years. Soon after his return to Arcetri, he lost his favourite daughter—who had piously taken on herself that portion of his penance which consisted in the weekly recital of the penitential psalms—and the event appears to have deeply affected his health and spirits. With the exception of a few months, during which he was permitted to reside at Florence, the whole of the remainder of his life was passed at Arcetri, which, in his familiar letters, he styled his prison. During this period he composed his 'Dialogues on Motion,' one of the most important of his works. His last astronomical discovery was the diurnal libration of the moon, in 1636. Soon after this, he lost the sight of an eye, and subsequently became totally blind. He died on the 8th of January 1642, in the 78th year of his age.

* The new Edition of Galileo's Works, now publishing at Florence, may be expected to contain documents, or information, which will set this question at rest.

The personal character of Galileo has been the theme of much eulogy. His manners are reported to have been cheerful and affable, and such as secured the warm attachment of friends. He is said to have been distinguished for his hospitality and benevolence; to have been 'liberal to the poor, and generous in 'the aid which he administered to men of genius and talent, who 'often found a comfortable asylum under his roof;' and, although his temper was easily ruffled, 'the excitement was transient, and 'the cause of it speedily forgotten.' Notwithstanding these general eulogies, an attentive reader of his 'Letters' will be apt to suspect that his mind was tinged with a considerable share of selfishness, and attention to personal indulgence and comfort; and with some illiberality in his appreciation of the discoveries of his contemporaries. From the style of his 'Dialogues,' as well as the accounts which have been given by others, of his disputes with the Aristotelians, we readily infer that he was fond of argument and disputation, perhaps of display; for his controversial powers were of the highest order, and gave him a great superiority over his adversaries. In his morals Sir David Brewster considers that he was somewhat lax. He never was married, and his children were legitimated by the Grand Duke. He appears to have been fond of the more exhilarating pleasures of the table. 'His hospitable board was ever ready for the reception of his friends; and 'though he was himself abstemious in his diet, he seems to have 'been a lover of good wines, of which he received always the 'choicest varieties out of the Grand Duke's cellar. 'This peculiar 'taste, together with his attachment to a country life, rendered 'him fond of agricultural pursuits, and induced him to devote 'his leisure hours to the cultivation of his vineyards.' Sir David concludes his account of Galileo with the following eulogy of his scientific character:—

'The scientific character of Galileo, and his method of investigating truth, demand our highest admiration. The number and ingenuity of his inventions, the brilliant discoveries which he made in the heavens, and the depth and beauty of his researches respecting the laws of motion, have gained him the admiration of every succeeding age, and have placed him next to Newton in the lists of original and inventive genius. To this high rank he was doubtless elevated by the inductive processes which he followed in all his enquiries. Under the sure guidance of observation and experiment, he advanced to general laws; and if Bacon had never lived, the student of nature would have found, in the writings and labours of Galileo, not only the boasted principles of the inductive philosophy, but also their practical application to the highest efforts of invention and discovery.'—(P. 118.)

Tycho Brabé, the second of the so-called Martyrs, though

he has been usually represented as immeasurably inferior to Galileo as a philosopher, rendered services to Astronomy of a far more important character. Unfortunately for his reputation, his name has come down to posterity in connexion with an hypothesis respecting the arrangement of the solar system, which never had any followers; and which, coming after that of Copernicus, has always been regarded as a retrograde step in theory. But if we put the unlucky hypothesis, with some other speculative notions of Tycho, out of view, and fix our attention solely on the extent, accuracy, and importance of his observations, and the results to which they led, we may easily satisfy ourselves that there is no observer, ancient or modern, whose labours have produced a more marked influence on the progress of astronomical science.

The anecdotal life of Tycho was written in minute and almost trifling detail by Gassendi; who has been flatteringly designated by Gibbon as '*le meilleur philosophe des littérateurs, et le meilleur littérateur des philosophes.*' In respect of astronomical knowledge Gassendi was well qualified for the task; but his Memoir is entirely panegyrical; and as he appears to have been of a credulous disposition, and to have adopted without scruple the sentiments and opinions of Tycho—whose ideas of his own merit and importance were of a somewhat exalted nature—his narrative has a considerable air of exaggeration, which has pervaded all the subsequent biographies, the present not excepted.

Tycho was descended from a noble Swedish family which for some generations had been settled in Denmark, and was born at Knudstorp, near Helsingborg, in 1546. His father having died at an early age, he was adopted by a paternal uncle; and after receiving the rudiments of a liberal education, he was sent to the University of Copenhagen to study rhetoric and philosophy. In 1562 he removed to Leipsig, to study jurisprudence, with the view of following the profession of the Law; but in this he took no interest, and Astronomy engrossed all his thoughts. On the death of his uncle in 1565, he was recalled to Denmark, where he continued diligently to prosecute his astronomical studies, to the great displeasure of his family, who ridiculed his pursuits, and reproached him with abandoning his profession. To escape the annoyance which this conduct occasioned him, and to improve himself in Astronomy, he resolved to visit the principal cities of Germany. At Rostock he unfortunately had a quarrel with Manderupius Pasbergius, a countryman of his own, which ended in a duel, fought in the dark. 'In this blind combat, Manderupius cut off the whole of the front of Tycho's nose; and it was fortunate for astronomy,'

says our author, 'that his more valuable organs were defended 'by so faithful an outpost.' Tycho repaired his loss as well as he could by an artificial nose, composed of an alloy of gold and silver; and Gassendi appeals to his portraits in proof of its excellent imitation of the original. At Augsburg he found a kindred spirit in a rich burgher, Paul Hainzel, in concert with whom he constructed an enormous quadrant of fourteen cubits radius, which 'twenty men could with difficulty transport to its place of fix-
'ture;' and also a sextant of four cubits, with which he made numerous observations. About the end of 1571 he returned to Denmark, where, in consequence of the reputation he had now acquired, he was received with great consideration, and invited to court by the King. At this time, his attention was chiefly engrossed with the pursuits of chemistry, or rather alchemy, which through his whole life he prosecuted with no less ardour than astronomy. 'In the hopes of enriching himself by the pur-
'suits of alchemy, Tycho devoted most of his attention to those
'satellites of gold and silver which now constituted his own
'system, and which disturbed by their powerful action the
'hitherto uniform motions of their primary. His affections
'were ever turning towards Germany, where astronomers of
'kindred view, and artists of surpassing talent, were to be
'found in almost every city. The want of money alone pre-
'vented him from realizing his wishes; and it was in the hope
'of obtaining the means of travelling, that he in a great mea-
'sure forsook his sextants for his crucibles.' While thus occu-
pied, the appearance of the new star in 1572, which suddenly shone forth with remarkable splendour, and continued visible for sixteen months, had the effect of recalling him to the path in which he was destined to acquire his permanent fame. He first saw the body on the 11th of November, and he immediately proceeded to observe its place, and note its form, magnitude, and appearance. His observations were assiduously continued for several months, and they form the basis of his work, '*De Nova Stella Anni 1572*,' which was published in the following year.

Previous to the publication of this work, Tycho felt or affected an apprehension of degrading his nobility, by appearing publicly in the character of an astronomer and author. Soon after, he committed a greater offence against his order, by marrying a peasant girl—an act by which his relations were so greatly displeased, that a reconciliation could only be effected through the mediation of the King. About the same time, he gave public lectures on astronomy, in which he defended astrology; but he took care to mention, that he was only induced to lecture by the special request of the monarch. In 1575, he set out on a

second journey through Germany. He first visited Hesse Cassel, where the Landgrave had erected a splendid observatory; and having travelled through Switzerland and Italy, he returned to Denmark with the intention of removing his family to Basle, where he had resolved permanently to settle. But his fame had now rendered him a personage whose presence conferred honour on his country: in order, therefore, to induce him to establish himself in Denmark, the King offered him a grant for life of the little island of Huen, in the entrance of the Baltic, and undertook to build him an observatory, a house, and a laboratory for his chemical experiments. Tycho willingly acceded to these liberal proposals, and forthwith proceeded to erect on his new property the celebrated observatory of Uraniburg; (the city of the heavens,)—a noble edifice, which cost the King of Denmark 100,000 rixdollars, (about L.20,000,) and on which Tycho is said to have expended an equal sum. This statement, however, appears to rest on the authority of a representation made to the Emperor of Germany by Tycho's heirs, who had a purpose to serve in magnifying his sacrifices, and probably spoke in round numbers. Tycho himself says, more picturesquely, that he expended on the observatory and instruments, more than a *ton of gold*. Now, as we have seen him, a few years previously, represented as applying himself to alchemy in the hope of procuring the means of travelling in Germany, and as it is not alleged that his search for the philosopher's stone was successful, we may be excused in suspecting some exaggeration. However this may be, he appears to have exhausted his private fortune; and, in order to provide for his expenses, the King granted him an annual pension of 2000 dollars, an estate in Norway, and a canonry in the church of Rothschild worth 1000 dollars a-year. Tycho remained upwards of twenty years in Huen, engaged in the preparation of his catalogue of the stars, and accumulating a mass of important observations. Nor was his fame confined to his island or country; it extended over Europe, and procured him visits from several royal personages, among others, from James VI. of Scotland, (upon the occasion of his marriage with the princess Anne,) who, with a numerous suite, passed eight days with Tycho, admiring his instruments and mechanical contrivances, and discoursing on the Copernican system—an occupation which must have been entirely to the taste of the royal pedant.

Through some unexplained cause, Tycho, after the death of Frederick II., fell into disfavour with the court of Denmark, and was deprived of his canonry, his estate in Norway, and his pension. Being thus left without the means of supporting the

expenses of his establishment, he, in 1597, removed his instruments and family to Copenhagen; but finding himself still exposed to persecution, he resolved for ever to leave his ungrateful country. The description of his emigration is affecting. 'He carried from Huen every thing that was moveable, and having packed up his instruments, his crucibles, and his books, he hired a ship to convey them to some foreign land. His wife, his five sons and four daughters, his male and female servants, and many of his pupils and assistants, among whom were Tegnagel, his future son-in-law, and Longomontanus, embarked at Copenhagen, to seek the hospitality of a better country than their own.' —(P. 171.) (Here we must take leave to correct a slight error. Tycho's family, on leaving Denmark, consisted of only *two* sons and four daughters.) His first landing-place was Rostock; but after a short time he took up his residence with his friend Count Rantzau, in the castle of Wandesberg, near Hamburg; and finally procured an invitation to settle at Prague, from the Emperor Rudolph II. After some delay he set out for Bohemia, and arrived at Prague in the beginning of 1599. He met with a cordial reception from the Emperor, who conferred upon him favours and appointments more than sufficient to compensate his losses in Denmark. A pension of 3000 crowns, an estate in perpetuity, a town house, and the choice of various castles and houses in the country, were the immediate and munificent gifts of Rudolph. He selected the castle of Benach, but after a few months transferred his family and instruments to a house which had been purchased for him in Prague. But his career was now drawing to a close. He removed to Prague in February 1601. On the 13th of October, in the same year, while supping at the table of a nobleman, where they drank freely, he experienced some feelings of discomfort; but, from motives of courtesy, he remained at table, and on his return home was seized with a retention of urine, in consequence of which he expired, after ten days of extreme suffering. He died in the 55th year of his age; his last words, repeated frequently during his delirium, being *Ne frustra videar vixisse*.

Such is a brief outline of the life of this remarkable man. To appreciate the services which he rendered to Astronomy, it is necessary to consider the state of the science at the time he commenced his labours. The question between the rival theories of Ptolemy and Copernicus was then undecided; and as both hypotheses sufficed for the explanation of the observed phenomena, and afforded nearly equal facilities for calculation, no further advance could be made without more numerous and accurate observations. This was precisely what Tycho undertook to sup-

ply. Born in a favourable position, possessing independent resources, and liberally aided by the King of Denmark, he erected an Observatory of more than regal magnificence; constructed or procured instruments superior in magnitude and accuracy to any that had been previously seen; engaged the services of able and zealous assistants, and devoted himself to assiduous observation during a long series of years. The result was the accumulation of a large mass of very accurate observations, which, falling into the hands of Kepler, led to the discovery of the true nature of the planetary orbits, and a complete revolution in Astronomy.

Although Tycho's principal merit is that of a diligent and accurate observer, various results which he deduced from his observations were important improvements in theory. He was the first who pointed out the diminution of the obliquity of the ecliptic. He detected several inequalities in the moon's motions, and determined their law. He proved from the parallax of comets that these bodies are situated far beyond the orbit of the moon, and consequently that the heavens are not, as was then supposed, solid transparent spheres. He formed the first table of refractions; imperfect, no doubt, as it extended only to 45° in altitude;—but before the discovery of the telescope, the effect of refraction beyond that altitude was insensible. He introduced into Practical Astronomy various improvements on the methods of observing; and he set the example of carefully verifying his instruments, and ascertaining the amount of instrumental errors. But the most valuable result of his labours is his catalogue of fixed stars. The catalogue, as originally published in the *Progymnasmata*, contained 777 stars; but the number was afterwards increased, by Kepler, from the original observations to 1005; and it is to be kept in mind, that all the observations were made with extra-meridional instruments, and reduced by the laborious method of distances. This monument of Tycho's industry was republished last year, (1843,) along with some other ancient catalogues; under the care and at the expense of a private gentleman, to whose unostentatious liberality various sciences, but especially Astronomy, have been under important obligations.*

* 'The Catalogues of Ptolemy, Ulugh Beigh, Tycho Brahé, Hevelius, deduced from the best authorities; with various Notes and Corrections, and a Preface to each Catalogue.' By Francis Baily, Esq. Forming Vol. XIII. of the *Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society*.

The claim of Tycho to be regarded as a Martyr of science rests solely on the circumstances, whatever they were, that led to the withdrawal of his pensions, and his exile from Denmark. Among the losses he sustained on this occasion, the one which he must have most deeply regretted was his observatory, which had been erected at so great an expense, and of which his biographers have given such glowing descriptions—descriptions which, were it not for the minuteness of their details, and the confirmation they receive from the plans and drawings given by Tycho himself, we might almost suppose to have belonged to a romance. The following extract will show Tycho's notions of the accommodation required for an astronomer. After describing the ceremony of laying the foundation, which was done in presence of the King, and at which 'copious libations of a variety of wines were offered for the success of the undertaking,' Sir David Brewster thus proceeds:—

'The observatory was surrounded by a rampart, each face of which was three hundred feet long. About the middle of each face the rampart became a semicircle, the inner diameter of which was ninety feet. The height of the rampart was twenty-two feet, and its thickness at the base twenty. Its four angles corresponded exactly with the four cardinal points, and at the north and south angles were erected turrets, of which one was a printing-house, and the other the residence of the servants. Gates were erected at the east and west angles, and above them were apartments for the reception of strangers. Within the rampart was a shrubbery with about three hundred varieties of trees; and at the centre of each semicircular part of the rampart was a bower or summer-house. This shrubbery surrounded the flower-garden, which was terminated within by a circular wall about forty-five feet high, which enclosed a more elevated area, in the centre of which stood the principal building of the observatory, and from which four paths led to the above-mentioned angles, with as many doors for entering the garden.

'The principal building was about sixty feet square. The doors were placed on the east and west sides; and to the north and south fronts were attached two round towers, whose inner diameter was about thirty-two feet, and which formed the observatories, which had windows in their roof that could be opened towards any part of the heavens. The accommodations for the family were numerous and splendid. Under the observatory, in the south tower, was the museum and library; and below this, again, was the laboratory, in a subterranean crypt, containing sixteen furnaces of various kinds. Beneath this was a well forty feet deep, from which water was distributed by syphons to every part of the building.'

'As the two towers could not accommodate the instruments which Tycho required for his observations, he found it necessary to erect, on the hill about sixty paces to the south of Uraniburg, a subterranean

observatory, in which he might place his larger instruments, which required to be firmly fixed, and to be protected from the wind and weather. This observatory, which he called Stiern-berg [*Stiernburg*,] or the mountain of the stars, consisted of several crypts, separated by solid walls, and to these there was a subterranean passage from the laboratory in Uraniburg. The various buildings which Tycho erected were in a regular style of architecture, and were highly ornamented, not only with external decorations, but with the statues and pictures of the most distinguished astronomers, from Hipparchus and Ptolemy down to Copernicus, and with inscriptions and poems in honour of astronomers.—(Pp. 148–151.)

Not the least remarkable circumstance connected with this magnificent structure, was its speedy demolition, without apparent cause or object. Even when Gassendi wrote, the edifice, with all its towers and ramparts, had entirely disappeared—*jam seges est ubi Troja fuit*—and when Picard was sent to Huen, by the Academy of Sciences of Paris, in 1671, for the purpose of determining the exact position of the spot where the instruments had stood, he found only some remains of foundations; the whole structure, he remarks, having been demolished soon after Tycho's departure, and the materials partly used in the construction of a farm-house. What renders its demolition more unaccountable, is the circumstance, that in the time of Tycho the island contained only one village, with about forty inhabitants. It could scarcely be necessary to pull down a castle to obtain building materials for the houses required by such a population.

The causes of Tycho's rupture with the Danish court have been left by preceding biographers without satisfactory explanation; and Sir David Brewster has not thrown any new light on the subject. Tycho himself does not name his persecutors; but, in his elegies and private letters, hints at vague charges of ingratitude and oppression; declares he will tell all at the proper time and in the proper place; and piously suggests that his persecution was ordained by Providence, for the purpose of more widely diffusing a knowledge of astronomy. The reasons set forth in the following paragraph, afford no satisfactory explanation of the mystery:—

‘For several years the studies of Tycho had been treated with an unwilling toleration by the Danish court. Many of the nobles envied the munificent establishment he had received from Frederick, and the liberal pension which he drew from the treasury. But among his most active enemies were some physicians, who envied his reputation as a successful and a gratuitous practitioner of the healing art. Numbers of invalids flocked to Huen; and diseases, which resisted all other methods of cure, are said to have yielded to the panaceal prescription of the astrologer. Under the influence of such motives, these individuals succeeded in exci-

ting against Tycho the hostility of the court. They drew the public attention to the exhausted state of the treasury. They maintained that he had possessed too long the estate in Norway, which might be given to men who laboured more usefully for the commonwealth; and they accused him of allowing the chapel at Rothschild to fall into decay.'—(P. 168.)

The story about the jealousy of the physicians is given by Gassendi in rather stronger terms; but it would seem to rest on no better foundation than the following verses, in an elegy composed by Tycho on the occasion of his departure. After alluding to his medical practice, he adds—

‘Nec tamen hinc lucrum sectabar, ut undique moris;
 Gratis quippe dabam parta labore gravi.
 Nimirum hoc fuerat cur tanta odia invida sensi,
 Hinc abitus nostri manat origo vetus.’

Jessenius, in the funeral oration printed at the end of Gassendi's Memoir, ascribes the cause of his misfortunes to his plainness of speech: ‘Nihil fictum, nihil simulatum in ipso; sed scapham scapham appellabat; unde omne quod sustinuit odium.’ Our author, in common with the other biographers of Tycho, has ascribed his persecution to Walchendorp, the President of the Danish Council, whose hostility is said to have had its origin in a quarrel about a dog. Some symptoms of public feeling having manifested themselves in favour of Tycho, after his retirement from Huen to Copenhagen, Walchendorp—‘a name,’ says Sir David, ‘which, while the heavens revolve, will be pronounced with horror by astronomers—saw the change of sentiment which his injuries had produced, and adopted an artful method of sheltering himself from public odium. . . . He appointed a committee of two persons, one of whom was Thomas Feuchius, to report to the government on the nature and utility of the studies of Tycho. These two individuals were entirely ignorant of astronomy and the use of instruments; and even if they had not, they would have been equally subservient to the views of the minister. They reported that the studies of Tycho were of no value, and that they were not only useless, but noxious. Armed with this report, Walchendorp prohibited Tycho, in the King's name, from continuing his chemical experiments.’—(P. 171.) Passing over the assumed subserviency of Feuchius and his coadjutor, we may remark, that Astronomers have no great reason to find fault with the sentence consequent on their report; nor is it probable that Chemistry lost much by the prohibition of Tycho's experiments. The charges against Walchendorp would seem to require some fur-

ther support, in order to entitle them to be received as matter of authentic history.

Beyond the credit due to Tycho as a practical Astronomer, his character presents few points for admiration, and is even stained with the grossest weaknesses and defects. He was a believer in Astrology, and a confirmed Alchemist;—the discoverer of a new elixir, or universal remedy, ‘which went by his name, and was sold in every apothecary’s shop as a specific against the diseases which were then ravaging Germany.’ Astrologer, alchemist, and quack, he also aspired to be regarded as a conjurer. ‘He had various automata, with which he delighted to astonish the peasants; and by means of invisible bells, which communicated with every part of his establishment, and which rung with the gentlest touch, he had great pleasure in bringing any of his pupils suddenly before strangers, muttering at a particular time the words “Come hither, Peter,” as if he had commanded their presence by some supernatural agency.’—(P. 196.) The following extract shows that the study of Astronomy had not elevated his mind above the most abject superstitions:—

‘If, on leaving home, he met with an old woman, or a hare, he returned immediately to his house. But the most extraordinary of all his peculiarities remains to be noticed:—When he lived at Uraniburg, he maintained an idiot of the name of Lep, who lay at his feet whenever he sat down to dinner, and whom he fed with his own hand. Persuaded that his mind, when moved, was capable of foretelling future events, Tycho carefully remarked every thing he said. Lest it should be supposed this was done to no purpose, Longomontanus relates that when any person in the island was sick, Lep never, when interrogated, failed to predict whether the patient would live or die.’—(P. 197.)

Our author, in an eloquent paragraph which we regret our limits will not permit us to transfer wholly to our pages, has, with a view to extenuate some of these defects of Tycho’s character, discussed the question how far a belief in Alchemy, and the practice of its arts, have a foundation in the weakness of human nature; and to what extent they are compatible with piety and elevated moral feeling. We can only make room for the following passage:—

‘The history of learning furnishes us with many examples of that species of delusion in which a great mind submits itself to vulgar adulation, and renounces unwillingly, if it renounces at all, the unenviable reputation of supernatural agency. In cases where self-interest and ambition are the basis of this peculiarity of temperament, and in an age when the conjurer and the alchemist were the companions and even the idols of princes, it is easy to trace the steps by which a gifted sage re-

tains his ascendancy among the ignorant. The hecatomb, which is sacrificed to the magician, he receives as an oblation to his science; and conscious of possessing real endowments, the idol devours the meats which are offered to him, without analyzing the motives and expectations under which he is fed. Even when the idolater and his god are not placed in this transverse relation, the love of power or of notoriety is sufficient to induce good men to lend a too willing ear to vulgar testimony in favour of themselves; and in our own times, it is not common to repudiate the unmerited cheers of a popular assembly, or to offer a contradiction to fictitious tales which record our talents or our courage, our charity or our piety.'—(P. 191.)

We proceed now to a character of a very different class;—one of those rare men, says Laplace, whom nature bestows from time to time on the sciences, in order to develop the great theories prepared by the labours of many ages. Kepler was born at Wîel, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, on the 21st of December 1571, and was consequently twenty-four years younger than Tycho, and seven years younger than Galileo. His father and mother are represented as having both been of noble extraction, but reduced to indigence by their improvidence or bad conduct. The nobility of his descent, however, afforded him no immunity from the usual inconveniences of poverty: his father, who had been a petty officer in the Duke of Wirtemberg's service, became ultimately the keeper of a tavern at Elmendingen; and he himself, at the age of twelve years, was employed in menial offices in this establishment. In his youth he was of a feeble and delicate constitution, and subject to periodical attacks of severe illness. At the age of fifteen he was admitted into the school of the monastery of Maulbronn, whence, in due time, he proceeded to the university of Tübingen. Here he had Michael Mœstlin for his preceptor in mathematics—an Astronomer of no mean repute, and to whom the credit is due of being one of the first who publicly taught the system of Copernicus. Under this tuition Kepler made rapid advances; and, on taking his degree of master in 1591, he held the second place at the annual examination.

In the biographies of great inventors we expect to find, almost as matter of course, not only some manifestations of the ruling passion in early youth, but indulgence in the favourite pursuits at a more advanced period, in spite of every obstacle and discouragement. Thus Tycho was sent to Leipsic to study Law, but passed his nights in measuring the distance of the stars. Galileo was placed at Pisa to study Medicine, but gave his whole mind to mechanics. Kepler, however, cannot be cited as an example in illustration of the rule, for he took to astronomy as

a matter of duty. On the recommendation of Mœstlin, he was appointed, in 1594, to the professorship of Astronomy at Gratz—an office for which he had, at that time, no particular qualification; and he himself states, that he had no predilection for the science, but having been educated at the public expense, he felt himself constrained to accept the first appointment that was offered him. His attention being thus directed to Astronomy, he embarked in the study with the eagerness for which he was remarkable through life, devoting the whole energies of his mind to discover the causes of the number, the size, and the nature of the planetary orbits. The fruits of this application appeared in 1596, in his ‘*Prodromus of Cosmographical Dissertations*;’—a work of which the object appears to have been to prove, that the Creator of the universe had observed the relations among the five regular solids, in determining the order, number, and proportions of the planetary orbits. Wild and extravagant as were the theories propounded in this remarkable volume, the boldness and originality of genius, as well as powers of application which it manifested, called forth the approbation of Galileo and Tycho, and stamped the author as one of the first Astronomers of the age. Kepler’s position at Gratz was by no means an agreeable one. The feuds between the Catholics and Protestants, which then agitated the city, were a source of continual annoyance to him; his income was insufficient for his support; he had married, and his wife’s dowery having turned out less than he had been led to expect, he was involved in disputes with her relations. In 1600 he visited Tycho at Prague, for the purpose of obtaining from that Astronomer more accurate data for the determination of the eccentricities of the planets; and an arrangement was proposed whereby he should become one of Tycho’s assistants. Before this plan could be carried into effect, Kepler, in consequence of fresh troubles at Gratz, was induced to resign his appointment at that place; and being thus left without the means of subsistence, he applied for the professorship of medicine at Tubingen. From this purpose, which would probably have given an entirely different direction to his studies, he was dissuaded by Tycho; who invited him to Prague, presented him to the Emperor, and procured for him the title and emoluments of imperial mathematician, on the condition that he should assist in reducing the observations. Longomontanus was at that time Tycho’s first assistant, and it was agreed that they should undertake the computation, from Tycho’s observations, of an entirely new set of astronomical tables; to be called, in honour of the Emperor, the ‘*Rudolphine Tables*.’ The proposal was encouraged by the

Emperor, who pledged himself to defray the expenses of the publication ; but the death of Tycho in 1601, and the return of Longomontanus to Copenhagen, put an end to the scheme for the present.

Upon the death of Tycho, Kepler succeeded him as first mathematician to the Emperor, and came into possession of his invaluable collection of observations. To this office a handsome salary was attached ; but the imperial treasury being drained by expensive wars, Kepler experienced great difficulties in providing a subsistence for his family. But his astronomical pursuits were not forgotten. ‘ No adverse circumstances were capable of extinguishing his scientific ardour, and, whenever he directed his vigorous mind to the investigation of phenomena, he never failed to obtain interesting and original results.’ At this period, he occupied himself with researches on the subject of refraction. His ‘ Supplement to Vitellio ’ was published in 1604 ;—a work which contained the best account of astronomical optics then extant, and in which the offices performed by the different parts of the eye, in the act of vision, were first distinctly explained. In 1611, he published another work on the same subject, his ‘ Dioptrics,’ which contains the first theoretical explanation which was given of the construction of the telescope. But the most important result of his labours at this period of his life, and indeed by far the most valuable of all his productions, was his ‘ Commentaries on the Motions of Mars,’ which appeared in 1609. In this remarkable work he has recorded the various steps by which he was led to two of his greatest discoveries ; namely, that the orbit of Mars is an ellipse having the sun in one of its foci ; and that the time of describing any arc is proportioned to the area included between the curve and two straight lines drawn from the sun to the extremities of the arc. These important laws, together with the correct views on gravity disclosed in this work, entitle its author to be regarded as the precursor of Newton and Laplace, and the founder of celestial mechanics.

As an account of this volume, and of Kepler’s principal astronomical discoveries, has been given in a former number of this Journal,* we shall not dwell on them here, but proceed to give a few more incidents of his personal history. The melancholy posture of his private affairs about this time, is thus described by Sir David Brewster :—

‘ When Kepler presented to Rudolph the volume which contained

these fine discoveries, he reminded him jocularly of his requiring the sinews of war to make similar attacks upon the other planets. The Emperor, however, had more formidable enemies than Jupiter and Saturn, and from the treasury, which war had exhausted, he found it difficult to supply the wants of science. While Kepler was thus involved in the miseries of poverty, misfortunes of every kind filled up the cup of his adversity. His wife, who had long been the victim of low spirits, was seized, towards the end of 1610, with fever, epilepsy, and phrenitis, and before she had completely recovered, all his three children were simultaneously attacked with the small-pox. His favourite son fell a victim to the malady, and at the same time Prague was partially occupied by the troops of Leopold. The part of the city where Kepler resided was harassed by the Bohemian levies, and, to crown the list of evils, the Austrian troops introduced the plague into the city.'—(P. 228.)

In consequence of his pecuniary embarrassments, Kepler made an attempt to obtain a Professorship at Linz, in Austria; but the Emperor would not consent to his leaving Prague, and encouraged him with hopes of payment of the arrears of his salary. On the death of Rudolph, Kepler again received the appointment of imperial mathematician, and was allowed to accept the Chair at Linz. Here he contracted his second marriage, and continued to reside during seven years, but with small improvement of his circumstances; for under Mathias, the imperial finances appears to have been in a still less flourishing state than under Rudolph; and Kepler, who depended mainly upon his pension for his means of living, suffered great vexation in consequence of its remaining unpaid. 'In order,' he says, 'to defray the expense of the *Ephemeris* for two years, I have been obliged to compose a *vile prophesying almanac, which is scarcely more respectable than begging*, unless from its saving the Emperor's credit, who abandons me entirely, and would suffer me to perish with hunger.' But the death of Mathias in 1619 gave him hopes of better times; for the new Emperor, Ferdinand III., not only renewed his appointment, but promised to pay up all the arrears of his pension; and to furnish him besides with the means of accomplishing the great object of his ambition, the publication of the Rudolphine Tables. In 1622, Kepler published his *Harmonices Mundi*, a work filled with speculations on a great variety of subjects—geometry, music, astrology, astronomy, and metaphysics; but chiefly remarkable, as containing the announcement of the relation which subsists between the periodic times, and the mean distances of the planets. The beauty and extreme importance of this general law of the planetary system, is such as to render the burst of joy with which he announced it in no way extravagant:—

'This law, as he himself informs us, first entered his mind on the 8th

of March 1618; but, having made an erroneous calculation, he was obliged to reject it. He resumed the subject on the 15th of May; and having discovered his former error, recognised with transport the absolute truth of a principle which for seventeen years had been the object of his incessant labours. The delight which this grand discovery gave him had no bounds. "Nothing holds me," says he; "I will indulge in my sacred fury; I will triumph over mankind by the honest confession that I have stolen the golden vases of the Egyptians to build up a tabernacle for my God, far away from the confines of Egypt. If you forgive me, I rejoice; if you are angry, I can bear it. The die is cast, the book is written, to be read either now or by posterity, I care not which. It may well wait a century for a reader, as God has waited six thousand years for an observer."—(P. 240.)

The 'Rudolphine Tables,' in the preparation of which Kepler had been engaged for twenty-six years, after having been long delayed for want of funds to defray the expenses of the printing, and subsequently from the disturbed state of Germany during the wars of the Reformation, were at length published in 1628. This work is remarkable in the history of Astronomy, as containing the first tables which were calculated on the hypothesis of elliptic orbits, and as exhibiting the science under the form in which it appears in our modern treatises. The labour which Kepler bestowed on its preparation was enormous; and it is curious to observe, that it was increased by the discovery of the logarithms; in consequence of which, he was under the necessity of giving a different form to several of the tables, in order to adapt them to the new method of calculation.

Kepler had continued to reside at Linz since 1622; but, about the time of the appearance of the 'Rudolphine Tables,' he was invited by the Duke of Friedland, a great patron of Astrology, to take up his abode at Sagan, in Silesia. Having solicited permission from the Emperor to accept of this invitation, 'the Emperor did not hesitate to grant the request, and would gladly have transferred Kepler's arrears as well as himself to the service of a foreign prince.' Kepler accordingly removed his family to Sagan in 1629, and was favourably received by the Grand Duke, who treated him with distinction and liberality, and procured for him a Professorship in the university of Rostock. But it would seem as if no change had the power of producing any amelioration of Kepler's fortunes:—

"In this remote situation, Kepler found it extremely difficult to obtain payment of the imperial pension, which he still retained. The arrears had accumulated to 8000 crowns; and he resolved to go to the imperial assembly at Ratisbon to make a final effort to obtain them. His attempts, however, were fruitless. The vexation which this occasioned, and the great fatigue which he had undergone, threw him into a

violent fever, which is said to have been one of cold, and to have been accompanied with an imposthume in the brain, occasioned by too much study. This disease baffled the skill of his physicians, and carried him off on the 5th of November, O. S., 1630, in the sixtieth [fifty-ninth] year of his age.'—(P. 249.)

Kepler's name will always be associated with the discovery of the Three Laws which regulate the planetary motions; by which he effected a greater revolution in theoretical Astronomy than ever had fallen, or can fall again, to the lot of any individual. But he has many other claims upon our consideration. The 'Rudolphine Tables' were a most important contribution to practical Astronomy, and would alone have sufficed to place him in the first rank among the promoters of that science; and various methods of observation and computation suggested by him are still in use. His physical speculations, though frequently fanciful, and sometimes extravagant, always give evidence of enlarged views and great acuteness; and he nearly anticipated two of Newton's most important discoveries—the law of gravitation, and the theory of the prismatic colours. In mathematics his knowledge was neither systematic nor very profound; and the circumstance was unfortunate for himself, for greater proficiency in this science would have saved him an immensity of unnecessary calculations. Nevertheless, even here he has left the impress of his genius. His method of solving the problem which goes by his name, is perhaps as well adapted for practical purposes as any of the numerous solutions which have since been given; and his treatise on Gauging contains principles near akin to those on which the infinitesimal calculus was afterwards built. No sooner had he heard of the invention of the Logarithms than he perceived its immense importance in Astronomy; and immediately set about improving the theory, and computing and publishing new tables.

Kepler's works are composed in a very singular style; for he not only gives the process of reasoning through which he arrived at the conclusions ultimately adopted, but also a detailed account of all his previous trials and failures. This frankness has perhaps been injurious to his reputation, and occasioned his being represented as working in some measure in the dark, and arriving at important results by accident. Thus, in a recent biography, we meet with such remarks as the following:—'It is impossible 'not to admire Kepler's singular good fortune in arriving at this 'correct result, in spite, or rather through the means, of his erroneous principles;—'if he had exerted his ingenuity in this 'direction, he might have wasted his life in useless labour;—'if the orbit of Mars had been less oval, he would not have de-

‘tected the true orbit by the method he followed;’—‘it is extraordinary that a supposition made for such a reason should have the *luck* to be the right one;’—‘*if* the laws of the planetary orbits had chanced to have been any other than those which cause them to describe ellipses, this last singular confirmation of an erroneous theory would not have taken place.’ Whether Kepler would have discovered the laws of the planetary motions had they been different from what they are, is a question of extremely little importance. It is sufficient for his glory, and was sufficient for the wants of Astronomy, that he discovered the actually existing laws;—and although the liveliness of his imagination—some prepossessions in favour of occult qualities and mystical properties, together with a want of method and system in his investigations—led him to give expression to many conjectures which would never have occurred to a mind otherwise constituted, or at least would have been suppressed when found to be erroneous—his laws of the planets were discovered, according to our apprehension, in the only way by which such discoveries could be made; namely, by deducing them (after his own fashion, indeed) from the observations which were at his command, and proving, by laborious calculations, that they accurately represented those observations. Sir David Brewster has placed this matter in its proper light:—

‘Kepler,’ he observes, ‘has fortunately left behind him a full account of the methods by which he arrived at his great discoveries. What other philosophers have studiously concealed, Kepler has openly avowed and minutely detailed; and we have no hesitation in considering these details as the most valuable present that has ever been given to science, and as deserving the careful study of all who seek to emulate his immortal achievements. It has been asserted that Newton made his discoveries by following a different method; but this is a mere assumption, as Newton has never favoured the world with any account of the erroneous speculations, and the frequent failures, which must have preceded his ultimate success. Had Kepler done the same, by recording only the final steps of his enquiries, his method of investigation would have obtained the highest celebrity, and would have been held up to future ages as a pattern for their imitation. But such was the candour of his mind, and such his inordinate love of truth, that he not only recorded his wildest fancies, but emblazoned even his greatest errors. If Newton had indulged us with the same insight into his physical enquiries, we should have witnessed the same processes which were employed by Kepler, modified only by the different characters and intensities of their imaginative powers.’—(P. 264.)

The personal character of Kepler has been very fully developed by himself, in his various works and epistolary correspon-

dence ; and the incidents of his life, collected chiefly from the same sources, have been succinctly narrated in the *Memoirs* prefixed to the *Collection of Letters* published by Hansch. History presents to our consideration few more remarkable characters. His struggles with the world excite our sympathy ; his ardour and enthusiasm our admiration. It is, no doubt, an afflicting consideration, that a man whose genius and indomitable energy have done so much for the advancement of human knowledge, should have encountered so unpropitious a fate ; yet if we dispassionately consider the circumstances, we may see reason to doubt whether science was in any respect the cause of his misfortunes. If his salary was irregularly paid, the irregularity was owing to political causes, and the unfavourable circumstances of the times. Religious controversies, domestic misfortunes, war, and the plague, are calamities to which the learned and the illiterate are subject indiscriminately. No doubt all his misfortunes were aggravated by the narrowness of his circumstances ; but it is by no means certain that his circumstances would have been more prosperous had he followed any other pursuit, though it is probable that in that case the world would never have heard of them. His condition, hard as it was, was not without its shades of light. His lofty title of Imperial Mathematician gave him official consequence among those with whom he lived ; and to an enthusiast like Kepler, the consciousness that his discoveries would occupy a prominent place in the future history of science, was a compensation for many evils. Of the importance he attached to his successful labours, he gives us a proof in his declaration, that he would not exchange his discovery of the analogy of the planetary orbits with the five regular solids for the whole Electorate of Saxony. We see no just ground for imputing a disregard of science to Rudolph and his successors, who certainly were in no condition to appreciate Kepler's merits, and whose favour was conferred on him in his character of Astrologer. It is, indeed, remarkable how little Kepler's merits were understood in his own age. Galileo had no conception of the importance of his discoveries :—‘ they were little considered by Gassendi—they were undervalued by Riccioli—they were never mentioned by Descartes. It was an honour reserved for Newton to estimate them at their true value.’ Such are the words of the late Professor Playfair ; yet it is satisfactory to observe, that even before the time of Newton their merit was perceived and acknowledged by *one* Astronomer at least in our own country. Horrox describes them as not only valuable, but as more valuable than those of all other Astronomers put together—‘ *Pergo igitur ad As-*

‘tronomizæ principem, J. Keplerum ; cujus unius viri inventis,
 ‘non est harum artium peritus qui neget plus debere astronomiam
 ‘quam ceteris in universum.’

The misfortunes of Galileo, Tycho, and Kepler, arose from peculiar and accidental circumstances ; and the sovereigns under whom they lived deserve the praise of having been munificent patrons of science. The following incident in the life of Kepler, gives Sir David Brewster an opportunity of glancing at the encouragement held out to scientific pursuits in our own country. Kepler, it seems, upon one occasion received a visit from Sir Henry Wotton, Ambassador from England to the States of Venice, and was invited by him to take up his residence in England. Sir David thinks it probable that the invitation proceeded from the Sovereign, who made Kepler a distinct offer through his Ambassador ; and upon this supposition he thus expresses himself :—‘ If the imperial mathematician had no other assurance of a comfortable home in England than that of Sir Henry Wotton, he acted a wise part in distrusting it ; and we rejoice that the sacred name of Kepler was thus withheld from the long list of distinguished characters whom England has starved and dishonoured.’—(P. 343.)

It would far exceed the limits we have now left, and it is not by any means within the scope of our intention, to enter upon a discussion of the question pointed at in this startling allegation. In the long list of distinguished characters whose names have shed a lustre on British science during the last two or three centuries, there are, indeed, many whose success in the world has fallen far short of their merits ; but to represent them as having been dishonoured in not being the recipients of pecuniary supplies from the public treasury, is to make use of a strong, if not a perverse figure of speech. Science in England, has not, it is true, been fostered by state provisions : yet if we look to results, our system (if it may be so called) cannot be pronounced to have been unsuccessful ; for on reference to the history of the great and fundamental discoveries by which the various sciences have been advanced to their present state, it will not assuredly be found that England has any reason to blush for her share of them. That science has derived some important benefits from the pensioned Academies which have been instituted and maintained by some of the Continental governments, is a proposition which it would be idle to dispute : but such establishments are little in harmony with our political institutions ; and in proportion as wealth and intelligence are more generally diffused, they become more and more unnecessary. A British Institute, maintained at the public

expense, while it might perhaps provide for a few meritorious individuals, would, it is to be feared, give rise to much jobbing and jealousy ; and would neither accelerate the progress of science, nor lessen the number of its martyrs.

We must now take leave of this publication. Considering the eminent station its author has long occupied among European philosophers, and the number and importance of his contributions to some of the highest and most difficult branches of physical enquiry, it cannot add to his reputation. It was probably undertaken as a relaxation from more severe labour, and regarded by him as of no great importance. We confess, however, that we look upon it in a different light. Next to labours which tend to enlarge the existing boundaries of knowledge, the most useful service, perhaps, which can now be rendered to science, is the faithful exposition of the discoveries and claims of its great benefactors ; for, after all, the hope of receiving the approbation and applause of future ages is the best and most honourable incentive to scientific enterprise. It is also of no small importance to the student, that the methods of the original discoveries should be reviewed from time to time by those who, starting from a higher vantage-ground, have succeeded, like the present author, in going far beyond them in the same paths of enquiry ; for it is thus that the connexion between the different states of a science, and the continuity of the chain of discovery, are best preserved and made evident. For these reasons, we look upon the work, moderate as it is in extent, as calculated to do good service to the cause to which its author has so successfully consecrated his life and his labours.

ART. VII.—*Ellen Middleton. A Tale.* By Lady GEORGIANA FULLERTON. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1844.

THIS Tale has excited great interest among an influential class of readers in the metropolis, and its reputation is, we are told, spreading widely. The writer is just the kind of writer who may do harm by her influence or example, and to whom criticism may do good. It struck us, therefore, that the very limited space we had left, on the appearance of her Tale, could not be employed better than in pointing out her merits and demerits as a novelist—her fine spirit of observation and analysis, with the veins of thought and feeling, that ought to be worked assiduously—and her fondness for overstrained sentiment, and melodramatic situation, that must be suppressed.

The plot is soon told. Ellen Middleton has been bred up by a high-principled, cold-mannered uncle, and an indulgent, imaginative aunt. They are people of fortune, residing at a country house situate on the bank of a river. When the story opens, Ellen is between fifteen and sixteen. Their only child, Julia, a cross, unamiable girl, is eight. Edward Middleton, a nephew of the uncle, and Henry Lovell, a younger brother of the aunt— young men of two or three and twenty—are staying with them. Julia takes every opportunity of quarrelling with her cousin; and at length Ellen overhears her aunt discussing the propriety of separating them, by sending her (Ellen) to school. Hurrying to a veranda overlooking the river, she gives vent to a paroxysm of grief and mortification.

‘No voice could then have been welcome to me, (for the voice I loved best, the voice that had ever spoken peace and joy to my heart, I had just heard utter words that had destroyed at one blow the fabric of bliss which my heart had so long framed for itself;) no voice, I say, could have been welcome to me; but when I heard the sharp and querulous tones of Julia, God in mercy forgive me for what I felt. She was again standing at the head of the stone steps that I have described as forming one of the extremities of the veranda; and, as she placed her foot on one of the moss-covered slippery steps, she called out, “I’m going down—I’ll have my own way now.” I seized her hand, and drawing her back, exclaimed—“Don’t, Julia;” on which she said—“You had better not tease me; you are to be sent away if you tease me.” I felt as if a viper had stung me, the blood rushed to my head, and I struck her;—she reeled under the blow, her foot slipped, and she fell headlong down the stone steps. A voice near me said—“She has killed her!” There was a plunge in the water below; her white frock rose to the surface—sank—rose again—and sank to rise no more. Two men rushed

wildly down the bank, and one of them turned and looked up as he passed. I heard a piercing scream—a mother's cry of despair. Nobody said again—"She has killed her." I did not die; I did not go mad; for I had not an instant's delusion—I never doubted the reality of what had happened; but those words—"She has killed her!"—"She has killed her!"—were written as with a fiery pencil on my brain, and day and night they rang in my ears. Who had spoken them? The secret of my fate was in those words.'

The secret of her fate was in these words, and the chief interest of the story is in that secret; which she keeps until she herself and every body connected with her have been made irretrievably wretched. In the first paroxysm of remorse and terror, she could not speak, and afterwards she would not; but goes on receiving the caresses of her relations, and enjoying the advantages of her new position (for Julia's death makes her an heiress) with unfaltering resolution; though racked by the fear of discovery, and haunted by the phantoms of remorse. Both Edward and Henry are in love with her. Edward is high-minded, true-hearted, and good; she returns his affection, and eventually marries him. Henry is unprincipled and selfish, and she knows it; but he possesses extraordinary powers of fascination; he holds the key of her destiny, having been an eyewitness of Julia's death; and by the aid of influence thus acquired, induces her to suppress the truth, tolerate his attentions, and keep up a confidential communication with him, until her husband, to whom she is all along devotedly attached, casts her off, under the belief that Henry is her favoured lover. He does not learn the real state of the facts until they are narrated by her (dying of a broken heart) on her deathbed; Henry having died of a brain fever a few days before, and most of the other prominent characters being similarly disposed of about the same time.

This story, apparently so simple, is kept up through the three volumes principally by Ellen's struggles to avoid discovery, and Henry's expedients to retain her in his toils.

Now, our objection to the plot is twofold—the inadequacy of the alleged motives, and the improbability of the facts. We assert confidently, that Ellen neither could nor would have kept the secret. In the first place, she could not. There are such things as Coroner's inquests—though ladies of quality are not bound to know of them—and others besides the housekeeper would have asked, 'Where were you when the poor thing fell?' Two persons are eyewitnesses of the deed; a third hears it from one of them; dark hints are scattered; dire threats thrown out; all sorts of rumours are abroad; she herself pursues a line of conduct that must necessarily excite suspicion; and tears, faintings, changes of voice, changes of colour, and whisperings with Henry;

would assuredly have precipitated the crisis before the end of the first volume.

This, however, is a comparatively immaterial objection : few novelists or dramatists could get on if they were tied down to strict matter-of-fact probability. In some of the most admired fictions, we are compelled to take for granted that no one sees or hears what no one could help seeing or hearing ; and we readily grant their writers what Archimedes asked in vain—a place beyond our living actual everyday world to stand on, and suffer them to move it, or turn it topsy-turvy, if they can. In short, they may do any thing short of reversing the laws of gravitation, provided they do not neglect the higher principles of art ; and our main ground of difference with Lady Georgiana Fullerton is, not that the secret would have been discovered in Ellen's despite, but that she herself would infallibly have revealed it.

Persons conversant with the history of crime are aware, that the most hardened criminals scarcely ever keep their own counsel, even when there is no hope of sympathy, and communication may be death : 'murder will out' is no mere vulgar error ; nor is there probably one of our readers who, in minor cases of transgression, has not felt an irresistible impulse to tell and know the worst, merely to get rid of the torture of uncertainty, though under no immediate apprehension of being found out. But let us set aside the fact, that Ellen knew of one witness at the least ; and let us say nothing of the line of conduct a cunning calculating girl would consequently have pursued. We take her on her own showing to have been possessed of understanding, imagination, and sensibility ; to have been capable of high enthusiasm, warm gratitude, and passionate love. How would such a being have acted ? Why, rushed wildly through the house shrieking out that she had killed her cousin ; or started from the first stupor, to give way to an agony of self-accusation ; or dragged herself to her aunt's feet, imploring, not asking, forgiveness ; or flown from her to the stern uncle, and received his sentence of banishment as a boon—any thing, or every thing but remain enduring the caresses of Mrs Middleton, the insulting attentions of Henry, and the daily, hourly indications of the coming crisis. It is said that the most stringent of all tortures is the falling of water, drop by drop, upon the head—the brain maddens, and the tongue speaks. Much of the same kind is the mental torture Ellen is made to undergo for months, by the surpassing ingenuity of the contrivances for turning incident after incident, and conversation after conversation, into a sting. She loves, too—loves passionately, devotedly ; her whole soul is wrapped up in Edward ; and, in the fine scene where she risks her life to save his, she pours it all out

in an irrepressible burst. With one reserve, however, the black secret is kept back, and with an intensity of selfishness (though perhaps the author never viewed it in that light) she keeps it still, when not only her own reputation, and the life of Alice, but her husband's happiness, might be secured by a frank and full confession. Sir Walter Scott managed these things better. Finella is proof against every other trial; but the moment the talismanic influence of love is brought to bear upon her, she betrays herself.*

Judging simply from internal evidence, it is impossible to doubt the purity of the author's mind and the goodness of her intentions; but the tendency or moral is often, at the best, doubtful. We do not much mind her reversing the good old maxim already mentioned, of *murder will out*; but it is surely hardly allowable to paint Ellen endowed with so many estimable qualities, without permitting them to bear fruit. Falsehood, habitual dissimulation, and selfishness, are not the natural products of a religious turn of mind, a frank disposition, genius, enthusiasm, and sensibility. Ellen's mode of thinking, compared with her mode of acting, constantly tempts us to exclaim (saving the lady's presence) with Sir Peter Teazle, 'Oh, d—n your sentiments!' or reminds us of Charles Lamb's character of Coleridge: 'He was a good man, an excellent man; but, somehow or other, whenever any thing presented itself in the shape of a duty, he could not perform it.'

Again, Ellen is too clever a creature to be imposed on by Henry Lovell, (who is commonplace enough in the first volume,) and she is too much in love with another to be fascinated by him. Such an interest might easily have found place in an unoccupied heart or mind; but she had paramount objects, and in her peculiar position, "that most insidious of poisons, the constant homage of a blind and passionate admiration," would have had no charms for her. As a woman of spirit, too, she would have been more likely to contract aversion for a man who persevered in compelling her to listen to him by a threat. But we hazard this opinion with diffidence; a woman must be the best judge how far a woman might be led by the demon of coquetry; and as to threats, we remember reading a French novel, alleged in the preface to be founded upon fact, in which the gentleman (a practised duellist) tells the lady that she had better accept him at once, as he is resolved to shoot every other pretender to her hand. He shoots four of her adorers, and she marries him.

* See the concluding chapter of *Peccol of the Peak*.

It is a common subject of complaint among Lady Georgiana's most partial readers, that the general impression produced throughout by her book is a disagreeable one; and the reason is plain. It is disagreeable to see people acting foolishly without a motive; the interest, though sustained and high wrought, is always of a painful kind; there is too much mental anatomy *à la Godwin*; the introductory chapter, like an overture of church music, predisposes to melancholy; and we constantly feel a want of relief from scenes or characters of a lighter order. This is the more provoking, because the charming sketch of Rosa Moore (worth a hundred Alices) shows how well the author could have supplied the deficiency, had it suggested itself. Indeed, these volumes teem with proofs that Lady Georgiana Fullerton could produce a work capable of standing the severest ordeal of criticism; and it is the high estimate we have formed of her powers, that induces us to dwell so much on the errors of her plan. It matters little what mode of thought or style of composition is adopted by any ephemeral novelist, though he or she may happen to stimulate the jaded appetite of the London world of fashion, or afford them a topic for a week; but we feel bound to take care that no wrong notions of art, or false theories of conduct, are sanctioned by a writer so well qualified as this lady to make sterling additions to our light literature, and influence opinion in more extended circles than her own.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of extraordinary Popular Delusions.* By CHARLES MACKAY. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1842.

WE do not think that Mr Mackay has done justice to the very interesting and extensive subject of his present work; but he has, nevertheless, given us a book containing a great variety of curious information, in a convenient and not unattractive form. The chief fault which we are inclined to find with it is, that it touches upon too many subjects partially, and embraces too few completely; while it supplies no intelligible reason for the admission of many articles which appear foreign to its title, or for the exclusion of many others which clearly fall within it. It gives no exact definition, or distinguishing statement, of the subject which it is intended to embrace. Errors of every kind, and arising from every different motive, are indiscriminately mingled in its pages. Delusions in religious faith, in morality, in science, in commerce,

and in taste, succeed each other without an interval or a distinction. The fanaticism of the crusader, the speculations of the gambler in tulips or South Sea stock, and the coxcombrty of the long-haired or long-bearded courtier, are classed with the superstitious terrors of the demonologist, and the deceptive dreams of the alchemist and the astrologer. Nay, it includes several instances of popular crime and folly, which were no otherwise delusions than as every criminal or absurd practice is a delusion—such as duelling, secret poisoning, and the obstinate riots at Covent Garden theatre in 1806!

We wonder that it did not occur to Mr Mackay, that twenty volumes might have been filled with such subjects, almost as readily as three. Where is the historical event to which a parallel cannot be found in the contents of his work? The Crusades, for instance, certainly took place because Urban II. and Peter the Hermit could not comprehend the right of a Mahometan prince to occupy Palestine. But in the same manner, the wars of the Guelfs and Ghibellines took place because the Pope and the Emperor could not agree about the temporal powers of the church; and the English wars in France took place because Edward III. could not, or would not, comprehend the Salic law. The delusion was precisely similar in the three cases, if indeed a sincere delusion existed in either. It was undoubtedly a delusion, and a very popular delusion, which led Godfrey and Tancred to consider it the first duty of every Christian knight to deliver Jerusalem from the Saracens. But it was exactly the same delusion which inspired Omar and Mahmoud with the belief, that no follower of the Prophet ought to sheath his sword while a Heathen or Christian nation remained unconquered, and which convinced Philip Augustus that an Italian prelate could confer a valid title to the English throne. It was undoubtedly a delusion, though less popular and more innocent, which induced Anselm and Lanfranc to carry scissiors in their sleeves, for the purpose of cropping the lovelocks of the contumacious Norman knights; but the same delusion led those zealous prelates to shave their own heads, and wear sackcloth under their robes, in compliance with the ascetic discipline of the Romish church. Why, then, has Mr Mackay passed over the various wars, revolutions, and religions, of which delusion has been the source or the pretext? Why has he omitted the history of Islamism—of Romanism—of the German Anabaptists, the French *Convulsionnaires*, and the English Fifth Monarchists? For no other reason which we can perceive, than that such is his own arbitrary choice. But we would not wish to be understood as denying all merit to his work, on account of its confused and

imperfect arrangement ; for every one must be aware that a book written with a total absence of all system, may yet contain many amusing and instructive details.

Mr Mackay would have acted more judiciously, and produced, probably, a more valuable if not a more entertaining work, had he confined himself to those delusions which are strictly included within the great head of practical superstitions. We should undoubtedly have advised him to reject all particulars, however curious, which properly belong to the political history of former times. Nor should we, on the other hand, have recommended him to include in his plan those popular fables, which, if they were ever seriously or generally believed, led to no practical result ; and which are rather to be classed with the Romances of the Round Table or the Seven Champions, than with the baneful delusions of the Alchymist and the Demonologist. A sketch of the legendary superstitions of Western Europe, as compared with those of classical mythology and oriental romance, would indeed be a very curious, as it might undoubtedly be made a most striking and interesting, performance. Our readers will remember with regret, that the delightful writer whom nature and study had qualified above all men for such a task, has left but a slight and hasty work upon the subject. The wild legends which, told with a taste and judgment so exquisite as to disguise their extravagance from the most sceptical readers, adorn so many of Sir Walter Scott's Romances, were, if we are rightly informed, but the overflowings of that vast fund of superstitious lore which his antiquarian and poetical enthusiasm had collected. Much of this curious and interesting information has probably died with its compiler ; but much must survive in the sources whence he himself derived it, among the obscure and fast-vanishing traditions of the Highland and Border peasantry. It is not, however, in this direction that Mr Mackay's researches have been chiefly prosecuted. The most original, and we think the most interesting part of his work, is that which may be described as comprehending those remarkable errors in science and domestic legislation which have arisen from a delusive belief in supernatural interference. This definition obviously excludes the innumerable crimes and follies which have originated merely in a mistaken idea of religious or moral duty ; even where, as in the case of the Crusader and the Inquisitor, false miracles have been employed to confirm false morality, by adding the delusion of the senses or the imagination to that of the understanding. And still less does it include those mistakes in natural or political philosophy, however fantastic and pernicious, which are not connected with any superstitious belief ; although, as has sometimes

happened, they may have been supported by erroneous views of religion, or perverse interpretations of Scripture.

It would, we need not say, be utterly impossible to supply what have seemed to us the great deficiencies of Mr Mackay's work within the compass of such an article as the present; but we shall endeavour to lay before our readers a brief sketch of what might have been used as materials for an essay upon the plan we have stated.

It may fairly be doubted whether the barbarism of former ages was most effectually prolonged by the blind fanaticism of the vulgar, or by the perverse ingenuity of the deluded philosopher. The two causes, widely distinct as they were in their nature and mode of operation, certainly acted and reacted upon each other with the precision of a mechanical contrivance. It is curious to observe the manner in which each superstition inflamed the other—to watch the bigoted Churchman alarmed into persecution by the enthusiastic dreams of the Alchymist, and the Alchymist turning charlatan and poisoner under the proscription of the Church. But whichever delusion was the most disastrous in its immediate effects, there can be little doubt which was the most inveterate and deeply-rooted evil. There can be little doubt that the trial by ordeal, and the penal laws against sorcery, were the mere superficial symptoms of that universal ignorance which the strongest intellects of the day wilfully encouraged, by associating every advance in useful knowledge with the practice of forbidden arts. The simplicity of Scott's Angus, who thanked the Saints that, except the Bishop of Dunkeld, none of his sons could sign their names, is no exaggerated specimen of what most laymen would have felt a century or two earlier; though few, perhaps, so late as the reign of Henry VIII. Nor was this the mere barbarous prejudice which we are accustomed to consider it. How could a devout Catholic feel otherwise, when he saw all the learned men in Europe pretending to foretell the future, to raise the dead, and to hold communication with familiar spirits? The physical evils inflicted by vulgar fanaticism are soon enumerated—it is easy to estimate the number of innocent persons who were put to death for witchcraft; but it is impossible to determine the progress which the human race might have made, if the wisest men of ten generations had not thrown away their energies in the hopeless pursuit of evanescent phantoms.

The prediction of future events, and the manufacture of the precious metals, were the two chimeras which, for at least three centuries, proved so fatal to the advance of European civilization. Neither of these attempts deserves to be stigmatized as in itself superstitious. In an age when the heavenly bodies were sup-

posed to be luminous meteors, wandering at random over the concave surface of an immense sphere, the idea that their motions might be in some mysterious manner connected with the destinies of the great globe, as whose satellites they were regarded, might deserve to be thought an ingenious conjecture. In the same manner, an age almost wholly ignorant of science and genuine philosophy, might well believe it possible to make gold and silver. An impartial and judicious series of experiments with reference to either of these two questions, would, so far from deserving to be stigmatized as a visionary waste of time, have conferred honour upon the persons engaged in them ; and the philosopher who had devoted his life to test the power, or expose the fallacies of Astrology or Alchymy, would justly have been remembered as one of the benefactors of mankind. But unfortunately these delusions were not of a kind to be refuted by reasoning. The occult sciences, though in their objects sufficiently intelligible, were early interwoven with such a multitude of grotesque superstitions, and unintelligible mysteries, that they more than deserved their distinguishing title. No instance of failure could possibly occur which the jargon of their votaries was unable to explain away. One adept was disappointed in his experiments because his life had been deficient in sanctity—another, because he had not succeeded in propitiating the elementary spirits—a third, because a hostile intelligence had obtained power over his natal star. And thus the mystic fraternity, like travellers bewildered in a desert, kept moving in perpetual circles, under the delusive belief that they were advancing straight to their destination.

Mr Mackay has enumerated no less than sixty distinct methods by which it was formerly thought possible to pry into the secrets of futurity. Few of them are known even by name to the present generation ; and even these few have lost all their scientific accuracy, and have become vague and confused superstitions. The interpretation of dreams, for instance, which was in former days, strange as it may appear, reduced to a complete system, has been almost entirely forgotten. A few indistinct and unconnected maxims still remain, to disturb the sleep of village matrons and maidens ; but they have been so imperfectly preserved, that, according to Mr Mackay's statement, they differ in different countries ; and the same dream which delights the peasant in England, terrifies him in France or Switzerland. Palmistry, which was necessarily a more simple science, has been more completely preserved : it is said to have been of oriental origin, and was certainly introduced into Europe by that wandering and mysterious race to whom its practice is now confined, and whose traditions claim for them an Egyptian origin. Our readers will

remember that a very similar superstition prevails among modern Eastern nations. Their proverbial expression, that every man's destiny is written on his forehead, is believed by them to be literally as well as metaphorically true; though we are not aware that they pretend to the power of interpreting the decree by means of any external symptoms of its nature. Divination by cards, now the resource of the vagabond mountebank or gipsy, was in the seventeenth century a fashionable amusement at the Court of France. There is a well-known and rather interesting anecdote, of the ominous gloom which was, on one occasion, cast over the circle of Anne of Austria, by the obstinacy with which the Knave of Spades—the sure emblem of a speedy death—persisted in falling to the lot of the young and brilliant Duc de Candale. The random prophecy was very shortly thereafter verified; and afforded a copious theme for the warnings and lamentations of those who, while they did not deny the authenticity of such predictions, considered them inconsistent with the profession of a sound Catholic. Geomancy, so familiar to every reader of the *Arabian Nights*, does not appear to have been practised in Europe; and Augury, or divination by the flight of birds—the favourite resource of Roman Pontiffs and Generals, from Romulus to Julian—has been wholly disused in modern times.

But the most scientific and satisfactory source of divination—indeed, the only one which the adepts of former days considered worthy of implicit confidence—was Astrology. The profession of this celebrated and universally revered science almost invariably accompanied that of Alchymy. But Astrology, unlike its sister mystery, was no obscure or uncertain study—no problem for the exercise of ingenuity or research;—it was a complete and definite system—a science as firmly established and as universally recognized as geometry. Though requiring long and painful study in those who wished to obtain complete acquaintance with its secrets, many of its more simple maxims and technicalities were familiar to the well informed, and even to the vulgar. The Astrologer, indeed, worked with machinery whose general nature was so universally understood, that he had little temptation to exaggerate his powers by the wild and profane rodomontades of the Alchymist. And we accordingly find that the art was practised, with free encouragement and liberal reward, under the sway of the Romish Church, and even under the still sterner vigilance of the English Puritans.

By what process of reasoning any human being could persuade himself that the truth of his conjectures, respecting the connexion between the solar system and the events of the world, was mathematically demonstrable, might have been difficult to

explain. Accordingly we find that the votaries of Astrology were in the habit of substituting authority and tradition for common sense. They attributed the discovery of their mystic secrets to the ancient Chaldeans—a race believed to have been profoundly versed in magic, and who might be supposed to have derived this art, among others, from those primeval sages to whom Christian as well as Mahommedan fable has ascribed so much superhuman power and knowledge. The legend in question is so far worthy of credit, that Astrology appears to have been taught to Europe by the eastern nations, and to have been practised among the latter from a very early period. It still preserves all its primitive importance in the kingdoms of Central Asia. The royal Astrologer is one of the most important officers at the Court of the Shah; and no Persian minister would venture to conclude a political transaction, or even to arrange a state ceremonial, without obtaining the sanction of the stars. Such of our readers as are familiar with the lively pages of Fraser and Morier, cannot fail to remember that the warlike Khans and Begs of Khorasan and Kourdistan, are represented as never starting on a *chappow* until they have ascertained the precise hour in which the planetary influences will be most propitious to robbery and murder. And even the wandering Pindarri and the prowling Thug, are—or, as we trust we may now more properly say, *were*—most scrupulous in committing their habitual atrocities with exact astronomical propriety.

Among the nations of Europe, the reputation of Astrology did not attain its height until that of Alchymy had begun to decline. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when, as we shall hereafter see, the latter science was regarded with contempt, if not with abhorrence, its rival was not only respected by men of all ranks, but was openly and magnificently patronized by the most powerful princes of Europe. Accordingly we observe that the most renowned Astrologers of that period, found it neither necessary nor prudent to claim any acquaintance with the necromantic mysteries of Paracelsus and Cornelius Agrippa. The consequence was, that their art never attracted any thing resembling persecution, and was even tolerated by the most severe and scrupulous religionists. In France the science was regarded, during many generations, with oriental reverence; almost every king, statesman, and courtier, had recourse to its assistance; but its two most eminent patrons, strange as it may seem, were Louis XI. and Catharine de Medici. In Louis, indeed, the inconsistency of such a delusion, though sufficiently striking, was less unaccountable. The whole history of that extraordinary man proves that his mind, like many of the most powerful which

appear in history, was eminently acute and active in all worldly affairs; but became childishly weak and credulous when touched by superstition. It is clear, from the specimens of his private devotions preserved by contemporary historians, that, with all his keen sagacity, suspicious craft, and satirical wit, his religious feelings and opinions were in no respect superior to those of a Negro worshipping a *fetiché*. There is probably little exaggeration in that striking picture of his confinement at Peronne, which represents him as abandoning, in a fit of superstitious foreboding, that revenge upon his faithless counsellor, from which his own imminent personal danger had been unable to divert his mind. But the credulity of Catharine was of a more limited and therefore a more eccentric kind. It is well known that she was in general as free from religious as from moral scruples; but the atheist who ridiculed the gospel, listened with the most devout docility to the jargon of Nostradamus. There is perhaps no sovereign in history, of whose persevering addiction to the occult arts so many singular traditions are preserved. We might easily fill our pages with anecdotes of the amulets and talismans which she wore; of the observatories and laboratories which she fitted up in the Louvre; of the enchanted mirror in which she beheld the fortunes of her descendants; and, above all, of that singular and sudden change in her disposition, which history attributes to the cruel insults of her dissolute husband,* but which popular superstition ascribed to the malign influence of her supernatural allies. It may perhaps be thought, that such a weakness was wanting to complete the worthlessness of her character; by depriving it of that show of imposing dignity, which unflinching consistency, even in crime, will sometimes bestow. Marie de Medici and Louis XIII. were both remarkable for the same credulity; and it is well known that the supposed skill of the Maréchale d'Ancre in the occult sciences, was in a great measure the source of her influence over the former princess. The last important occasion on which the aid of Astrology appears to have been called in by a French sovereign, occurred at the birth of Louis XIV. A celebrated seer was summoned from Germany to cast the nativity of the infant monarch; and the result

* It is said that Catharine obtained the means of overhearing an interview between Henry II. and the Duchesse de Valentinois; and that the King, becoming aware of her presence, punished her stratagem by turning the conversation upon her person and character, and treating both with the most contemptuous ridicule. Catharine was then a young woman, and the effect of this insult upon her temper and disposition was thought to have been great and lasting.

of his calculations was solemnly communicated to the Court. The sage appears to have saved his credit by the brief prediction—*Diu, durè, feliciter* ;—words which were supposed to be verified by the length, the splendour, and the reverses, of the Prince's reign. A long and happy life was evidently the least which he could foretell for his illustrious client ; and an experienced Astrologer was no doubt too close an observer of the world, if not of the stars, to hazard a promise of unmixed prosperity.

In England, Astrology, though it exercised less influence over princes and politicians, was nearly as popular as on the Continent. In the reign of Elizabeth it was a lucrative, if not an honourable profession. It survived the civil wars, and appears to have wholly escaped the reproach of ' papisticality ;'—a reproach to which we should have thought it exceedingly liable, and which had proved fatal to so many less objectionable practices. We find, however, that the devout veterans of Fairfax and Cromwell did not scruple to seek promises of victory in the stars ; and that on one occasion two eminent professors of Astrology were entertained with distinguished honour at the headquarters of the Parliamentary army. After the Restoration, the science continued so popular, that it became a favourite frolic with the courtiers of Charles II. to pry into the secrets of their city neighbours, by assuming the disguise of fortune-tellers. The Earl of Rochester, in particular, was so successful in gratifying his love of intrigue by this idle stratagem, that several anecdotes of his mischievous dexterity are still well known. During the plague of 1665, the harvest collected by impostors pretending to the power of predicting future events, is said to have been enormous. Almost every contemporary writer has mentioned the singular spirit of fatalism which prevailed during that great calamity ; and which, by causing hopeless despondency in some persons, and presumptuous confidence in others, was thought to have added materially to the victims of the disorder. This infatuation was encouraged and turned to advantage by the fortune-tellers, whom the thirst of gain attracted in multitudes to London, notwithstanding the imminent danger of communicating with the inhabitants. Many of them lost their lives by their reckless avarice ; but their credit appears nevertheless to have maintained itself, until the cessation of the panic gave men leisure for cool reflection. Some time after this, a prophetic pamphlet published in 1651, by the famous astrologer Lilly—the *Sidrophel* of Hudibras—was thought to be so signally verified by the great fire of London, that the author was summoned before the House of Commons, and publicly requested to favour them

with his advice respecting the prospects of the nation ! The successful Seer, however, was too cautious to risk the unexpected reputation which his fortunate hit had acquired ; and it was found impossible to draw from him any distinct prediction. After the Revolution, the science gradually fell into disrepute ; and in the time of Addison, though still publicly professed, it was treated with very little respect by men of education. During the eighteenth century it almost disappeared ; although, as almanacks containing astrological speculations are still published, we must suppose that there are even now persons who have found it worth their while to become acquainted with at least the technical phrases of the art.

The pretended science of Alchemy was originally, as we have already noticed, merely a mistaken theory in physics. It was a very common belief during the dark ages, that all metals might, by a certain chemical process, be transmuted into pure gold ; and to the discovery of this process the researches of the earlier alchemists were perseveringly directed. The insane empirics who succeeded these ingenious though mistaken philosophers, asserted that their art was a relic of antediluvian wisdom, preserved by the sages of ancient Egypt ; and pretended to find in the Pentateuch various mysterious allusions to its exercise by the Hebrew patriarchs. But the first distinct traces of Alchemy are to be found in the writings of certain Greek ecclesiastics in the fourth century. Their names and some fragments of their works have been preserved ; but their speculations appear to have attracted little notice among their contemporaries, and to have been speedily forgotten. It was not until its adoption or re-invention by the Arabian Cabalists, that the progress of Alchemy, if that can be called a progress which leads to nothing, really commenced. Its reputed father was the celebrated Geber, a native of Syria, who flourished in the eighth century. Of the five hundred treatises on Alchemy which oriental exaggeration ascribed to this illustrious philosopher, one only was preserved ; but it is believed that several useful discoveries in Chemistry were the incidental—perhaps the neglected—fruit of his unceasing experiments. The disciples of Geber were very numerous, and his science was popular among his countrymen for four hundred years, before it became known to the nations of western Europe. We are not aware that the precise means of its communication are known. It may have been brought from Syria by the Crusaders, from Constantinople by the Greeks, or from the Moresco-Spanish colleges by the Gothic youth who frequented them ; and the date of its introduction is sufficiently uncertain to allow either supposition. But it certainly attracted general attention

in Europe during the twelfth century ; and in the thirteenth and fourteenth, the strongest and most active minds of England, France, and Germany wasted their energies in the pursuit of this empty vision.

The vulgar superstition of their barbarous contemporaries, and the wilful exaggeration of their disciples and successors, has attributed all the absurd hallucinations of the Rosicrucian school to the eminent men who originally professed Alchymy. The story of Roger Bacon and his oracular brazen bust is well known. Albertus Magnus is said to have possessed the secret of animal life, to have constructed a speaking image; and to have adorned his gardens, in the depth of winter, with the warmth and vegetation of spring. Arnold de Villeneuve is accused of pretensions to the power of conferring immortality. Heidenberg of Tritheim was suspected of necromancy, and was believed to have evoked the spirit of Mary of Burgundy, at the request of her widowed husband the Emperor Maximilian. The vanity or policy of the Alchymists may have induced them to countenance these foolish tales ; and traces of empirical deception are certainly to be found in the history of some among them. But their serious belief and hopes of success appear to have been of a very different nature. They were, as Voltaire has justly remarked of one of their number, 'de l'or encroûté des ordures de leur siècle,'—men sincerely desirous to discover truth and to benefit their fellow-creatures, and exerting no inconsiderable powers in the effort, but baffled and bewildered by the popular delusions of a barbarous age. They all appear to have sought physical truth by persevering and ingenious experiment ; and many of the most eminent among them—as Raymond Lully and Bernard of Treves—pointedly disclaimed the shadowy honours of magic, and were wisely satisfied with the safer and more solid reputation of natural science. It is impossible to name the last-mentioned philosopher, without pausing to glance for a moment at his career of heroic, though useless and hopeless, self-sacrifice—a career which no doubt resembled that of many ingenious and high-minded men among his contemporaries. At the early age of fourteen, Bernard of Treves devoted himself to what was then considered the most noble and useful of pursuits—Alchymy and the transmutation of metals. He persevered for nearly seventy years in its study—he made himself master of all its empty mysteries—he travelled over the whole continent of Europe, besides Egypt, Syria, and Persia, in the course of his researches—and he wasted an ample fortune in a series of costly experiments. But neither age, nor poverty, nor the continual failure of his favourite hopes, could chill his enthusiasm or embitter his kind

and generous nature. During his long life he never but once felt tempted to abandon his object ; and at the age of eighty he had courage to recommence his whole course of laborious study, in the hope of discovering some radical error in his experiments. To the last his liberal charity was as celebrated as his scientific zeal ; and though, with Izaak Walton, he gave precedence to his own fraternity in the distribution of his bounty, there is no doubt that, like the kind-hearted angler, he was willing, on occasion, to extend it to all honest men. It is pleasing to find that he ended his eventful career in comfort and honour, and that he was long remembered by his grateful brethren under the name of 'the good Trevisan.' His admirers asserted, though we fear with more poetical justice than strict accuracy, that his persevering labours were at last crowned with complete success, though too late to afford him the opportunity of making public his discovery. Be this as it may, he required nothing but a better cause to place him by the side of those devoted philosophers who have lived a life of toil and hardship that they might benefit mankind ; and we think it would be hard to deny him this dear-bought honour, because he was the dupe of a delusion which, a century and a half after his death, imposed upon Francis Bacon.

In the mean time the character of Alchymy was undergoing a great change. The Church of Rome, pursuing that singular and fatal policy which afterwards so disastrously associated religious orthodoxy with intellectual stagnation—a policy which we do not insist on ascribing to the nature of her peculiar creed, and of which we have no doubt that every enlightened Roman Catholic now disapproves—declared Alchymy an unlawful science. Early in the fourteenth century, Pietro d'Apone, a distinguished Italian adept, was arrested and put to the torture on a charge of sorcery, and perished in the dungeons of the Inquisition. Several of his most celebrated successors narrowly escaped the same, or a still worse fate. The ignorant and credulous rapacity of the laity was still more dangerous than the bigotry of the clergy. It was, as our readers are well aware, a favourite financial expedient, among the predatory barons of feudal times, to ensnare a rich Jew, or even a stray Lombard or Fleming, in some solitary fortress, and there to torment the prisoner—whether by successively drawing his teeth, as was the practice of King John ; or by roasting him alive, according to the more expeditious plan preferred by the Earl of Cassilis—until he surrendered his whole substance by way of ransom. It is easy to see how obnoxious a professor of Alchymy was to this process. The unhappy philosopher was a *caput lupinum*, who had too much to dread from the law to invoke its interference ; and whom his most zealous

friends—if he had any—could not venture openly to protect. It was scarcely worth while to torture or starve him ; for a little interest with the nearest Bishop could at any moment ensure his being publicly burnt to ashes, and that with the consent and applause of the whole diocess. Even scruples of conscience, had such scruples been common among the ‘ Front-de-Bœufs ’ and ‘ Bois-Guilberts ’ of the age, would at once have been silenced by the reflection, that the robbery of a heretic and a sorcerer, by a Christian knight, was clearly a meritorious spoiling of the Egyptians. Then what an inestimable—what an inexhaustible prize was such an Egyptian as this ! What were all the treasures which Thebes and Memphis could lavish upon the departing Israelites, when compared with what might be expected by the fortunate man who had a domestic coining machine in constant play ; and who could never want gold while an ounce of lead or iron remained on his castle roof ? Every one is familiar with the ludicrously painful picture which a distinguished living novelist has drawn of the career of a philosopher in the dark ages—tormented by the prodigal sovereign to coin gold and silver—by the warlike noble to invent military engines—by the ambitious courtier to draw horoscopes and cast nativities—by the frail beauty to compose philters and rejuvenating potions—by the intriguing statesman to toil at subtle poisons and sympathetic images ;—harassed, accused, and neglected by all in turn, and finally murdered by their bigoted abhorrence or their savage disappointment. Many a student, less rational perhaps, but not less zealous or less single-minded, than poor Adam Warner, has endured his life of thankless toil, and his unpitied death, in a cause which could not even ensure the gratitude of posterity.

The alteration which undoubtedly took place about the end of the fifteenth century, in the pursuits and pretensions of the Alchymists, may perhaps be ascribed to these absurd and cruel proceedings. Worthless as that science in its best days was, and could not but be, there can be no doubt that the change of which we speak was a most unfortunate one. The persecutions by which the Alchymist was assailed, were so far from discouraging the popular belief in his powers, that they confirmed it by the express authority of the Church. His prospects of gain were therefore as hopeful as ever, if he had the courage to confront the chance of being burned alive. Thus Alchymy, originally a harmless chimera, became the resource of needy and desperate men—men who were willing to endure the abhorrence of their fellow-creatures, and the menaces of the law, for the gold which they could extort from the timid and the credulous. The Alchymist, once an honoured sage, whom the strictest Catholic regarded

with awe if not with admiration, became first a detested sorcerer, alternately the tool and the victim of lawless power, and next a common vagabond and charlatan;—just as the petty sovereign, whose forays swept a whole province, degenerated first to the wandering mercenary captain, and lastly to the lurking highwayman. Dousterswivel and Cagliostro were the degraded successors of Geber and Alfarabi, as Turpin was of the ancient Buicleuchs and Fairniehirsts. But Alchymy, unlike robbery, became more pernicious in proportion as it became perilous and disgraceful. In the eighth century the Alchymist rejected with scorn the magnificent hospitality of the Caliph; in the eighteenth, he was glad to prey upon the credulity of a pedantic country gentleman or a ruined gambler.

It was not to be expected that a race of mercenary empirics could feel much interest in the science, such as it was, of Alchymy. Accordingly we find that the pretensions of the later adepts were ridiculously exaggerated, and conveyed in a jargon which neither they nor any other human being could explain or comprehend. Its modern professors, says Mr Mackay, 'totally changed its aspect, and referred to the possession of their wondrous stone and elixir, not only the conversion of the base into the precious metals, but the solution of all the difficulties of other sciences. They pretended that, by its means, men would be brought into closer communion with their Maker; that disease and sorrow would be banished from the world; and that the "millions of spiritual beings" who walk the earth unseen, would be rendered visible, and become the friends, companions, and instructors of mankind.' Cornelius Agrippa pretended that he was constantly accompanied by a demon, in the shape of a huge black mastiff; and the ready faith of his admirers not only accepted the legend, but embellished it in a manner which its author would scarcely have approved, by asserting that the familiar was seen to carry off the soul of his expiring master. Our readers will easily recall the tragi-comic ballad, in which Southey has recorded, as a warning to all young necromancers, the fate of the rash pupil who ventured to open the cabalistic books of the same philosopher; but they will perhaps be surprised to learn that the adventure in question is a genuine contemporary legend—believed by all the admirers of the magician, and solemnly detailed by the grave Jesuit Delrio, in his learned treatise on Magic. Paracelsus assured his disciples that he carried an imp confined in the hilt of his sword, and another in the jewel of his ring; that he was in constant communication with the spirits of Galen and Avicenna; and that he had 'identified himself with the celestial intelligences.' Dr

John Dee was honoured with a personal interview by the Archangel Uriel; and held long and frequent, though unfortunately far from intelligible, conversations with various other supernatural beings, by means of the still keener senses of his servant and pupil, Edward Kelly. But time and patience would fail our readers, if we were to notice one half of the follies of these crazy impostors. Their dull extravagance is a hundred times more absurd, and a thousand times more tedious, than the bottle-imps, self-multiplying dollars, and magic bullets, of the German nursery.

Such were the pretensions of Alchymy in the 16th century :

‘Atque utinam his potius nugis tota illa dedisset
Tempora sævitæ, claras quibus abstulit urbi
Illastresque animas, impune et vindice nullo !’

The Alchymists, by their continued experiments, naturally acquired considerable practical skill in Chemistry; and for nearly two centuries a great part of this knowledge was constantly devoted to the composition of the subtlest and most deadly poisons. The demand for these fearful inventions increased with the supply, and the supply in its turn with the demand; until, in many parts of Europe, the domestic comfort of every private individual was disturbed by the increasing fear of becoming a victim to the diabolical art of some secret enemy. ‘Early in the 16th century,’ says Mr Mackay, ‘the crime seems to have gradually increased; till, in the 17th, it spread over Europe like a pestilence. It was often exercised by pretended witches and sorcerers, and finally became a branch of education amongst all who laid any claim to magic and supernatural arts.’ Popular alarm, and popular love of the marvellous, embellished by innumerable fables the really frightful nature of this new and atrocious crime. Every substance, it was believed, which could be tasted, smelt, or even touched, might be made, by a skilful poisoner, the means of inflicting inevitable death. Every one has heard of the limpid and tasteless potions which destroyed life, some in the twinkling of an eye, some by gentle and inexplicable decay;—of the flowers, whose scent carried a deadly vapour to the brain;—of the delicious perfumes, which spread mortal languor through the air;—and of the gloves, whose touch insinuated a subtle venom through the pores.

It was in Italy that these terrible practices first appeared, that they were most commonly used, and that they were longest retained. It would be mere waste of time to multiply examples from the political history of that unhappy country. The most superficial acquaintance with it is sufficient to show, that assassination by poison was a tolerated if not a professed expedient among

Italian statesmen in the 15th and 16th centuries. But long after the convulsions of these stormy times had been set at rest by the establishment of something like regular governments, the same crimes continued to prevail in domestic life, and that to the most incredible extent. At Rome, in particular, there reigned in succession, during the later part of the 17th century, two notorious sorceresses, known as La Spara and La Tofagna; who in the art *nigros efferre maritos*, might have rivalled Locusta herself. They were the inventors of the celebrated slow poison known throughout Europe as the Manna of St Nicholas of Bari; and their pride in their art, or their sympathy for unhappily allied persons of their own sex, was such, that they are said to have occasionally removed obnoxious husbands out of free generosity. Extraordinary as it may appear, nothing is more certain than that the attention of the Roman Government was first drawn towards these proceedings, partly by the unaccountable mortality among husbands, which was actually so great as to become matter of public notoriety long before the cause was known; and partly by the reports of the clergy, who, though bound by their vows not to betray individuals, could not help representing to the authorities the fearful number of domestic murders to which they were compelled to listen in the Confessional. Even after the existence of the practice had been proved, and the principal culprits detected, they contrived for several years to baffle the vigilance of the authorities by the aid of their clients; and it was not until the survivor of these. Hecates had been executed—which could not have been till towards 1730—that the crime began to fall into disuse.

The peculiar prevalence of this practice among the Italians of the middle ages, is no doubt in a great measure to be attributed to that utter want of all chivalrous spirit—a want, be it observed, which we by no means consider an unmixed evil—which prevented them from feeling any shame in deceit, or any pride in confronting danger. We cannot, perhaps, altogether confirm the opinion of Mr Mackay, who believes that they considered such actions ‘perfectly justifiable,’ and that ‘the Italians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries poisoned their opponents with as little compunction as an Englishman of the present day brings a lawsuit.’ Nor can we think the statements of contemporary writers, that Roman ‘ladies put poison bottles on their dressing-tables as openly . . . as modern dames use *Eau-de-Cologne*,’ worthy of implicit or literal confidence. Moralists, we know, are apt to overshoot facts when they are rounding an indignant period about the wickedness of the age; and we must suppose that in Italy, as elsewhere, the generality of men had common

sense and common feeling enough to distinguish right from wrong. But we believe we may fairly say, that, two centuries ago, poisoning stood in Italy on the same footing as duels, or affairs of gallantry, in England. It was generally regarded as an act which strict morality indeed could never justify, but which circumstances might in a great measure palliate, and to which, at the very worst, no peculiar or indelible infamy was attached. Good men would speak of it with the manly indignation of Evelyn; commonplace men with the indulgent censure of honest Pepys; and profligate men with the boastful impudence of Wilmot and Wycherley. We think it probable, for instance, that an Italian of the sixteenth or seventeenth century would have incurred the universal suspicion of hypocrisy, by speaking of assassination by poison in the language which the coldest Englishman would use as a matter of course; and we have no doubt that his Quixotic inconsistency would have attracted the most contemptuous ridicule, if he had challenged to the field an enemy whom he had scrupled to remove by the sure and silent ministry of *La Tofagna*. The reason of this was, that neither treachery nor cowardice were despised by Italians as they are despised by Englishmen. The one was an immoral act, and the other a serious misfortune; but neither inferred what we consider ignominy. We should perhaps be wrong, if we were to speak of the men among whom such feelings were common, as the first impulse of contempt and indignation might dictate. It may be true—as we remember to have seen it most eloquently and ingeniously argued—that the feeling which attaches unredeemed infamy to falsehood is the mere prejudice of our country; that every system of opinion which severs worldly dishonour from moral guilt is equally absurd and pernicious; and that a nation which weakly tolerates crimes of artifice, may be, on the whole, fully as wise and virtuous as a nation which weakly tolerates crimes of open daring. It is certain that the Italians of the middle ages, depraved as in many respects they were, were universally free from the savage indifference to bloodshed, the reckless thirst of military glory, and the brutal contempt of civilization, which were so common among the northern chivalry. It may even be doubted, whether these advantages were more than counterbalanced by the peculiar evils which accompanied them;—whether the wickedness which Machiavel would have pardoned in a consummate statesman, was more atrocious in itself, or more dangerous to mankind, than that which the Black Prince would have pardoned in a valiant knight. To an Englishman, it certainly appears meaner and more degrading; but this is an association which an Italian of that day could not have comprehended, and by which he ought not to be judged. This is the

only reasoning by which a modern reader can persuade himself, that the crimes of the Borgias and Viscontis were, after all, the crimes of human beings; and that the wrath of Providence had not inflicted upon the whole generation which tolerated them, that monstrous moral deformity which it required a combination of extraordinary circumstances to develop in Nero and Domitian. Still it is in vain that, to borrow an expressive Americanism, we endeavour to *realize* such a state of opinion. It is in vain that we try to imagine ourselves living in a society where inscrutable dissimulation was the point of honour—where men would have felt for Iago the reluctant admiration which we yield to Rivingham or Balfour—and where ‘the last infirmity of noble minds’ was a tendency to adroit and ingenious deceit. Our prejudices revolt in spite of our efforts at candour; and we turn with sympathy, if not with admiration, to the barbarous warrior, whose ferocious passions and brute courage made him frank and open in his enmity, though perhaps from no higher motives than childish impatience of self-control, and blind indifference to danger.

In France and England the crime of poisoning, though occasionally practised, never became common. It was introduced into the former country by Catharine de Medici, who, as might have been expected from her character, was a warm and zealous patroness of the *venefice* of her native country. In her time, Paris abounded in druggists and perfumers—almost always, however, Italians by birth—who professed this atrocious mystery; and several of the great ladies and seigneurs, belonging to the Court of Henry III., became infamous for their dealings with such persons. But the crime was one of the few which found no sympathy among the fiery nobles of the day. Their fierce, ardent, bloodthirsty enmities were as different as possible from the calm and smiling hatred of an Italian. They carried on their quarrels, not indeed with honourable fairness, but in a spirit of proud and boastful bravado, which made them incapable of dissimulation and cajolery. It was enough for such a man as Sforza to know that his enemy was dead—that he should never see his face or feel his influence again. But Bussy or Bouthilliers would have thought this poor revenge. They would have longed to taunt and defy him, to give him the mortal blow with their own hand, and to see him expire at their feet. The most murderous bravoos of the day—men who, like the famous Baron de Vitaux, never scrupled to ensure their revenge by every advantage of numbers and weapons—were too haughty to effect it by conciliating their victims. We find that, when exasperated, they generally indulged their pride and passion by open threats and insults; though it is obvious that by doing so they must

often have lost the opportunity of more complete satisfaction. But the epidemic, which at this period soon became extinct, broke out again, about a century later, with a sudden violence which all the exertions of the Government could not for several years suppress. About the middle of Louis XIV.'s reign, the police of Paris found reason to suspect that poisoning was becoming a common crime in private life; and scarcely had their attention been attracted to the subject, when an accident gave them the means of detecting a domestic tragedy of the most frightful kind. We need not say that we allude to the crimes of the infamous Marquise de Brinvilliers. This unhappy woman belonged by birth to the noble family of D'Aubray, and was married to the Marquis in 1651. Some time after her marriage, she contracted a guilty attachment for a gentleman named St Croix, who was a man of the most abandoned character, and had been the pupil of Essili, a well-known Italian poisoner and alchymist. By the advice and assistance of this man, Madame de Brinvilliers deliberately put to death by poison her father and her two brothers, in order to obtain possession of the family estate. Her sister, who inherited upon their death as coparcener with her, would speedily have shared their fate if a vague suspicion of the truth had not induced her to leave Paris abruptly. The Marchioness then proceeded to plot against the life of her husband, in order to marry St Croix; but the execution of this project was secretly delayed by the latter, who felt, naturally enough, some repugnance to such a match. Just at this time, however, St Croix died suddenly in his laboratory; his body was identified; and the proofs against himself and his paramour, which had till then escaped the strictest search, were at once discovered. Madame de Brinvilliers escaped to England for a time; but, having rashly returned to the Continent, she was arrested at Liege, tried at Paris, condemned to death, and publicly beheaded on the Place de Grève in July 1676. This formidable example was, however, very far from producing the intended impression. The crime of poisoning continued and increased, until it became for the time more common than it had ever been in Italy. It was not confined to cases of deadly enmity or of urgent necessity. The hope of acquiring an inheritance, or of getting rid of a debt, was thought quite sufficient ground for its commission. The Cardinal de Bonzy, for instance, incurred the darkest suspicions in consequence of the rapidity with which certain life annuitants upon his property had died off. It was known that he had publicly 'thanked his stars' for his deliverance; and a notorious poisoner, with whom he was said to be intimate, was from that time known by the apt *sobriquet* of M. de Bonzy's star. These extraordi-

nary events gave the utmost alarm and distress to Louis XIV. and his ministers. The severest measures were taken to detect and punish the guilty. Upwards of one hundred individuals suffered death upon conviction of the crime; and in particular, two midwives, who had long been the most eminent *empoisonneuses* in Paris, and one of whom was strongly suspected of having been concerned in the death of the beautiful Duchesse de Fontanges, were publicly burned alive in 1679. But it was some time before even these remedies produced their effect; and it was not until 1682—more than ten years after its first public appearance—that the crime could be considered as suppressed.

The few notorious murders by poison which occurred in this country, fortunately excited such universal horror and indignation, as to prevent the crime from becoming very common. The practice had, however, appeared as early as the reign of Henry VIII.; for we find that prince, with characteristic humanity and good sense, endeavouring to repress it by enacting that persons guilty of it should be *boiled alive*; and we believe that this punishment was actually inflicted upon a London citizen's widow, convicted of having murdered her husband. The worthless Dudley, Earl of Leicester, is almost the only English statesman whom historical evidence, or even common report, has accused of the habitual use of such weapons against his enemies. Among the many dark and uncertain rumours which were current concerning the death of his unhappy countess, that which ascribed it to poison was the most generally credited. Several of his rivals at Court are said narrowly to have escaped the same fate; and his own death was believed to have been caused by inadvertently partaking of poison which he had prepared for his second wife.

We need not enter into the particulars of the atrocious murder which disgraced the next reign. The death of Overbury—the conviction of the Earl of Somerset—and the pardon which was extorted from the King, contrary to his solemn and voluntary oath, by the mysterious influence of the murderer—belong to the public history of that shameful period. Fortunate it is for the memory of James, that the ludicrous absurdity of his personal demeanour has thrown into the shade the hateful vices of his life; and that the testimony of his indignant subjects has been in some measure forgotten in the good-natured ridicule of modern genius. Several other sudden deaths, which happened about the same period—those, for instance, of Edward VI., Henry Prince of Wales, and James I. himself—were attributed by vulgar suspicion to the same cause; but there appears to have existed no satisfactory proof in any of the cases, and it is certain that the practice of poisoning never became common in private life.

The science of Alchymy, properly so called, was meanwhile continuing its progress from absurdity to absurdity. The famous Rosicrucian sect were occupied in reducing the incoherent ravings of the later adepts in the science, to something like a systematic shape—‘if shape that could be called which shape had ‘none.’ These *Illuminati*, as they were fond of styling themselves, referred their own origin to a certain German philosopher named Christian Rosencreuz; whom they asserted to have travelled in the East about the end of the fifteenth century, and to have brought home from among the Arabian Cabalists many marvellous secrets; which he afterwards revealed to his chosen disciples, upon their solemn engagement to cultivate and transmit them in profound secrecy for one hundred years. In accordance with this legend, it was in the year 1605 that the Rosicrucians first made public their opinions; but Mr Mackay rightly thinks it probable that the mystic legacy, if not the existence, of Rosencreuz, was altogether a part of their imposture; and that they were mere collectors and improvers of the follies so common among the later Alchymists. Their pretended mystery was one of which no uninitiated writer can presume to give a definition. Alchymy, astrology, magic—and indeed all other sciences known among mankind—were but minute and humble branches of their universal secret. They asserted, ‘that the ‘meditations of their founders surpassed every thing that had ‘ever been imagined since the creation of the world, without excepting even the revelations of the Deity; . . . that they ‘were subject to neither hunger, thirst, disease, old age, nor any ‘other inconvenience of nature; . . . that they had a volume ‘in which they could read all that ever was or ever would be written in other books to the end of time; . . . that they could force ‘into, and retain in their service, the most powerful spirits and ‘demons; that they could attract pearls and precious stones from ‘the depths of the sea and the bowels of the earth; . . . ‘and that they could render themselves invisible to all eyes.’ But the leading peculiarity of Rosicrucianism was a belief in the existence of innumerable supernatural beings throughout the universe, whose services and intimacy every master of the science was supposed to possess.

Mr Mackay is of opinion, that, before the time of the Rosicrucians, ‘Alchymy was but a grovelling delusion; and theirs is ‘the merit of having spiritualized and refined it. They also enlarged its sphere; and supposed the possession of the philosopher’s stone to be not only the means of wealth, but of health ‘and happiness—the instrument by which man could command ‘the services of superior beings, control the elements to his will,

‘defy the obstructions of time and space, and acquire the most intimate knowledge of all the secrets of the universe. Wild and visionary as they were, they were not without their use— if it were only for having purged the superstition of Europe of the dark and disgusting forms with which the monks had peopled it, and substituted in their stead a race of mild, graceful, and beneficent beings.’ We cannot consider these remarks as creditable to the judgment or information of Mr Mackay. We cannot think that an erroneous belief, in the possibility of a curious and important chemical problem, deserves to be stigmatized as a grovelling delusion; nor can we understand why a dream about fairies and genii, was more worthy to engage the attention of a philosopher. If Alchymy was indeed what Mr Mackay calls it, it certainly did not become so, until these very innovations had changed it from a plausible mistake into a monstrous absurdity. We own that we should as soon think of praising a man for enlarging the sphere of burglary or highway robbery, as of Rosicrucianism. To us, the very sentence in which Mr Mackay has commended the brilliancy of their conceptions, appears the strongest proof of their contemptible folly; and we are at a loss to imagine how any one can read it, without being convinced that the Rosicrucians were either the weakest of enthusiasts or the most impudent of impostors.

Nor can we even allow these visionaries the praise of having invented a new and graceful popular mythology. We agree with Mr Mackay, that every man of taste would willingly forgive their delusions, if he were convinced that we owe to them the Ariel and Titania of Shakspeare, or even the Sylphs and Gnomes of Pope. But, though Rosicrucianism may have supplied the immediate suggestion of the former creations, as it certainly did of the latter, there is no reason to believe that it was the original source of either. All that we have ever read or heard of its theory upon this subject, appears to us to have been a fanciful, though not a peculiarly skilful, adaptation of the general belief of both classical and Gothic antiquity. From the days of the Dryads and Naiads, down to those of the Erl-King and the Syren of the Lurlei, superstition has peopled the air, the water, and the woods, with innumerable fantastic beings. Thus the Merman has succeeded the triton; the Brownie the satyr; and the Kelpie the river-god. Many of these fables possess considerable poetical beauty; and few are destitute of a sort of fanciful interest. How far the Rosicrucians were justified in making them the foundation of a celestial science, is a question which we shall not stop to consider; but we cannot suppose that their interpretation was necessary to

point out the beauties of the popular belief to the perception of Shakspeare.

If, indeed, as Mr Mackay seems to think, Rosicrucianism had been merely an ingenious attempt to give a harmless and pleasing shape to vulgar superstition—if its professors had been the first to represent, as virtuous and benevolent intelligences, those elementary spirits who were universally believed to exist, and whom the meddling bigotry of the priests had denounced as hostile fiends—and if they had, by this innocent artifice, really ‘purged the superstition of Europe of the dark and ‘disgusting forms with which the monks had peopled it’—then we acknowledge that the fraternity would have deserved the praise, not of misdirected genius, but of useful and judicious philanthropy. But unfortunately we can see no reason to believe that they either intended to produce, or were the means of producing, any such beneficial change. It had long been a popular, though not perhaps an orthodox opinion, that the invisible inhabitants of the elements were generally a placable, and even a benevolent race. The Fairies of English minstrelsy, for instance, were always represented as the friends of virtue and the wily tormentors of vice; and differed entirely from the wayward, gloomy, and vindictive race, whose fatal name, day, and colour, are still revered by the Scottish mountaineer. The Mermaid of Colonsay, the Naiad of Ravenswood Castle, the Undine of Lamotte-Fouquè, are but the imitations of those fanciful yet touching legends, which represent these mysterious beings as capable of the affections, and liable to the sorrows, of humanity. Indeed, the vulgar belief—a belief at least harmless, however absurd and unwarranted—appears to have been, that these phantoms were celestial spirits, who had borne a passive and venial share in that mysterious rebellion of which there are so many dark and broken hints; and that they were therefore, though all more or less fallen and imperfect, still, like the human race, in a state of probation, and capable of regaining their first estate. Our readers will not fail to recall the poetical use which has been made of this wild fancy in the *Peri* of Moore, and the *White Lady* of Scott. It is true, that monastic zeal denounced the theory in question as a most presumptuous and dangerous heresy—thus, as we shall hereafter see, converting a harmless day-dream into a raging frenzy; and it is equally true, that the Rosicrucians were active in contradicting this decision, and in supporting what had, in fact, been the popular opinion. But it is quite certain that their interference, so far from giving a more innocent direction to the general insanity, exasperated the alarm and indignation of the clergy and people to the highest pitch; and furnished them with

new and overwhelming proofs of the prevalence of witchcraft and sorcery. And when we consider the use which many of the most eminent adepts made of their reputation, we think we may be pardoned for at least doubting whether they had any motive of general humanity for enforcing their favourite tenet; and whether its main object was not the exercise of their own art, free from the incessant fear of the stake and the gibbet.

In Germany, the land of supernatural romance and mystical philosophy, Rosicrucianism attracted early and lasting attention. Its most admired master was an insane Lusatian shoemaker named Jacob Böhmen, who died in 1624; after having astonished the most profound of his fraternity by the wildness of his imagination, and the dense obscurity of his writings. His followers were far from extinct in the eighteenth century; and it is probable that those dreams of the physical perfectibility of the human race, which Condorcet and others of the French republicans borrowed from Rousseau, may have been borrowed by him from the visionary philosophers of Germany. Such of our readers as have ever chanced to meet with the absurd and conceited declamations of certain modern sceptics upon what they are pleased to denominate *Pantheism*, will readily perceive that the 'forcible feebleness' of Rosencreuz and Böhmen is by no means extinct among their descendants.

The new delusion speedily made its appearance in the other countries of Europe. In 1616, an English Rosicrucian named Robert Fludd, or, as he preferred to style himself, Robertus à *Fluctibus*, published a formal history and defence of his sect, which attracted so much notice that the author became the acknowledged founder of the science in this country. He was succeeded by a still wiser philosopher named John Heydon, who pretended to exist upon pure air, and taught that food was a baneful luxury. Their extravagances, however, attracted little notice among the innumerable denominations of madmen to which the national troubles had given birth; and, by the end of the seventeenth century, their few remaining disciples had, as we learn from 'the Spectator,' explained away their science, until it had become a sort of symbolical caricature of the ancient Stoic philosophy.

The introduction of Rosicrucianism into France was of a more melodramatic kind. In 1623, the burghers of Paris were astonished by finding their streets placarded, during the night, with notices, proclaiming that a Rosicrucian colony had taken up their abode in the city, and intended to initiate neophytes, and exercise their art for the benefit of the inhabitants. The Parisians, always credulous and excitable to a proverb, and at this time devout to fanaticism in their religious belief, received this singu-

lar announcement with implicit faith and dreadful consternation. The utmost efforts of the French police could never clearly ascertain whether the placards were a mischievous jest, or whether a band of impostors were really at work in the city. But people whose imaginations were so painfully excited, might safely be left to invent horrors and miracles for themselves. The most ingenious system of annoyance could have added very little to their alarm and discomfiture. Marvellous tales soon began to circulate concerning the diabolical attempts of the secret fraternity against the property, the honour, and the salvation of sundry Parisian families. The sages of the Sorbonne judiciously increased the curiosity of the presumptuous, and the terrors of the superstitious, by publishing a 'History of the 'Frightful Compacts entered into between the Devil and the 'Pretended Invisibles; with their Damnable Instructions, the 'Deplorable Ruin of their Disciples, and their Miserable End.' An anonymous Reply, by a brother of the order, had no effect in relieving the general alarm. But the French populace were incapable of imitating the serious faith of the grave, simple, imaginative Germans. The generation which afterwards found so many excellent jests in the civil wars of the Fronde, was not likely to stand for any length of time in devout admiration of the *Rosy Cross*. As soon as the first panic was over—as soon as the imagined presence of an invisible enemy had lost its first terrors—the ridiculous side of the imposture was speedily perceived. A laugh was soon raised at the cost of Rosicrucianism, which proved as fatal to its success, as in France it probably would had its object been of the noblest description. In a short time the subject was forgotten, nor does it appear that it was ever revived; for we will not, as Mr Mackay has done, impute an attempt at magical imposture to the celebrated Count de St Germain, whose accomplishments, curious learning, and singular skill in mystification, were so long the wonder of the court of Louis XIV. This clever adventurer appears to have been merely a polite and witty man of the world, who chose to amuse himself, and gratify his love of notoriety, by pretending to a superhuman length of life. His perseverance in so absurd a farce may have been frivolous and foolish enough; though scarcely more frivolous or more foolish, and certainly far less culpable, than the ordinary pursuits of a French courtier in that age of the Grammonts and Richelieus. But it is only just to remark, that he supported his pretensions with extraordinary tact and ingenuity, and that he does not appear to have used them for any sordid or unworthy purpose.

We might add to our brief sketch of these gigantic delusions

a long list of superstitious follies, less known indeed, and less universal, but still most effective in retarding and confusing the progress of natural philosophy. We might devote many pages to a most curious and extensive subject—the various magical properties which the philosophers of the middle ages ascribed to precious stones. We might relate how the carbuncle gave light in the dark, the emerald removed intoxication, and the opal grew pale at the touch of poison. We might speak of the semi-animate mandrake, which, when severed from its roots, utters ‘that unimaginable groan which none may hear and live.’ We might describe the many fabulous animals invented by the fancy of naturalists; from the kraken, the sea-serpent, and the unicorn, down to the barnacle-goose, which, as the juvenile readers of Miss Edgeworth are well aware, issues full-feathered from the jaws of a shell-fish! Above all, we might expatiate upon the influence which superstition exercised over the medical art; upon the effect which the planets were supposed to produce on various diseases and remedies; upon the charms which were thought to stanch blood and allay pain; and upon those singular cures by *sympathy*, which were effected by applying salves and bandages, not to the wound, but to the weapon which had inflicted it.

But it is time to proceed to the second branch of the subject, and to turn from the delusions of visionary study to those of practical life. We have now to contemplate superstition, no longer silently corrupting the sources of knowledge, but sallying forth with fire and sword to destroy the innocent and rescue the guilty—no longer lurking in the crucible and the observatory, but dictating the statute-book and seated on the tribunal. Whether her influence in this shape was more extensive or more deadly than in the former, may perhaps be doubted; but it is certain that neither the Roman Empire nor the French Revolution can furnish more humiliating examples of human weakness and human cruelty, than are to be found in the present chapter of her history.

From almost the earliest ages in which we know any thing of our Teutonic ancestors, their inveterate belief in supernatural prodigies has been permitted to pervert their civil institutions, by introducing new and absurd methods of trial, and by inventing new and impossible crimes. This was more especially the case after the introduction of Christianity had strongly impressed men’s imaginations with religious feelings, without at first softening their manners or enlightening their minds. In process of time, the first species of interference produced the trial by Ordeal, and the second the penal code of Witchcraft.

Among the Celtic tribes of Europe, who were always under the influence of an artful and domineering priesthood, the ordeal, in its proper sense, appears to have been very early known. It is said that, in cases of doubtful accusation, the Druids made use of the rocking-stones, which were common in Britain, for this purpose; and that the culprit was acquitted or condemned as he succeeded or failed in shaking them. But among the nations of Gothic descent—whose spirit of freedom even the artifices of Rome could not long subdue—the trial by ordeal originated in the custom to which it soon returned,—that of private duels. The first recognition of the single combat as a regular judicial proceeding, is to be found in the laws of Gundebald, King of the Burgundians, at the beginning of the sixth century. The practice spread rapidly among the warlike Franks; and in the reign of Charlemagne, three hundred years later, it had become so universal, that not only the parties in a common suit at law, but the witnesses, and even the judges, were constantly summoned to do mortal battle in support of the justice of their cause; the truth of their testimony; or the uprightness of their decision. But the shocking absurdity of solemnly invoking the Divine assistance to take away the life of a fellow-creature for an acre of land or a herd of cattle, was too monstrous even for that age of darkness and bloodshed; and the trial by duel was restricted by Louis le Débonnaire to the decision of criminal accusations, or of certain civil causes of the highest importance. This good and heroic Prince—whose blind superstition has deprived him of the gratitude, but not of the sympathy and admiration, of posterity—was long after induced, either by his religious or his chivalrous enthusiasm, to restore, in its full atrocity, a practice which had proved too barbarous for the barbarous Carovingian Kings. But such a change could not long be endured, and the ancient restriction was speedily restored by his successors.

In the mean time the clergy—some of them, from anxiety to extend the temporal authority of the church, and others, no doubt, from motives better suited to their sacred profession—were, for the most part, eager in condemning the trial by battle. But while they threatened the duellist with excommunication, they did not contradict the false and profane opinion which was the pretext of his crime; and, indeed, the ceremonies which they endeavoured to substitute, though less inhuman in themselves, were equally absurd as tests of innocence, and far more liable to be tampered with by interested parties. The ordeals authorized by the church, in cases of conflicting testimony, were five in number. These were the ordeal of the consecrated bread, which it was supposed no guilty person could swallow; the ordeal of

the cross, which consisted in selecting from one of two similar packets that containing a crucifix; the ordeal by immersion in water, afterwards too well known in trials for witchcraft; the ordeal by fire, where the culprit was acquitted if he could with impunity grasp a hot iron bar, or walk blindfold across a space strewed with hot ploughshares; and lastly, the well-known ordeal by contact in cases of murder, which depended upon the singular superstition, that the corpse would bleed afresh at the touch of the murderer. Mr Mackay has added to these, the public oath of innocence upon the Evangelists; but it seems doubtful whether this custom can be properly called an ordeal, since it does not appear that any miraculous interference, in cases of perjury, was invoked or expected.

These cruel practices were always solemnized with the utmost solemnity. To some of them a special service was consecrated by the church; and they invariably took place in a sacred building, under the superintendence of the clergy, and with all the forms of divine worship. It is however observable, that in most of them even chance was excluded; so that, in the absence of a miracle, the criminal was generally sure of condemnation or acquittal, according to the nature of the trial imposed upon him. What were the precise rules by which it was decided, whether the *onus* of procuring supernatural aid should rest upon the accuser or the accused, does not appear; but if, as is most probable, any discretion was left to the ecclesiastical judges, it is clear that they had the power of controlling the result, without even incurring the risk of secret interference. It was not likely that such a mode of decision should be adopted without distrust, even in the most superstitious age. The champion whose conscious innocence made him confident of victory in the lists, might not have faith to expect a suspension of the laws of nature in his favour; especially when he had reason to fear that the miracle, if it actually happened, might be concealed or denied by the artifice of some hostile priest. Accordingly, we find that the trial by ordeal never became popular; and that the judicial combat was constantly practised, notwithstanding the disapprobation of the church. The obstinacy of the laity was strengthened by the institutions of chivalry, which added a spirit of punctilious pride to the native hardihood and ferocity of the Norman, Frank, and German nobility; and the general aversion to the ordeal became at length so strong, that it was abolished by law—in France by Lothaire, and in England by Henry III.—in spite of the opposition of the clergy. But it was found easier to strike these absurdities out of the statute-book, than to erase them from the memory of the vulgar. The ordeal by

water was long afterwards revived in accusations of sorcery ; and a well-known trial for parricide occurred so late as 1688, in which a conviction was obtained, principally upon proof that the dead body of the father had been seen to bleed when his coffin was raised by the son.

The laws and formalities of the judicial combat are familiar to every reader of history, and, we may almost add, of romance. For several centuries it preserved its solemn character as a legal trial and a religious rite ; and continued wholly distinct from the lawless encounters which were constantly taking place among the chivalry of feudal times. Its reputation was increased, and its influence maintained, by several very singular instances, in which victory was obtained by the rightful cause, though under great and obvious disadvantages. The earliest and most extraordinary of these took place in the year 878, when a celebrated champion named Gontran, who had falsely charged the Countess of Gastinois with the murder of her husband, was slain in presence of the whole French court by the young Count of Anjou, a boy of sixteen. The combat between the Chevalier Macaire and the favourite hound of the knight whom he had assassinated, is a still more famous instance. The well-known duel between M. de Chasteneraye and M. de Jarnac, was the last which was fought in France with the forms of a trial by battle. Chasteneraye, a duellist of renowned skill and audacity, publicly accused the Sieur de Jarnac of an intrigue with his own stepmother. They fought on foot in presence of Henry II. ; and Chasteneraye, who had shown the utmost insolence in provoking and preparing for the combat, was mortally wounded, to the great distress of the king. From this time the practice was formally prohibited ; though for some generations with no other effect but to increase the number of frivolous duels, and to render those which were fought as treacherous as they were sanguinary.

The trial by ordeal was well known among the Anglo-Saxons, and was adopted on the most important occasions, and by persons of the highest rank. It is well known that Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor, publicly underwent the trial by fire on suspicion of adultery. She was honourably acquitted ; which, considering that her alleged paramour was a bishop, is perhaps no very complete proof of her innocence. The trial by battle appears to have been almost unknown till the Conquest, when it was introduced by the Normans, with whom it was a favourite practice. It was disused in England at a comparatively early period—one of the last cases, if not the very last, of any historical importance in which it was appealed to, being the well-known duel between Henry of Bolingbroke and Thomas Duke of Nor-

folk, whose prohibition proved so fatal to Richard II. But during the earlier part of this interval, judicial combats were as common, and as much relied upon, in England as in France. The extinction of the earldom of Essex in the great Anglo-Norman house of Mandeville, was the consequence of one of the most conspicuous. The last earl of that family, who had long been a brave and faithful subject to Henry II., was accused of treason by Robert de Montfort, and overthrown by him in the lists at Reading. The earl's life was preserved; but, unable to endure the loss of reputation which he had incurred, he entirely forsook the world, and died without lineage, a monk in Reading Abbey.

Every religion which has existed among mankind has sanctioned the belief, that beings exist in the universe greatly superior to the human race in wisdom and power, and regarding mankind with the most deadly hostility. The terrors of this belief have, in most instances, been very unnecessarily aggravated, by the superstitious idea, that it is possible for mortals to become the allies of these intelligences, to partake their power, and to assist their evil designs. In some countries, as among the Indians of North America, the persons to whom such a compact is attributed, are venerated as the favoured priests and servants of a formidable deity. In others, as among the African Caffers, the accusation of witchcraft is the ready pretext for robbing or murdering an obnoxious neighbour. But in almost all, savage or civilized, the delusion exists. It was common among the ancient Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans; and it is still, we believe, universal among the Mahommedan and Hindoo nations. What frightful calamities it caused in Christendom we shall presently have occasion to notice; and it is certain that the disease, though in a great measure deprived of its malignity by the advance of civilization, is still far from extinct even in this country.

The name of Witchcraft is pregnant with fearful, yet delightful associations to that large class of romance readers, who, like the unhappy Orro, take pleasure in feeling 'the chilled blood shoot cold through every vein.' It will at once recall to their memory those wild and gloomy legends, in which the sorcerer becomes the mysterious accomplice of supernatural and malignant beings; and goes forth armed with their powers, and inspired with their cold and passionless malevolence—in appearance a living mortal, but in reality a soul already doomed to perdition. We shall be sorry to disappoint such anticipations; but it is certain that a most lamentable difference exists between the witchcraft of modern romance and the witchcraft of ancient superstition. The contrast be-

tween the chivalrous Hard-heart or Uncas, and the dirty, dishonest, inhospitable savages with whom Mr Murray hunted the buffalo, is scarcely so strong or so mortifying as the contrast between the fiendish dignity of Faust or Melmoth, and the doting hag whose petty spite or avarice induced her to terrify our ancestors by assuming the character of a sorceress.

It is not that the superstitions of former days are deficient in terrific interest, or even in poetical beauty. But it was in the vulgar delusions of the barbarous peasantry that these qualities abounded. The wild traditions which are still common in nations of Celtic or Gothic descent, are superior in supernatural awe and power, if not in impressive dignity, to any thing in classical or oriental fiction. The cannibalism of the ghoul was less fearful, and far more disgusting, than that of the vampire. The nymphs who lurked in the forests of Thessaly, and struck the unwary passenger with supernatural madness, were not to be compared to the phantoms with which superstition has peopled the glens and mountains of our own country. The pale *Larva* gliding around the cradle of the new-born child, was less formidable than the *Banshee* hovering at the window of the expiring chieftain; or the plague spirit silently marking the thresholds of the devoted city. The legend of Pentheus is far inferior to that of Glenfinlas; and even the mysterious terrors of the sylvan Pan are easily forgotten, when we read, in Bürger or Scott, of the feudal tyrant who is condemned to pursue the chase for ever through the wilds laid waste by his oppression—of the horror which seizes every living creature as the invisible hounds and horsemen rush past—and of the human limb which fell at the feet of the daring Baron, who challenged from the Wild Huntsman his lawful share of the game. If we wish for classical traditions worthy to compare with those of Gothic superstition, we must go back to the creations which they borrowed from an earlier age—to the mysterious Titans, the passionless Destinies, and the nameless deities whom superstition strove to propitiate by the title of Eumenides—creations which the tasteful elegance of the Athenian mind could neither originate nor appreciate. But we observe a singular change when we turn from the wild fables of the forester and mountaineer, to the serious belief of legislators and divines. The superstitions of James I., or of Pierre de Lancre, were as extravagant as those of a Highlander, or a peasant of the Harz; but they had not a spark of the poetical interest so common in the popular legends. It might almost be imagined that these learned demonologists were determined to convince posterity of their superiority to the delusions of the fancy; and to prove that the only sources of their cruelties were an imbecile intellect and a hard heart.

A very slight knowledge of the absurd and degrading notions anciently entertained respecting the spiritual world, will enable our readers to form a sufficiently accurate idea of the accusations which were common in trials for witchcraft. They will remember that neither Tasso, nor even Dante, were superior to the superstition which clothed the fallen archangel in the vulgar terrors of horns, tusks, and cloven feet. They will therefore be prepared to hear that the witch, instead of a being of terror and mystery, was generally a spiteful old woman, who had sold her salvation for the pleasure of blighting her neighbours' corn, destroying their cattle, and feasting by night in their cellars and larders—that her familiar was a cat, a toad, or, in some peculiarly atrocious cases, a blue-bottle fly; and that the Demon, to whose service she devoted herself, was a deformed satyr, who combined the lowest animal passions of humanity, with the stupidity, the ferocity, and almost the outward shape, of a wild beast. The ludicrous extravagance of such opinions, though connected with a subject which all Christians must consider as a most painful and terrible mystery, deprives them of much of their power to scandalize modern readers. But a person unacquainted with the blasphemous superstitions which were formerly general, would be more surprised, and certainly more shocked, by the nature of the imaginary compact which created the character of a sorcerer. Incredible as it may appear, the benefits of a sacrifice, which was admitted to be sufficient for the sins of the whole world, were seriously believed to be utterly and irrevocably forfeitable by a formal renunciation in writing, signed with the blood of the apostate!

We might, if we were disposed to treat the subject with levity, recall to the recollection of our readers an endless variety of monkish fables, in which these absurd fancies are displayed in their most ludicrous shape. It might indeed be naturally supposed, that to men who believed that the Archfiend was constantly, in the most literal sense of the words, 'going about seeking whom he might devour,' a flippant jest upon his character would have been more insupportable than to the most scrupulous ears of a less superstitious age. But the fact is, that our ancestors, familiar as they were with objects, customs, and ideas, which strike us as in the highest degree picturesque, were in many respects very insensible to the influence of the imagination. Those writers who are constantly mourning over the cold and worldly spirit of the present age, and striving to recall the illusions of the splendid past, would undoubtedly, if their wish could be granted, be disappointed by finding that the castles, forests, tournaments, and outlaws of old, were as dull and tiresome realities, to those who lived among them, as steam-engines,

railroads, and Rebeccaites, are to us; and that the Clares, Bohuns, and Umfravilles, of those days, were generally as uninteresting and unpoetical as an East India director or a Lancashire manufacturer in these. It is certain that the demonology of the middle ages, however it might terrify those who believed in it, was never associated by them with any feeling of poetical sublimity. They accordingly received great delight, if not some serious consolation and encouragement, from legends, of which the adventures of St Dunstan and St Antony are by no means exaggerated specimens. In some of them the deluded Tempter mistakes a signature in red ink or red lead for the fatal symbol which is to make him master of a human soul. In others, he is baffled in completing his share of the bargain by the ingeniously contradictory commands of his temporary master. In a few, he is robbed of his victim by the violent interference of some arbitrary saint. But of all these extravagant fables, our favourite is perhaps that in which the wily sorcerer, having surrendered himself to the infernal powers 'whether he shall be interred 'within or without a consecrated building,' evades this comprehensive clause by ordering his coffin to be built up within the wall of a cathedral.

These follies are rendered, in appearance, doubly absurd by the dry official form in which they have been handed down to posterity. Every lover of the marvellous—and we should suppose that few persons are so dull or so stoical as to be wholly insensible to its influence—must have remarked, how completely superstition loses its contagious effect when it endeavours to define the mysterious objects of its terror. The phantoms of the imagination, like those of the senses, are only formidable in obscurity; daylight discovers them at once in a familiar or ludicrous shape. Let our readers compare, in recollection, the judicious brevity and the well-affected doubt by which Sir Walter Scott gives interest and plausibility to the most puerile legends, with the wearisome effect produced by the sepulchral groans, clanking chains, and white-sheeted spectres, of the old romances. But we need not refer to the forgotten apparitions of the Radcliffe school, for proofs of the contempt which familiarity is, in such cases, sure to produce. We need but recall to remembrance the powerful modern tale, in which such skilful use has been made of the dreams of the Rosicrucian fraternity. Nothing can be more artful or more effective than the dark hints by which the student is there warned of the mysterious perils which must attend his initiation; but the author has ventured—perhaps we ought to say, has been compelled—to lift the veil and describe the trial. From that moment his spell is broken. All the efforts of genius

cannot awe the reader like his own bewildered imagination. The involuntary terror of the rash neophyte—the lurid darkening of the magic chamber—the shadowy form—the ghastly visage—the baleful eyes of the phantom—all these fearful images are less fearful than utter darkness. Glyndon confronting the Dweller on the Threshold, is nothing more than a human being menaced by a formidable but comprehensible danger—nothing more than Lucy Ashton pursued by the wild bull, or Leatherstocking taking aim at the panther. The hostile spirit takes her place among the regular *dramatis personæ*; and ‘Zanoni,’ so far as concerns the fate of her victim, is thenceforward no longer a supernatural tale.

If such is the effect of a moment’s rashness—of a single attempt at impersonation—in a story which, whatever may be its defects, is certainly written with singular power of imagination, our readers may form some idea of the pitiable dulness of a trial for witchcraft. Let them imagine the aspect of the childish superstitions which we have described, when set forth with the technical formality and tedious minuteness of legal evidence, and adorned with the quaint vulgarity of a bad writer in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Perhaps the nearest approach to the general effect of these records is to be found in some of those scenes of the French Revolution, where the realities of murder and robbery are so grotesquely mingled with the ludicrous jargon of republican affectation. But it would be injustice to the vivacity of the modern French character not to add, that even this comparison is too favourable; and that the follies of Anacharsis Clootz, though scarcely more eccentric or more pernicious, were infinitely more original and amusing than the dull absurdity of Hopkins and Sprenger.

Still, the annals of sorcery, however tedious and frivolous, are by no means wanting in horrors of a certain kind—horrors which, if they cannot inflame the imagination or shake the nerves, are eminently calculated to perturb the digestion. The ancient demonologists appear to have in some degree anticipated the pleasing artifice of certain modern writers of fiction, who, finding it difficult to represent the emotions of the mind, have supplied the deficiency by describing with surgical minuteness the injuries and agonies of the body. They strove to make amends for their inability to terrify by their skill in disgusting. They ransacked the loathsome secrets of the brothel and the charnel-house for every crime most revolting to humanity, in order to ascribe such practices to their unhappy victims. And it must be acknowledged that they succeeded in collecting a mass of abominations, of which a modern writer can communicate no idea whatever,

except perhaps to those of his readers who may be so unfortunate as to comprehend the force of a comparison with the ravings of the infamous De Sade.

It would appear at first sight as if the monstrous absurdity of such accusations would be likely to defeat itself; and this would no doubt have been the case, if the trials for sorcery had been regulated by common sense or common law. However blind the popular prejudice against the accused may have been, it would probably have been found, in most cases, impossible to procure credible witnesses who would have ventured to swear that they had actually seen the witch soar into the air on a broomstick, or transform herself into a cat, a hare, or a raven. The demonologists were therefore compelled to adopt new rules of evidence, as well as new indictments and penalties; and this they did so effectually, that, however absurd the charges might be, it was next to impossible to refute them. In this, however, they did but conform to the habitual feeling of their age. Strange and shocking as it must appear, there can be no doubt that, in former times, the atrocity of an accusation had the effect, not only of aggravating the penalty, but of impeding the acquittal of the accused. If, argued our ancestors, a man is hanged on proof of petty larceny, surely he ought to be hanged on suspicion of high treason. Every English lawyer will remember, with sorrow and indignation, how prominently this odious argument was employed in those judicial murders which are the eternal disgrace of the sagest commentator, and one of the bravest defenders, of our ancient laws. In state trials, for instance, it appears to have been the wish of every loyal judge, not merely that the crime should be punished, but that it should be proved to exist. The deliverance of the prisoner was looked upon as a defeat to the crown; and was therefore a result to be guarded against in every possible manner. If he demanded a copy of the indictment, he was told that the court had the privilege of refusing it; if he exposed the contradictory falsehoods of his accusers, he was rebuked for disrespect; if he complained of their savage violence, he was reminded that Mr Attorney stood there for the King's Grace, and must have liberty of speech accordingly. Witchcraft, which was high treason against Christianity, and an alliance with its enemies, was not, of course, to be more favourably treated. Indeed, so absurdly trifling were the circumstances which were admitted to justify conviction, that its persecutors might be almost thought to have tortured and slaughtered rather *in terrorem*, than from a conviction of the guilt of their victims; and to have aimed, not so much at checking witchcraft by burning witches, as at dis-

playing their abhorrence of it by burning somebody. The unhappy persons who perished, seem to have occupied the place of the effigy which zealous Protestants pelt with fireworks on the 5th of November, not as an actual traitor, but as the conventional representative of treason.

In the first place, the forgotten mummerly of the ordeal was revived; and that in a shape which made the proof of innocence, however complete, no inconsiderable punishment in itself. The most common method was the ancient ordeal by immersion in water, or, as it was called, *swimming*; in which the failure of the accused party to sink completely, was held an infallible proof of guilt. Another approved method was by *pricking*; which consisted in lacerating the body of the unfortunate victim, in the hope of detecting the *marks*, or insensible spots, which were supposed to exist in every witch. In a third, the culprit was kept bound hand and foot, without food, drink, or sleep, for a day and night; it being thought that no witch could exist for a longer time without some visible communication with her familiar spirits. It was seldom that, in these trials, the malignant vigilance of the bystanders was disappointed in detecting some symptom which they chose to consider a sign of guilt; and even when this did not occur, the life of the accused was generally endangered by the inhuman violence with which the tests were applied.

But the ordeal, absurd, cruel, and partial as it was, appears to have been only used in cases of the barest suspicion. The slightest shadow of evidence, or of what the prejudiced demonologist chose to consider evidence, was enough to send the culprit to the stake without hope or respite. The Continental Jurists openly laid down the rule, that 'persons of notoriously bad character, although not to be believed upon their oaths on the ordinary occasions of dispute that might arise between man and man, were to be believed if they swore that any person had bewitched them.' James I. of England confirmed their opinion, and improved upon it, by adding that the evidence of children, not old enough to understand the nature of an oath, ought also to be received. And indeed it was well for the victims when these proofs were of a kind which, in the opinion of their judge, justified their condemnation to a speedy death; for any contradiction or uncertainty in the evidence, was considered a ground, not for acquittal, but for extorting a confession from the accused party, by the unrelenting use of the severest torture.

The evidence for the defence was weighed in a very different balance. The monstrous supposition that an ugly old woman

could be a good Christian, or that a convicted perjurer would bring a false accusation of witchcraft, required to be supported by such proofs as scarcely any human testimony could furnish. Bodinus, a learned demonologist of the seventeenth century, has declared, that an acquittal for sorcery could never be justified, unless the innocence of the accused was clearer than the sun. How a negative—and such a negative—could be established in this triumphant manner—how a friendless vagrant was to prove that, during a life of thirty, forty, or fifty years, he had *never* attended a Sabbath, *never* soured milk or raised tempests, or *never* danced at midnight on the Brocken—the sage magistrate has omitted to specify. But it is certain that his rule, sweeping as it is, is far too limited to justify all the condemnations which took place; for proofs of an *alibi*, supported by the clearest testimony of the senses, were frequently set aside, on the gratuitous supposition that the witnesses had been deceived by a diabolical illusion; and women were burnt alive for having been present at the nightly revels of *Domdaniel* or *Blockula*, though their husbands swore that they had never quitted their beds during the nights in question. There is, in short, little or no exaggeration in affirming, that every imputation of sorcery raised a presumption of guilt against the culprit, and that very nearly approaching to what the law of England terms a presumption *absolute*. It was a presumption which a mere conjecture was sufficient to establish, and which, though nominally liable to be disproved, was in practice altogether insuperable.

What excuse the Sages of the Common Law would have alleged for their habit of proving their own loyalty by assuming the treason of every accused person, we are at a loss to conjecture. But the cruelty of the demonologist, though more absurd and more wicked, would no doubt have found a ready defence. We can easily imagine the obscure texts, the subtle and unintelligible analogies, and, above all, the solemn and pathetic warnings of the awfulness of the subject, and the peril of presumption, by which humanity, reason, and ridicule would have been in turn silenced. And when these arguments were found unavailing—as by the mercy of Heaven they finally were—we have no doubt that their authors consoled themselves by gloomy forebodings of the divine displeasure; bitter complaints of the *rationalistic* spirit of the age; and plaintive sonnets about the pure and happy days when the stake was the natural fate of age and misery! For, as our readers may have remarked, the champion of superstition, like the predatory Arab, is seldom exposed to a decisive defeat; because, though neither formidable in the field,

nor skilful in fortification, he can always, on the first appearance of danger, vanish among the mists and sands of the pathless desert.

The pretended crime of witchcraft has been recognised and punished, from the earliest times, among the nations of Western Europe; though it was not until a comparatively recent period that the superstition assumed its most absurd and malignant shape. Its earlier victims were in general persons who had provoked suspicion by pretending to possess, or attempting to exercise, forbidden knowledge. Such was the well-known case of Eleanor Cobham, Duchess of Gloucester; who was condemned to perpetual imprisonment in the Isle of Man, for attempting the life of Henry VI. by means of a sympathetic waxen image. Such was that of the Maréchal de Retz, a French nobleman of high rank and distinguished military reputation, who was publicly executed for sorcery in the 15th century; although, if the stories told of his crimes have any truth, he might well have dispensed with diabolical assistance in tormenting mankind. And such, in some measure, was the death of the heroic Maid of Orleans; whose delusions, innocent and patriotic as they were, were of a kind which no doubt excited sincere distrust and abhorrence among her superstitious enemies.

But even when most unjust and absurd, the accusation of sorcery was never, in ancient times, thrown out without a motive. It was either the consequence of heresy or infidelity, or the pretext for destroying some obnoxious race or person. It is well known to have been the belief of Christians to a very late period, that idolatry and witchcraft were synonymous, and that every misbeliever was the ally and worshipper of the infernal powers. The chivalrous zeal and devout ferocity of the Crusader, were sharpened by a thousand wild tales of the diabolical arts and assaults which the heroes of the cross had defeated. He was told of the supernatural tempests and phantom armies which assailed the Christian camp; of the enchanted charger which a treacherous Emir presented to Richard Cœur-de-Lion; and of the fairy paradise where the demon Venus decoyed and lulled into oblivion the wandering knight. In later times, the same arts were practised against Christian Dissenters from the Church of Rome. The cruelty of De Montfort's army was stimulated by the belief that the fiends, whose wickedness they so successfully emulated, were their active and zealous antagonists; and we remember to have met with a description, at once ludicrous and melancholy, of the surprise and remorse testified by one of the Dukes of Savoy, who had been active in persecuting the

Vaudois of Piedmont, upon finding that the infants of that unhappy race were not, as his monastic councillors had assured him, born with the outward deformities which were supposed to indicate diabolical possession. The same superstitious animosity, though certainly palliated by the horrible nature of the false religion which excited it, served to harden the followers of Cortes and Pizarro to the sufferings of the Mexican and Peruvian tribes. And our readers will remember, with shame and regret, that their insatuated cruelty was long after, in some measure, imitated by our own countrymen towards the heroic Sachems of New England. No one who has read the touching sketch of Washington Irving, can require to be reminded of the grovelling fanaticism which hastened, or of the Roman dignity and valour which ennobled, the fall of Metacom and Conanchet.

These instances of delusion are, in some degree, excused by the blind zeal of the times, which did not allow men to distinguish religious error from wilful guilt. But in some instances, though not in many, the accusation of sorcery was, as that of any other crime might have been, a pretext for revenge or oppression. The best known, if not the most unjustifiable, of these transactions, is the destruction of the Knights Templars in 1307. This is not the place for noticing the singular history of that most singular institution; or for discussing the justice of those dark and uncertain, yet not unprovoked suspicions, which brought upon them the deadly fear and hatred of Philip the Fair. The mysterious practices by which they incurred the suspicion of sorcery—the wealth, power, and insolence which destroyed their popularity—the dexterous use which their dauntless and relentless enemy made of his advantages—the atrocious falsehoods by which he justified his cruelty—and the heroic martyrdom of the few victims who retained the martial energy of their founders, are all matter of political history. The true causes of their ruin are as interesting to the historian, and its scenes as attractive to the poet and the novelist, as its pretended grounds are revolting and ridiculous.

A less celebrated, but far more unprovoked and atrocious persecution of the same kind, had taken place about eighty years earlier. In the eleventh century, the inhabitants of Friesland had formed a general confederacy against the petty feudal tyrants by whom they were surrounded. They governed themselves with wisdom and moderation for several generations by means of a representative assembly, which met annually under an ancient oak-tree at Upstalboom; and they defended themselves bravely, and on the whole with success, against the robber chivalry of the Rhine

and the Weser. But the cowardly policy of their ecclesiastical enemies, the Archbishops of Bremen, was at length too successful. Pope Gregory IX. was prevailed upon to anathematize the 'free Frisons' as heretics and sorcerers. A crusade was preached among the warlike and rapacious nobles of Western Germany; and the brave and faithful confederates, after an obstinate struggle, were swept from the face of the earth. There is something in the forlorn, yet not inglorious fate of their little community, more melancholy, if not more impressive, than is to be found in the many contests where liberty has fallen amid the sympathy and admiration of the world. It is like the solitary death of Troubridge or Kempenfelt compared with the glorious fall of Nelson.

But the time was now at hand when religious zeal; however ferocious, and personal enmity, however cruel and unrelenting, began to appear respectable motives for persecution; in comparison with the blind and stupid ferocity of men, who took away life, either from senseless and panic terror, or from insane thirst of blood. Early in the fifteenth century a general belief began to spread through Europe, that the crime of sorcery was fearfully on the increase. How the delusion originated does not precisely appear; but it must have been powerfully assisted by the absurd pretensions of the Alchymists, which had long attracted the unfavourable notice of the Church, and which, as we have seen, were just at this time attaining their highest pitch of extravagance; and it must be confessed, that the presence of men who boasted that they carried demons in their rings and pockets, might have alarmed and scandalized a less scrupulous age. Be this as it may, the contagion spread rapidly and fatally. In 1459 took place the celebrated trials and executions for witchcraft at Arras;—the earliest instance, upon a large scale, in which innocent persons were put to death for that crime, without any apparent object or provocation. The horrible example was eagerly followed throughout France, Germany, and Switzerland; and, a few years later, a superstition more hateful than that of the Brahmin, the Aztec, or the Arreoi, was solemnly sanctioned by the supreme Pontiff of the Christian Church. In 1488, Innocent VIII. gave the signal for one of the most fatal and wicked persecutions that ever disgraced mankind; by issuing a bull, in which he summoned all good Christians to the rescue of the Church from the open assaults of Satan and his mortal allies. His exhortations were repeated and renewed by several of his successors; and particularly by the infamous Alexander VI., who no doubt acted in character by encouraging murder, but

whose unaccountable defection, in such an emergency, must notwithstanding have been a cruel and unexpected blow to the powers of darkness.

Then arose throughout Europe that strange and fearful monomania, which has so often seemed to impart a mysterious fascination to crimes of a new and shocking character; and which can only be compared to the suicidal impulse said to be felt by those who gaze for the first time from the brink of a precipice. It was fortunate for mankind that the crime of sorcery, being morally and physically impossible, could not become common; or the world would really have become what a terrified Demonologist called it, 'a large madhouse for witches and devils 'to play their antics in.' But every thing that could be done, under such discouraging circumstances, was done most zealously and perseveringly, both by witches and witch destroyers. The more enthusiastic sorcerers scrupulously performed all the approved ceremonies for raising the Devil, and generally finished by becoming convinced that their object had been fully attained. The more artful and incredulous satisfied themselves with terrifying and robbing their neighbours, by the help of false pretensions to witchcraft. On the other hand, hypochondriac squires, terrified clowns, hysterical girls, and mischievous children, united in ascribing their sufferings and mishaps to enchantment; and usually fixed at random upon the nearest old woman as their tormentor. These accusations were so readily heard, and so unsparingly acted upon by the legal authorities, that the number of executions shocked and startled even the thoughtless and excited mob. The poorer classes began to look forward with natural alarm to the time when age and deformity might qualify themselves for the fate which they daily saw overtaking their neighbours; and, in many places, the inquisitors of the law were compelled by popular violence to abandon their researches. But Churchmen and Kings felt no such apprehension, and the fury of the persecution became daily more unsparing.

For nearly two hundred years after the bull of Innocent, the mania continued with scarcely any symptoms of abatement. Throughout the sixteenth century it was chiefly confined to France and Germany; in which countries the number of its victims must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands. Their total amount, indeed, can only be calculated from those which remain on record; but some idea of its magnitude may be formed from the fact, that many districts and large towns burnt two, three, and four hundred witches every year; and that in some, the annual executions destroyed nearly one per cent of the whole population! The

accusations were of the usual kind ; except in the south of France, where the crime of *lycanthropy*, which consisted in self-transformation into a wolf—or, as such enchanted animals were called, a *loup-garou*—was believed to be very prevalent. The Reformation, which swept away so many superstitions, left this, the most odious of all, in full activity. The Churchmen of England, the Lutherans of Germany, the Calvinists of Geneva, Scotland, and New England, rivalled the most bigoted Papists in their severities. Indeed, the latter sect, though the most opposite of all to the Church of Rome, were in this respect perhaps the most implicit imitators of her delusions.

The contagion was late in making its appearance in Great Britain ; though its presence, when once it became general, was not less destructive than in other countries. It was not until 1562, that the legislature formally recognised the practice of magic as felony, though used for objects not in themselves unlawful. After this time, however, the panic gradually arose ; and, towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, the increase of witchcraft had become a favourite subject of lamentation and warning with the court preachers. At length, in 1593, occurred the well-known and disgraceful tragedy of the witches of Warbois ; which ended in the public murder of a whole family, upon no better evidence than the ravings of a delirious girl. Still, this was for some time almost a solitary instance. The superstition, though certainly on the rise, was not yet at its height ; and the shrewd though homely ridicule of Reginald Scott—a man who well deserves the high praise of having struggled against a whole generation in the cause of reason and humanity—had some effect in checking its progress. But the pestilence broke out afresh upon the accession of James I. That vain and worthless pedant had always looked upon witchcraft with peculiar horror ; and had moreover been greatly delighted by the fatal flattery, which asserted that he was the most dreaded enemy of their fraternity. A Scottish Act of Parliament for the suppression of sorcery had been passed in 1563 ; but, during the reign of Queen Mary, the executions under it, though more frequent than in England, were comparatively few. James, however, speedily increased them to four hundred annually ;—a number more than quadruple their previous amount ; though, as we have seen, not greater than was furnished by many single towns on the Continent. He presided at the famous trial of Euphemia Macalzean, and her accomplices, in 1591—a trial which terminated in the execution of thirty persons at once, many of them with circumstances of unusual and shocking barbarity. He also signalized himself by publishing a trea-

tise on Demonology, in which he maintained the most puerile superstitions of the witch-finders, and openly accused Reginald Scott of Sadducism for denying the possibility of the crime.

Accordingly, in 1604, the very year after the accession of James to the English throne, a new act was passed for the detection and punishment of sorcerers; and from this time the persecution may be said to have fully commenced. During the seventeenth century, 40,000 persons are said to have been put to death for witchcraft in England alone! In Scotland, the number was probably, in proportion to the population, much greater; for it is certain that, even in the last forty years of the sixteenth century, the executions were not fewer than 17,000. In 1634 the madness may be said to have reached its highest pitch; for in that year occurred the celebrated case of the Lancashire witches, in which eight innocent persons were deprived of their lives by the incoherent falsehoods of a mischievous urchin. The civil war, far from suspending the persecution, seems if possible to have redoubled it; for the English Puritans and Scottish Covenanters were, like all of their religious persuasion, most rigorous and unscrupulous in exterminating sorcery. In 1644-5, the infamous Matthew Hopkins was able to earn a comfortable subsistence by the profession of witch-finder, which he exercised, not indeed without occasional suspicion, but still with general success. And even twenty years later, the delusion was still sanctioned by the most venerable name of the English law; for it was in 1664 that the excellent Sir Matthew Hale, after a trial conducted with his usual patience and impartiality, though not perhaps with his usual good sense, condemned two women to death as witches, both of whom were executed accordingly.

At length, however, soon after the middle of the seventeenth century, the superstition began to show signs of decline. In some countries, its fall was hastened by the belief that the powers of darkness had used the general panic as a means of destroying the innocent; and that the witch-finders were either witches themselves, or subject to diabolical delusion. The conjecture excited general attention; for the most zealous Demonologist could not deny that Satan would have found, in such a deception, a far easier and more effectual means of tormenting mankind, than in the petty mischief usually ascribed to him. This fortunate counter-delusion produced a great effect in many parts of Germany, and also in New England; in which colony the mania broke out with sudden violence about the year 1670, and, after costing nineteen lives, as suddenly and unaccountably disappeared. In other countries, a strong impression was made by

a dexterous employment of the usual means of conviction against the Demonologists themselves; sometimes in order to justify revenge for their inhumanity, and sometimes merely by way of a *reductio ad absurdum*. The death of the English impostor Hopkins was the consequence of such a proceeding. The people of Suffolk, who had been long tormented by his presence, insisted upon trying him by his own favourite test of the water ordeal; and the chance being unfavourable to him, they put him to death on the spot—an exercise of *Lynch law* which the most humane reader will scarcely regret. A very successful experiment of the same nature was tried about the same time by the Duke of Brunswick; who, being compelled to preside at the examination of a supposed witch, induced her, by a skilful suggestion of leading questions, to accuse as her accomplices two Jesuits who had been active and bigoted Demonologists. The two priests, who were honest and well-meaning men, were greatly alarmed by their danger, and still more afflicted by the conviction of their past injustice; and one of them, named Spee, published a treatise upon criminal proceedings for sorcery, which had a most salutary effect throughout Germany.

In England, the first moment of comparative repose occurred under the Protectorate. Sir Walter Scott—too lively and too loyal a writer to judge of the gloomy republicans of those days with entire impartiality—has humorously conjectured that, among so infinite a variety of sectarians, even the direct worship of the Evil Principle may well have been held permissible. But we think it only fair to ascribe this beneficial change to the strong sense and humanity of Cromwell himself; who, though his memory is deeply stained by some few acts of ruthless severity, showed in most cases a regard for human life which was very rare among his contemporaries. The improvement continued after the Restoration; for the persecution of witches, like many better things, was associated with the memory of Presbyterianism, and was therefore universally unpopular. Trials still continued to take place, but the judges were rationally strict in the proof they required, and therefore convictions were comparatively rare. The same good effect was produced in Scotland by the exertions of the celebrated Sir George Mackenzie—too well known among the poor persecuted Covenanters by the odious title of the ‘Bloody Mackenzie.’ But this unscrupulous lawyer, though a bitter and unsparing enemy of religious liberty, was too acute and rational a man to mistake nursery fables for criminal indictments. He laboured with signal ability, industry, and success, to remove the iniquities, and reduce the number of trials for witchcraft; and his courage and activity not only saved

many innocent lives, but gave the superstition a blow from which it never recovered. We are sorry to say, that the party who are justly regarded as the fathers of the Scottish Church showed themselves less enlightened than their tyrannical enemies. They did not hesitate to cast the imputation of magic upon their political opponents; and that with a bitter sincerity, which showed that they would gladly have enforced it with the most deadly penalties. Not only Mackenzie himself, but Lauderdale, Rothes, Middleton, Archbishop Sharpe, and almost every other leading Episcopalian, were steadfastly believed by the Western Presbyterians to be the confidential servants of the Evil One. And none of our readers can have forgotten the still more popular fables of the diabolical charm against steel and lead possessed by General Dalziel; and of the coal-black horse presented by the Enemy of Mankind to the renowned Grahame of Claverhouse.

Still the disease was not finally healed without more than one painful relapse. In 1669, seventy persons were put to death at a small village of Dalecarlia in Sweden, upon the evidence of some insane or malicious children; but fortunately the contagion did not spread any further in that country. An equally sudden and absurd, though less destructive, panic occurred, as has been already noticed, in the Anglo-American provinces about the same time. And so late as 1697, five persons were executed together at Glasgow, upon the evidence of a sick girl aged eleven! But these were the expiring effects of the delusion. In 1680, France set the example to Europe of its final and absolute suppression. In that year Louis XIV., with unwonted sense and humanity, issued a proclamation prohibiting all future prosecutions for witchcraft; and directing that even those who might profess the art should only be punished as impostors. A solemn remonstrance by the parliament of Rouen was wisely disregarded; and the benefits of the step were speedy and conspicuous. The good example was followed, though less readily than it ought to have been, by other nations. In Germany the punishment of death had been already disused, and even that of imprisonment was daily becoming more rare. In England and Scotland the exertions of enlightened and humane judges, among whom Chief-Justice Holt and Dundas of Arniston are honourably conspicuous, generally succeeded in drawing a verdict of not guilty from the jury, or a pardon from the Crown. At length the long list of murders was brought to its close in both countries. In the former, the last execution was at Huntingdon in 1716; in the latter, at Dornoch, in Sutherlandshire, six years later. Two or three instances of popular violence against suspected witches met with just and exemplary punishment;

and, in 1736, the statute of James I. was solemnly repealed throughout Great Britain.

One solitary crime more was committed at Würzburg in Bavaria—a town which had early and long been infamous for the cruelty of its witch-finding magistrates. In 1749, when the subject was almost forgotten every where else, a young woman named Maria Sanger, was, to the horror of all Europe, burnt alive in that town, on a charge of having bewitched the nuns of a neighbouring convent. This was the last execution for witchcraft which ever took place in a civilized country. It is clear, from the lamentable instances cited by Mr Mackay, that the superstition is still very common among the ignorant peasantry of most European countries; but we trust that we are justified in taking leave of the subject, with the emphatic words of the good man who vainly withstood the mania in its outbreak. ‘Well, thanks be to God, this wretched and cowardly infidelity, since the preaching of the Gospel, is already in part forgotten; and no doubt the illusions which yet remain, will in a short time, by the grace of God, be detected and vanish away.’

We must say much upon the extraordinary facts which we have related, but we shall confine ourselves to a single remark. We think, then, that they convey a most impressive, and, at the present moment, a most useful and seasonable warning, both of the guilt and danger incurred by the unreasoning submission of the human conscience to any human authority; and of the inveterate tendency of mankind to this serious fault. The delusions of which we have been speaking, absurd and revolting as they now appear, were perhaps as strongly supported by authority as any in history. The belief in witchcraft, for instance, is now only a subject of ridicule or of horror; but let our readers consider how it appeared to a submissive son of the Church two centuries ago. The opinions of the most learned divines, the united testimony of saints and fathers, the most plausible quotations from Scripture—every thing was in its favour, except common sense and common humanity. If ever there was a dogma, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod omnibus, receptum est*, it was this—Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live. Rome, Lambeth, and Geneva, all joined in the cry; and all joined in excommunicating the heretic who failed to echo it. How easy it must have been for an indolent or timid ruler, more anxious for his own selfish peace of mind than for the lives of his subjects, to quiet his conscience by resting on this united authority! How easy to delude himself by the sophism, that though his reason told him he was committing murder, yet his reason also told him he was more fallible than the Universal Church, which assured him

he was only doing justice! How easy, when the crime was over, and the natural emotion of pity and remorse was forgotten, to persuade himself that he had achieved a painful triumph over his feelings, and was experiencing the peace of a good conscience! On the other hand, how difficult and doubtful was the contrary course! How painful to a humble and scrupulous man to set up his reason against the voice of the Church, and declare that neither priests, saints, nor fathers, should induce him to burn people whose guilt he did not think clear! What solemn appeals to antiquity, what shuddering remonstrances, what mournful lamentations, would not such audacity have called forth! The present age has seen attempts to decide questions, not less important to the temporal happiness of mankind, by similar arguments. Whether those arguments have been employed in a good or bad cause, we shall not enquire; for our opinion of the responsibility incurred by such as are guided by their influence, is in either case equally strong.

But if the delusions of which we speak, are proofs of the mischief done by a perverse blindness to the lights of reason—a sinful disregard of the voice of the inward man—a cowardly shrinking from all responsibility—they are doubly proofs of their powerful influence over the majority of mankind. Our readers need not be reminded, that there are many good and learned men now among us, who recommend this frame of mind as the safest and wisest on many important questions. We have heard, we confess with surprise, their praises of what they call a childlike faith. But this is a matter of opinion, not of fact. What strikes us as really unaccountable, is their assertion, that the contrary faults prevail—that a restless, enquiring, self-relying spirit, is becoming common throughout the world. We heartily wish that the reproach were a just one. At Rome, where men surrender their reason to a Church which professes to be infallible, or in Hindostan, where they submit to the tyranny of Castes which have existed 2000 years, such a complaint might be thought unreasonable. But what shall we call it in a country, where every advantage of light and knowledge can only induce a minority to think for themselves? What shall we call it in England, where, in the absence of more imposing delusions, every Ranter, every Muggletonian, every professor of unknown tongues, finds means to collect around him his little knot of submissive dupes? We know no blindness more singular, than that which points to the absurdities of certain English Sectarians as instances of the injurious effects of the right of private judgment; and which will not perceive that those men go astray, precisely because they have refused to exercise that right—because they had rather blunder

passively on, after the first knave or madman who crosses their path, than calmly and perseveringly use the faculties which God has given them. We never remark their lamentable errors, without seeing in them a new and striking example of that mysterious tendency to slavish idolatry—to the interposition of *some* visible guide and interpreter between man and his Creator—which has in all ages corrupted the purity of religion, and which even, the miraculous presence of the Almighty has been found insufficient to subdue. The freedom of the intellect has in England produced great and admirable results; but its very successes have rendered more conspicuous the inveterate distaste of common minds to its exercise. If the Egyptian and the Greek, who bowed in the time-honoured fanes of Isis or Minerva, were idolaters—what shall we say of the Protestant, who, rather than have no idol at all, falls down and worships the calf which his own hands have made?

We ought, perhaps, to apologise for a digression, which may at first sight seem but slightly connected with our subject. But we are confident that every reader who takes this view of the extraordinary facts so industriously and laudably collected by Mr Mackay, will regard them as full of warning and instruction, equally as of curious interest. They will convince him of the fallacy of a mode of reasoning, which was the main support of the most sanguinary delusion ever known in Christendom; and they will warn him of the formidable fascinations of a prejudice, which, for two hundred consecutive years, made men more reluctant to confront authority with argument, than to see their wives and daughters burnt before their eyes.

- ART. IX.—1. *The Life of Isaac Milner, D.D., F.R.S., Dean of Carlisle, President of Queen's College, and Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge; comprising a portion of his Correspondence and other Writings, hitherto unpublished.* By his Niece, MARY MILNER. 8vo. London.
2. *Memoir of the Life and Correspondence of John Lord Teignmouth.* By his Son, LORD TEIGNMOUTH. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1843.

IN one of those collections of Essays which have recently been detached from the main body of this Journal, (we following herein the policy of Constantine and of Charlemagne, when dividing their otherwise too extensive Empires into distinct though associated sovereignties,) there occur certain pleasant allusions, already rendered obscure by the lapse of time, to a religious sect or society, which, as it appears, was flourishing in this realm in the reign of George III. What subtle theories, what clouds of learned dust, might have been raised by future Bingham, and Du Pins yet unborn, to determine what was *The Patent Christianity*, and what *The Clapham Sect* of the nineteenth century, had not the fair and the noble authors before us appeared to dispel, or at least to mitigate, the darkness! Something, indeed, had been done aforetime. The antiquities of Clapham, had they not been written in the *Britannia* of Mr Lysons? Her beauties, had they not inspired the muse of Mr Robins? But it was reserved for Mrs Milner, and for Lord Teignmouth, to throw such light on her social and ecclesiastical state as will render our facetious colleague* intelligible to future generations. Treading in their steps, and aided by their information, it shall be our endeavour to clear up still more fully, for the benefit of ages yet to come, this passage in the ecclesiastical history of the age which has just passed away.

Though living amidst the throes of Empires, and the fall of Dynasties, men are not merely warriors and politicians. Even in such times they buy and sell, build and plant, marry and are given in marriage. And thus it happened, that during the war with revolutionary France, Henry Thornton, the then representative in Parliament of the borough of Southwark, having become a husband, became also the owner of a spacious mansion on the confines of the villa-cinctured common of Clapham.

It is difficult to consider the suburban retirement of a wealthy

* The Rev. Sydney Smith.

banker esthetically, (as the Germans have it;) but, in this instance, the intervention of William Pitt imparted some dignity to an occurrence otherwise so unpoetical. He dismissed for a moment his budgets and his subsidies, for the amusement of planning an oval saloon to be added to this newly purchased residence. It arose at his bidding, and yet remains, perhaps a solitary monument of the architectural skill of that imperial mind. Lofty and symmetrical, it was curiously wainscoted with books on every side, except where it opened on a far-extended lawn, reposing beneath the giant arms of aged elms and massive tulip-trees.

Few of the designs of the great Minister were equally successful. Ere many years had elapsed, the chamber he had thus projected became the scene of enjoyments which, amidst his proudest triumphs, he might well have envied, and witnessed the growth of projects more majestic than any which ever engaged the deliberations of his Cabinet. For there, at the close of each succeeding day, drew together a group of playful children, and with them a knot of legislators, rehearsing, in sport or earnestly, some approaching debate; or travellers from distant lands; or circumnavigators of the worlds of literature and science; or the Pastor of the neighbouring Church, whose look announced him as the channel through which benedictions passed to earth from heaven; and, not seldom, a youth who listened, while he seemed to read the book spread out before him. There also was still a matronly presence, controlling, animating, and harmonizing the elements of this little world, by a kindly spell, of which none could trace the working, though the charm was confessed by all. Dissolved in endless discourse, or rather in audible soliloquy, flowing from springs deep and inexhaustible, the lord of this well-peopled enclosure rejoiced over it with a contagious joy. In a few paces, indeed, he might traverse the whole extent of that patriarchal dominion. But within those narrow precincts were his Porch, his Studio, his Judgment-Seat, his Oratory, and 'the Church that was in his house,'—the reduced, but not imperfect resemblance of that innumerable company which his Catholic spirit embraced and loved, under all the varying forms which conceal their union from each other, and from the world. Discord never agitated that tranquil home; lassitude never brooded over it. Those demons quailed at the aspect of a man in whose heart peace had found a resting-place, though his intellect was incapable of repose.

Henry was the second son of John Thornton, a merchant, renowned in his generation for a munificence more than princely, and commended to the reverence of posterity by the letters and the poetry of Cowper. The father was one of those rare men, in whom

the desire to relieve distress assumes the form of a master passion ; and if faith be due to tradition, he indulged it with a disdain, alternately ludicrous and sublime, of the good advice which the eccentric have to undergo from the judicious. Conscious of no aims but such as might invite the scrutiny of God and man, he pursued them after his own fearless fashion—yielding to every honest impulse, relishing a frolic when it fell in his way, choosing his associates in scorn of mere worldly precepts, and worshipping with any fellow Christian whose heart beat in unison with his own, however inharmonious might be some of the articles of their respective creeds.

His son was the heir of his benevolence, but not of his peculiarities. If Lavater had been summoned to divine the occupation of Henry Thornton, he would probably have assigned to him the highest rank among the Judges of his native land. Brows capacious and serene, a scrutinizing eye, and lips slightly separated, as of one who listens and prepares to speak, were the true interpreters of the informing mind within. It was a countenance on which were graven the traces of an industry alike quiet and persevering, of a self-possession unassailable by any strong excitement, and of an understanding keen to detect, and comprehensive to reconcile, distinctions. The judicial, like the poetical nature, is a birthright ; and by that imprescriptible title he possessed it. Forensic debates were indeed beyond his province ; but even in Westminster Hall, the noblest of her temples, Themis had no more devoted worshipper. To investigate the great controversies of his own and of all former times, was the chosen employment, to pronounce sentence in them the dear delight, of his leisure hours.

Nothing which fell within the range of his observation, escaped this curious enquiry. His own duties, motives, and habits, the characters of those whom he loved best, the intellectual resources and powers of his various friends and companions, the prepossessions, hereditary or conventional, to which he or they were subject, the maxims of society, the dogmas of the Church, the problems which were engaging the attention of Parliament or of political economists, and those which affected his own enterprises—all passed in review before him, and were all in their turn adjudicated with the grave impartiality which the keeper of the great seal is expected to exhibit. Truth, the foe of falsehood—truth, the antagonist of error—and truth, the exorcist of ambiguity—was the object of his supreme homage ; and so reverential were the vows offered by him at her shrine, that he abjured the communion of those less earnest worshippers, who throw over her the veil of fiction, or place her in epigrammatic attitudes, or disguise her beneath the mask of wit or drollery. To contemplate truth

in the purest light, and in her own fair proportions, he was content that she should be unadorned by any beauties but such as belong to her celestial nature, and are inseparable from it. Hence his disquisitions did not always escape the reproach of drought and tediousness, or avoided it only by the cheerful tone and pungent sense with which they were conducted. He had as little pretension to the colloquial eloquence as to the multifarious learning and transcendental revelations of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Yet the pilgrimages to Clapham and to Highgate were made with rival zeal, and the relics brought back from each were regarded as of almost equal sanctity. If the philosophical poet dismissed his audience under the spell of theories compassing all knowledge, and of imagery peopling all space, the practical philosopher sent his hearers to their homes instructed in a doctrine, cheerful, genial, and active—a doctrine which taught them to be sociable and busy, to augment to the utmost of their power the joint stock of human happiness, and freely to take, and freely to enjoy, the share assigned to each by the conditions of that universal partnership. And well did the teacher illustrate his own maxims. The law of social duty, as expounded in his domestic academy, was never expounded more clearly or more impressively than by his habitual example.

Having inherited an estate, which, though not splendid, was enough for the support of his commercial credit, he adjudged that it ought never to be increased by accumulation, nor diminished by sumptuousness; and he lived and died in the rigid practice of this decision. In the division of his income between himself and the poor, the share he originally assigned to them was nearly six-sevenths of the whole; and as appeared after his death, from accounts kept with the most minute commercial accuracy, the amount expended by him in one of his earlier years, for the relief of distress, considerably exceeded nine thousand pounds. When he had become the head of a family, he reviewed this decree, and thenceforward regarded himself as trustee for the miserable, to the extent only of one-third of his whole expenditure. The same faithful record showed that the smallest annual payment ever paid by him on this account, amounted to two thousand pounds. As a legislator, he had condemned the unequal pressure of the direct taxes on the rich and the poor; but instead of solacing his defeat with the narcotic of virtuous indignation combined with discreet parsimony, he silently raised his own contribution to the level of his speech. Tidings of the commercial failure of a near kinsman embarked him at once on an enquiry, how far he was obliged to indemnify those who might have given credit to his relative, in a reliance, however unauthorized, on his own resources; and again the coffers of the banker were unlocked

by the astuteness of the casuist. A mercantile partnership, (many a year has passed since the disclosure could injure or affect any one,) which, without his knowledge, had obtained from his firm large and improvident advances, became so hopelessly embarrassed, that their bankruptcy was pressed on him as the only chance of averting from his own house the most serious disasters. He overruled the proposal, on the ground that they whose rashness had given to their debtors an unmerited credit, had no right to call on others to divide with them the consequent loss. To the last farthing he therefore discharged the liabilities of the insolvents, at a cost of which his own share exceeded twenty thousand pounds. Yet he was then declining in health, and the father of nine young children. Enamoured of truth, the living spirit of justice, he yielded the allegiance of the heart to justice, the outward form of truth. The law engraven on the tablet of his conscience, and executed by the ministry of his affections, was strictly interpreted by his reason as the supreme earthly judge. Whatever might be his topic, or whatever his employment, he never laid aside the Ermine.

And yet, for more than thirty years, he was a member of the unreformed parliament, representing there that people, so few and singular, who dare to think, and speak, and act for themselves. He never gave one party vote, was never claimed as an adherent by any of the contending factions of his times, and, of course, neither won nor sought the favour of any. An impartial arbiter, whose suffrage was the honourable reward of superior reason, he sat apart and aloft, in a position which, though it provoked a splenetic sarcasm from Burke, commanded the respect even of those whom it rebuked.

To the great Whig doctrines of Peace, Reform, Economy, and Toleration, he lent all the authority of his name, and occasionally the aid of his voice. But he was an infrequent and unimpressive speaker, and sought to influence the measures of his day rather by the use of his pen, than by any participation in its rhetoric. His writings, moral, religious, and political, were voluminous, though destitute of any such mutual dependence as to unite them into one comprehensive system; or any such graces of execution as to obtain for them permanent acceptance. But in a domestic liturgy, composed for the use of his own family, and made public after his death, he encountered, with as much success as can attend it, the difficulty of finding thoughts and language meet to be addressed by the ephemeral dwellers on the earth to Him who inhabiteth eternity. It is simple, grave, weighty, and reverential; and forms a clear, though a faint and subdued, echo of the voice in which the Deity has revealed his sovereign will to man.

That will he habitually studied, adored, and laboured to adopt. Yet his piety was reserved and unobtrusive. Like the life blood throbbing in every pulse and visiting every fibre, it was the latent though perennial source of his mental health and energy.

A peace, perfect and unbroken, seemed to possess him. His tribute of pain and sorrow was paid with a submission so tranquil, as sometimes to assume the appearance of a morbid insensibility. But his affections, unimpaired by lawless indulgence, and constant to their proper objects, were subject to a control to be acquired by no feebler discipline. Ills from without assailed him, not as the gloomy ministers of vengeance, but as the necessary exercise of virtues not otherwise to be called into activity. They came as the salutary lessons of a father, not as the penal inflictions of a judge. Nor did the Father, to whom he so meekly bowed, see fit to lay on him those griefs, under the pressure of which the bravest stagger. He never witnessed the irruption of death into his domestic paradise, nor the rending asunder by sin, the parent of death, of the bonds of love and reverence which united to each other the inmates of that happy home—a home happy in his presence from whose lips no morose, or angry, or impatient word ever fell; on whose brow no cloud of anxiety or discontent was ever seen to rest. Surrounded to his latest hours by those whom it had been his chief delight to bless and to instruct, he bequeathed to them the recollection of a wise, a good, and a happy man; that so, if in future life a wider acquaintance with the world should chill the heart with the scepticism so often engendered by such knowledge, they might be reassured in the belief that human virtue is no vain illusion; but that, nurtured by the dews of heaven, it may expand into fertility and beauty, even in those fat places of the earth which romance disowns, and on which no poet's eye will condescend to rest.

A goodly heritage! yet to have transmitted it (if that were all) would, it must be confessed, be an insufficient title to a place amongst memorable men. Nor, except for what he accomplished as the associate of others, could that claim be reasonably preferred on behalf of Henry Thornton. Apart, and sustained only by his own resources, he would neither have undertaken, nor conceived, the more noble of those benevolent designs to which his life was devoted. Affectionate, but passionless—with a fine and indeed a fastidious taste, but destitute of all creative imagination—gifted rather with fortitude to endure calamity, than with courage to exult in the struggle with danger—a lover of mankind, but not an enthusiast in the cause of our common humanity—his serene and perspicacious spirit was never haunted by

the visions, nor borne away by the resistless impulses, of which heroic natures, and they alone, are conscious. Well qualified to impart to the highest energies of others a wise direction, and inflexible perseverance, he had to borrow from them the glowing temperament which hopes against hope, and is wise in despite of prudence. He had not far or long to seek for such an alliance.

On the bright evening of a day which had run its course some thirty or forty summers ago, the usual groups had formed themselves in the library already celebrated. Addressing a nearer circle, might be heard above the unbusy hum the voice of the Prelector, investigating the characteristics of Seneca's morality perhaps; or, not improbably, the seizure of the Danish fleet; or, it might be, the various gradations of sanity as exhibited by Robert Hall or Joanna Southcote; when all pastimes were suspended, and all speculations put to flight, to welcome the approach of what seemed a dramatic procession, emerging from the deep foliage by which the further slopes of the now checkered lawn were overhung. In advance of the rest two noisy urchins were putting to no common test the philanthropy of a tall shaggy dog, their playfellow, and the parental indulgence of the slight figure which followed them. Limbs scarcely stouter than those of Asmodeus, sustaining a torso as unlike as possible to that of Theseus, carried him along with the agility of an antelope, though under the weight of two coat-pockets, protuberant as the bags by which some learned brother of the coif announces and secures his rank as leader of his circuit. Grasping a pocket volume in one hand, he wielded in the other a spud, caught up in his progress through the garden, but instinct at his touch with more significance than a whole museum of horticultural instruments. At one instant, a staff on which he leant and listened to the projector at his elbow developing his plan for the better coppering of ships' bottoms, at the next it became a wand, pointing out to a portly constituent from the Cloth Hall at Leeds some rich effect of the sunset; then a truncheon, beating time to the poetical reminiscences of a gentleman of the Wesleyan persuasion, looking painfully conscious of his best clothes and of his best behaviour; and ere the sacred cadence had reached its close, a cutlass raised in mimic mutiny against the robust form of William Smith, who, as commodore of this ill-assorted squadron, was endeavouring to convoy them to their destined port. But little availed the sonorous word of command, or the heart-stirring laugh of the stout member for Norwich, to shape a straight course for the volatile representative of the county of York, now fairly under the canvass of his own bright and joyous fancies. He moved in obedience to some impulse like that which prompts

the wheelings of the swallow, or the dodgings of the barbel. But whether he advanced, or paused, or revolved, his steps were still measured by the ever-changeable music of his own rich voice, ranging over all the chords expressive of mirth and tenderness, of curiosity or surprise, of delight or of indignation. *Eheu, fugaces!* Those elder forms are all now reposing beneath the clods of the valley; those playful boys are venerable dignitaries of the Church; and he who then seemed to read while he listened silently, is now in the garrulity of declining years, telling old tales, and distorting, perhaps in the attempt to revive them, pictures which have long since been fading from the memory. But for that misgiving, how easy to depict the nearer approach of William Wilberforce, and of the tail by which, like some Gaelic Chief or Hibernian demagogue, he was attended! How easy to portray the joyous fusion of the noisy strollers across the lawn, with the quieter but not less happy assemblage which had watched and enjoyed their pantomime—to trace the confluence of the two streams of discourse, imparting grace and rapidity to the one, and depth and volume to the other—to paint the brightening aspect of the grave censor, as his own reveries were flashed back on him in picturesque forms and brilliant colours—or to delineate the subdued countenance of his mercurial associate, as he listened to profound contemplations on the capacities and the duties of man!

Of Mr Wilberforce, we have had occasion to write so recently, and so much at large, that though the Agamemnon of the host we celebrate—the very sun of the Claphamic system—we pause not now to describe him. His fair demesne was contentious with that of Mr Thornton; nor lacked there sunny banks, or sheltered shrubberies, where, in each change of season, they revolved the captivity under which man was groaning, and projected schemes for his deliverance. And although such conclaves might scarcely be convened except in the presence of these two, yet were they rarely held without the aid of others, especially of such as could readily find their way thither from the other quarters of the sacred village.

It is not permitted to any Coterie altogether to escape the spirit of Coterie. Clapham Common, of course, thought itself the best of all possible commons. Such at least was the opinion of the less eminent of those who were entitled to house-bote and dinner-bote there. If the common was attacked, the whole homage was in a flame. If it was laughed at, there could be no remaining sense of decency amongst men. The commoners admired in each other the reflection of their own looks, and the echo of their own voices. A critical race, they drew many of

their canons of criticism from books and talk of their own parentage; and for those on the outside of the pale, there might be, now and then, some failure of charity. Their festivities were not exhilarating. New faces, new topics, and a less liberal expenditure of wisdom immediately after dinner, would have improved them. Thus, even at Clapham, the discerning might perceive the imperfections of our common nature, and take up the lowly confession of the great Thomas Erskine—‘After all, gentlemen, I am but a man.’

But if not more than men, they were not less. They had none of the intellectual coxcombry since so prevalent. They did not instil philosophic and political Neology into young ladies and officers of the Guards, through the gentle medium of the fashionable novel. They mourned over the ills inseparable from the progress of society, without shrieks or hysterics. They were not epicures for whose languid palates the sweets of the rich man’s banquet must be seasoned with the acid of the poor man’s discontent. Their philanthropy did not languish without the stimulant of satire; nor did it degenerate into a mere ballet of tender attitudes and sentimental pirouettes. Their philosophy was something better than an array of hard words. Their religion was something more than a collection of impalpable essences; too fine for analysis, and too delicate for use. It was a hardy, serviceable, fruit-bearing, and patrimonial religion.

They were the sons, by natural or spiritual birth, of men, who, in the earlier days of Methodism, had shaken off the lethargy in which, till then, the Church of England had been entranced—of men, by whose agency the great evangelic doctrine of faith, emerging in its primeval splendour, had not only overpowered the contrary heresies, but had perhaps obscured some kindred truths. This earlier generation of the evangelic school had been too ingenuous, and too confident in the divine reality of their cause, to heed much what hostility they might awaken. They had been content to pass for fools, in a world whose boasted wisdom they accounted folly. In their one central and all-pervading idea, they had found an influence hardly less than magical. They had esteemed it impossible to inculcate too emphatically, or too widely, that truth which Paul had proclaimed indifferently to the idolaters of Ephesus, the revellers of Corinth, the sophists of Athens, and the debauched citizens of sanguinary Rome.

Their sons adopted the same creed with equal sincerity, and undiminished earnestness, but with a far keener sense of the hindrances opposed to the indiscriminate and rude exhibition of it. Absolute as was the faith of Mr Wilberforce and his as-

sociates, it was not possible that the system called 'Evangelical,' should be asserted by them in the blunt and uncompromising tone of their immediate predecessors. A more elaborate education, greater familiarity with the world and with human affairs, a deeper insight into science and history, with a far nicer discernment of mere conventional proprieties, had opened to them a range of thought, and had brought them into relations with society, of which their fathers were comparatively destitute. Positiveness, dogmatism, and an ignorant contempt of difficulties, may accompany the firmest convictions, but not the convictions of the firmest minds. The freedom with which the vessel swings at anchor, ascertains the soundness of her anchorage. To be conscious of the force of prejudice in ourselves and others, to feel the strength of the argument we resist, to know how to change places internally with our antagonists, to understand why it is that we provoke this scorn, disgust, or ridicule—and still to be unshaken, still to adhere with fidelity to the standard we have chosen;—this is a triumph, to be won by those alone on whom is bestowed not merely the faith which overcomes the world, but the pure and peaceable wisdom which is from above.

And such were they whom the second generation of the Evangelical party acknowledged as their secular chiefs. They fell on days much unlike those which we, their children, have known—days less softened by the charities and courtesies, but less enervated by the frivolities of life. Since the fall of the Roman republic, there had not arisen within the bosom, and armed with the weapons, of civilization itself, a power so full of menace to the civilized world as that which then overshadowed Europe. In the deep seriousness of that dark era, they of whom we speak looked back for analogies to that remote conflict of the nations; and drew evil auguries from the event of the wars which, from Sylla to Octavius, had dyed the earth with the blood of its inhabitants, to establish at length a military despotism—ruthless, godless, and abominable. But they also reverted to the advent, even in that age of lust and cruelty, of a power destined to wage successful war, not with any external or earthly potentate, but with the secret and internal spring of all this wretchedness and wrong—the power of love, incarnate though divine—of love exercised in toils and sufferings, and at length yielding up life itself, that from that sacrifice might germinate the seeds of a new and enduring life—the vital principle of man's social existence, of his individual strength, and of his immortal hopes.

And as, in that first age of Christianity, truth, and with it heavenly consolation, had been diffused, not alone or chiefly by the lifeless text, but by living messengers proclaiming and illus-

trating the renovating energy of the message entrusted to them ; so to those who, at the commencement of this century, were anxiously watching the convulsions of their own age, it appeared that the sorrows of mankind would be best assuaged, and the march of evil most effectually stayed, by a humble imitation of that inspired example. They therefore formed themselves into a confederacy, carefully organized and fearlessly avowed, to send forth into all lands, but above all into their own, the two witnesses of the Church—Scripture and Tradition ;—scripture, to be interpreted by its divine Author to the devout worshippers—tradition, not of doctrinal tenets, but of that unextinguishable zeal, which, first kindled in the apostolic times, has never since wanted either altars to receive, or attendant ministers to feed and propagate the flame. Bibles, schools, missionaries, the circulation of evangelical books, and the training of evangelical clergymen, the possession of well attended pulpits, war through the press, and war in Parliament, against every form of injustice which either law or custom sanctioned—such were the forces by which they hoped to extend the kingdom of light, and to resist the tyranny with which the earth was threatened.

Nor was it difficult to distinguish or to grapple with their antagonists. The slave trade was then brooding like a pestilence over Africa ; that monster iniquity which fairly outstripped all abhorrence, and baffled all exaggeration—converting one quarter of this fair earth into the nearest possible resemblance of what we conceive of hell, reversing every law of Christ, and openly defying the vengeance of God. The formation of the holy league, of which we are the chroniclers, synchronized with that unhappy illness which, half a century ago, withdrew Thomas Clarkson from the strife to which he was set apart and consecrated ; leaving his associates to pursue it during the twelve concluding years, unaided by his presence, but not without the aid of his example, his sympathy, and his prayers. They have all long since passed away, while he still lives (long may he live !) to enjoy honours and benedictions, for which the diadem of Napoleon, even if wreathed with the laurels of Goethe, would be a mean exchange. But, alas ! it is not given to any one, not even to Thomas Clarkson, to enjoy a glory complete and unalloyed. Far from us be the attempt to pluck one leaf from the crown which rests on that time-honoured head. But with truth there may be no compromise, and truth wrings from us the acknowledgment, that Thomas Clarkson never lived at Clapham.

Not so that comrade in his holy war, whom, of all that served under the same banner, he seems to have loved the best. At the distance of a few bow-shots from the house of Henry Thornton,

was the happy home in which dwelt Granville Sharpe; at once the abiding guest and the bosom friend of his more wealthy brothers. A critic, with the soul of a churchwarden, might indeed fasten on certain metes and bounds, hostile to the parochial claims of the family of Sharpe; but in the wider ken and more liberal judgment of the historian, the dignity of a true Claphamite is not to be refused to one whose evening walk and morning contemplations led him so easily and so often within the hallowed precincts.

Would that the days of Isaac Walton could have been prolonged to the time when Granville Sharpe was to be committed to the care of the biographers! His likeness from the easel of the good old Angler would have been drawn with an outline as correct and firm, and in colours as soft and as transparent, as the portraits of Hooker or of Herbert, of Doune or of Watton. A narrative, no longer than the liturgy which they all so devoutly loved, would then have superseded the annals which now embalm his memory beneath that nonconforming prolixity which they all so devoutly hated.

The grandson of an Archbishop of York, the son of an Archdeacon of Northumberland, the father of a Prebendary of Durham, Granville Sharpe, descending to the rank from which Isaac Walton rose, was apprenticed to a linen-draper of the name of Halsey, a Quaker who kept his shop on Tower Hill. When the Quaker died, the indentures were transferred to a Presbyterian of the same craft. When the Presbyterian retired, they were made over to an Irish Papist. When the Papist quitted the trade, they passed to a fourth master, whom the apprentice reports to have had no religion at all. At one time a Socinian took up his abode at the draper's, and assaulted the faith of the young apprentice in the mysteries of the Trinity and the Atonement. Then a Jew came to lodge there, and contested with him the truth of Christianity itself. But blow from what quarter it might, the storm of controversy did but the more endear to him the shelter of his native nest, built for him by his forefathers, like that of the swallow of the Psalmist, in the courts and by the altar of his God. He studied Greek to wrestle with the Socinian—he acquired Hebrew to refute the Israelite—he learned to love the Quaker, to be kind to the Presbyterian, to pity the Atheist, and to endure the Roman Catholic. Charity (so he judged) was nurtured in his bosom by these early polemics, and the affectionate spirit which warmed to the last the current of his maturer thoughts, grew up, as he believed, within him, while alternately measuring crapes and maulins, and defending the faith against infidels and heretics.

The cares of the mercer's shop engaged no less than seven years of a life destined to be held in grateful remembrance as long as the language, or the history of his native land shall be cultivated among men. The next eighteen were consumed in the equally obscure employment of a clerk in the office of Ordnance. Yet it was during this period that Granville Sharpe disclosed to others, and probably to himself, the nature, so singular and so lovely, which distinguished him—the most inflexible of human wills, united to the gentlest of human hearts—an almost audacious freedom of thought, combined with profound reverence for hoar authority—a settled conviction of the wickedness of our race, tempered by an infantine credulity in the virtue of each separate member of it—a burning indignation against injustice and wrong, reconciled with pity and long-suffering towards the individual oppressor—all the sternness which Adam has bequeathed to his sons, wedded to all the tenderness which Eve has transmitted to her daughters.

As long as Granville Sharpe survived, it was too soon to proclaim that the age of chivalry was gone. The Ordnance clerk sat at his desk with a soul as distended as that of a Paladin bestriding his war-horse; and encountered with his pen such giants, hydras, and discourteous knights, as infested the world in the eighteenth century. He found the lineal representative of the Willoughbys de Parham in the person of a retired tradesman; and buried himself in pedigrees, seoffments, and sepulchral inscriptions, till he saw his friend enjoying his ancestral privileges among the Peers of Parliament. He combated, on more than equal terms, the great Hebraist, Dr Kennicott, in defence of Ezra's catalogue of the sacred vessels, chiefs, and families. He laboured long, and with good success, to defeat an unjust grant made by the Treasury to Sir James Lowther, of the Forest of Inglewood, and the manor and castle of Carlisle. He waged a less fortunate war against the theatrical practice of either sex appearing in the habiliments of the other. He moved all the powers of his age, political and intellectual, to abolish the impressment of seamen, and wound up a dialogue, with Johnson, on the subject, by opposing the scriptural warning, 'woe to them that call evil good, and good evil,' to what he described as the 'plausible sophistry and important self-sufficiency' of the Sage. Presenting himself to the then Secretary of State, Lord Dartmouth, he denounced, with prophetic solemnity, the guilt of despoiling and exterminating in the Charib war that miserable remnant of the aboriginal race of the Antilles. As a citizen of London, he came to the rescue of Crosby, the Lord Mayor, in his struggle with the House of Commons. As a citizen of the

world, he called on earth and heaven to stay the plagues of slavery and the slave-trade, and advocated the independence of America with such ardour as to sacrifice to it his own. Orders had reached his office to ship munitions of war to the revolted colonies. If his hand had entered the account of such a cargo, it would have contracted in his eyes the stain of innocent blood. To avoid that pollution he resigned his place, and his means of subsistence, at a period of life when he could no longer hope to find any other lucrative employment. But he had brothers who loved and supported him; and his release from the fatigues of a subordinate office left him free to obey the impulses of his own brave spirit, as the avenger of the oppressed.

While yet a chronicler of gunpowder and small arms, a negro, abandoned to disease, had asked of him alms. Silver and gold he had none, but such as he had he gave him. He procured for the poor sufferer medical aid, and watched over him with affectionate care until his health was restored. The patient, once more become sleek and strong, was an object on which Barbadian eyes could not look without cupidity; and one Lisle, his former master, brought an action against Granville Sharpe for the illegal detention of his slave. Three of the infallible doctors of the Church at Westminster—Yorke, Talbot, and Mansfield—favoured the claim; and Blackstone, the great expositor of her traditions, hastened, at their bidding, to retract a heresy on this article of the faith into which his uninstructed reason had fallen. Not such the reverence paid by the hard-working clerk to the inward light which God had vouchsafed to him. He conned his entries indeed, and transcribed his minutes all day long, just as if nothing had happened; but throughout two successive years he betook himself to his solitary chamber, there, night by night, to explore the original sources of the Law of England, in the hope that so he might be able to correct the authoritative dogmas of Chancellors and Judges. His enquiries closed with the firm conviction that, on this subject at least, these most learned persons were but shallow pretenders to learning. In three successive cases he struggled against them with various and doubtful success; when fortune, or, be it rather said, when Providence, threw in his way the negro Somerset.

For the vindication of the freedom of that man, followed a debate, ever memorable in legal history for the ability with which it was conducted;—for the first introduction to Westminster Hall of Francis Hargrave;—for the audacious assertion then made by Dunning, of the maxim, that a new brief will absolve an advocate from the disgrace of publicly retracting any avowal however solemn, of any principle however sacred;—for the reluctant

abandonment by Lord Mansfield of a long-cherished judicial error;—and for the recognition of a rule of law of such importance, as almost to justify the poets and rhetoricians in their subsequent embellishments of it;—but above all memorable for the magnanimity of the prosecutor, who, though poor and dependent, and immersed in the duties of a toilsome calling, supplied the money, the leisure, the perseverance, and the learning, required for this great controversy—who, wholly forgetting himself in his object, had studiously concealed his connexion with it, lest, perchance, a name so lowly should prejudice a cause so momentous—who, denying himself even the indulgence of attending the argument he had provoked, had circulated his own researches in the name, and as the work, of a plagiarist who had republished them—and who, mean as was his education, and humble as were his pursuits, had proved his superiority as a Jurist, on one main branch of the law of England, to some of the most illustrious Judges by whom that law had been administered.

Never was abolitionist more scathless than Granville Sharpe by the reproach to which their tribe has been exposed, of insensibility to all human sorrows, unless the hair be thick as wool, and the skin as black as ebony. His African clients may indeed have usurped a larger share of his attachment than the others; and of his countless schemes of beneficence, that which he loved the best was the settlement at Sierra Leone of a free colony, to serve as a *point-d'appui* in the future campaigns against the slave trade. But he may be quoted as an experimental proof of the infinite divisibility of the kindly affections. Much he wrote, and much he laboured, to conciliate Great Britain and America; much to promote the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures; much to interpret the prophecies contained in them; much to refute the errors of the Socinians; much to sustain the cause of Grattan and the Irish volunteers; much to recommend reform in parliament; and much, it must be added, (for what is man in his best estate?) to dissuade the emancipation of the Catholics. Many also were the benevolent societies which he formed or fostered; and his publications, who can number? Their common aim was to advance the highest interests of mankind; but to none of them, with perhaps one exception, could the praise either of learning or of originality be justly given. For he possessed rather a great soul than a great understanding; and was less admirable for the extent of his resources, than for the earnest affection and the quiet energy with which he employed them.

Like all men of that cast of mind, his humour was gay and festive. Among the barges which floated on a summer evening by the villa of Pope, and the chateau of Horace Walpole, none

was more constant or more joyous than that in which Granville Sharpe's harp or kettle-drum sustained the flute of one brother, the hautboy of another, and the melodious voices of their sisters. It was a concord of sweet sounds, typical, as it might seem, of the fraternal harmony which blessed their dwelling on the banks of that noble river. Much honest mirth gladdened that affectionate circle, and brother Granville's pencil could produce very passable caricatures when he laid aside his harp, fashioned, as he maintained, in exact imitation of that of the son of Jesse. To complete the resemblance, it was his delight, at the break of day, to sing to it one of the songs of Zion in his chamber—raised by many an intervening staircase far above the Temple gardens, where young students of those times would often pause in their morning stroll, to listen to the not unpleasing cadence, though the voice was broken by age, and the language was to them an unknown tongue.

On one of their number he condescended to bestow a regard—the memory of which would still warm the heart, even were it chilled by as many years as had then blanched that venerable head. The one might have passed for the grandson of the other; but they met with mutual pleasure, and conversed with a confidence not unlike that of equals. And yet, at this period, Granville Sharpe was passing into a state which, in a nature less active and benevolent than his, would have been nothing better than dotage. In him it assumed the form of a delirium, so calm, so busy, and giving birth to whims so kind-hearted, as often to remind his young associate of Isaac Walton's saying, that the very dreams of a good man are acceptable to God. To illustrate by examples the state of a mind thus hovering on the confines of wisdom and fatuity, may perhaps suggest the suspicion that the old man's infirmities were contagious; but even at that risk they shall be hazarded, for few of the incidents of his more vigorous days delineate him so truly.

William Henry, the last Duke of Gloucester, (who possessed many virtues, and even considerable talents, which his feeble talk and manners concealed from his occasional associates,) had a great love for Granville Sharpe; and nothing could be more amiable than the intercourse between them, though the one could never for the moment forget that he was a prince of the blood-royal, and the other never for a moment remembered that he was bred up as a linen-draper's apprentice. Beneath the pompous bearing of the Guelph lay a basis of genuine humility, and the free carriage of the ex-clerk of Ordnance was but the natural expression of a lowliness unembarrassed by any desire of praise or dread of failure. A little too gracious, perhaps, yet full of

benignity, was the aspect and the attitude of the Duke, when, at one of the many philanthropic assemblages held under his presidency, Granville Sharpe (it was no common occurrence) rose, and requested leave to speak. He had, he said, two schemes, which, if recommended by such advocates, must greatly reduce the sum of human misery. To bring to a close the calamities of Sierra Leone, he had prepared a law for introducing there King Alfred's frank pledge, a sovereign remedy for all such social wounds. At once to diminish the waste of human life in the Peninsula, and to aid the depressed workmen in England, he had devised a project for manufacturing portable woolpacks; under the shelter of which ever-ready intrenchments, our troops might, without the least danger to themselves, mow down the ranks of the oppressors of Spain.

A politician, as well as a strategist, he sought and obtained an interview with Charles Fox, to whom he had advice of great urgency to give for conducting the affairs of Europe. If the ghost of Burke had appeared to lecture him, Fox could hardly have listened with greater astonishment, as his monitor, by the aid of the Little Horn in Daniel, explained the future policy of Napoleon and of the Czar. 'The Little Horn! Mr Sharpe, at length exclaimed the most amiable of men, what in the name of wonder do you mean by the Little Horn?' 'See there,' said the dejected interpreter of prophecy to his companion, as they retired from the Foreign Office—'See there the fallacy of reputation! Why, that man passes for a statesman; and yet it is evident to me that he had never before so much as heard of the Little Horn!'

As his end drew nearer, he became less and less capable of seizing the distinction between the prophecies and the newspapers. It rained as heavily on the 18th of February 1813, as on the afternoon when Isaac Walton met the future Bishop of Worcester at Bunhill Row, and found, in the public-house which gave them shelter, that double blessing of good ale and good discourse which he has so piously commemorated. Not such is the fortune of the young Templar, who, in a storm at least as pitiless, met Granville Sharpe at the later epoch moving down Long Acre as nimbly as ever, with his calm thoughtful countenance raised gently upwards, as was usual with him—as though gazing on some object which it pleased him well to look upon. But his discourse, though delivered in a kind of shower-bath, to which his reverie made him insensible, was as characteristic, if not as wise, as that of the learned Sanderson. 'You have heard,' he began, 'my young friend, of this scandalous proceeding of the Rabbi Ben Mendoli? No? Why, then, read this brief account of it which I have been publishing. About a year ago the Rabbi being

' then at Damascus, saw a great flame descend, and rest on one of the hills which surround the city. Soon after, he came to Gibraltar. There he discovered how completely that celestial phenomenon verified my interpretation of the words—"Arise, shine, for thy light is come," &c.; and now he has the audacity not only to deny that he ever saw such a flame, but to declare that he never pretended to have seen it. Can you imagine a clearer fulfilment of the predicted blindness and obduracy of Israel before their restoration?'

That great event was to have taken place within a few months, when the still more awful event which happens to all living, removed this aged servant of God and man from the world of shadows to the world of light. To die at the precise moment when the vast prophetic drama was just reaching its sublime catastrophe, was a trial not easily borne, even by a faith so immovable as his. But death had no other sting for him. It awakened his pure spirit from the dreams which peopled it during the decay of his fleshy tabernacle; and if that change revealed to him that he had ill-interpreted many of the hard sentences of old, it gave him the assurance that he had well divined the meaning of one immutable prophecy—the prophecy of a gracious welcome and an eternal reward to those who, discerning the brethren of their Redeemer in the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, the sick, and the prisoner, should for His sake feed, and shelter, and clothe, and visit, and comfort them.

United in the bonds of that Christian charity, though wide as the poles asunder in theological opinions, were Granville Sharpe and William Smith; that other denizen of Clapham who has already crossed our path. He lived as if to show how much of the coarser duties of this busy world may be undertaken by a man of quick sensibility, without impairing the finer sense of the beautiful in nature and in art; and as if to prove how much a man of ardent benevolence may enjoy of this world's happiness, without any steeling of the heart to the wants and the calamities of others. When he had nearly completed fourscore years, he could still gratefully acknowledge that he had no remembrance of any bodily pain or illness; and that of the very numerous family of which he was the head, every member still lived to support and to gladden his old age. And yet, if he had gone mourning all his days, he could scarcely have acquired a more tender pity for the miserable, or have laboured more habitually for their relief. It was his ill fortune to provoke the invective of Robert Southey, and the posthumous sneers of Walter Scott—the one resenting a too well merited reproach, the other indulging that hate of Whigs and Whiggery which, in that great mind, was sometimes stronger than the love of justice. The enmity even

of such men he, however, might well endure, who possessed, not merely the attachment and confidence of Charles Fox and his followers, but the almost brotherly love of William Wilberforce, of Granville Sharpe, and of Thomas Clarkson. Of all their fellow labourers, there was none more devoted to their cause, or whom they more entirely trusted. They, indeed, were all to a man *homo-ousians*, and he a disciple of Belsham. But they judged that an erroneous opinion respecting the Redeemer's person would not deprive of his gracious approbation, and ought not to exclude from their own affectionate regards, a man in whom they daily saw a transcript, however imperfect, of the Redeemer's mercy and beneficence.

Thirty-seven years have rolled away since these men met at Clapham in joy, and thanksgiving, and mutual gratulation, over the abolition of the African slave-trade. It was still either the dwelling-place, or the haunt, of almost every one of the more eminent supporters of that measure; and it may be that they exulted beyond the measure of sober reason in the prospects which that success had opened to them. Time has brought to light more than they knew or believed of the inveteracy of the evil; and of the impotency of law in a protracted contest with avarice. But time has also ascertained, that throughout the period assigned for the birth and death of a whole generation of mankind, there has been no proof, or reasonable suspicion, of so much as a single evasion of this law in any one of the transatlantic British colonies. Time has shown that to that law we may now confidently ascribe the deliverance of our own land from this blood-guiltiness for ever. Time has ascertained that the solemn practical assertion then made of the great principles of justice, was to be prolific of consequences, direct and indirect, of boundless magnitude. Time has enlisted on our side all the powers and all the suffrages of the earth; so that no one any longer attempts to erase the brand of murder from the brow of the slave-trader. Above all, time has shown that, in the extinction of the slave-trade, was involved, by slow but inevitable steps, the extinction of the slavery which it had created and sustained. This, also, was a result of which, as far as human agency is concerned, the mainsprings are to be found among that sect to which, having first given a name, we would now build up a monument.

It is with a trembling hand that we inscribe on that monument the name of Zachary Macaulay; for it is not without some misgiving lest pain should be inflicted on the living, while we pass, however reverently, over the half-extinguished ashes of the dead. The bosom shrines, erected in remembrance of them,

may be yet more intolerably profaned by rude eulogy than by unmerited reproach; and the danger of such profanation is the more imminent, when the judgment, though unbiassed by any ties of consanguinity, is not exempt from influences almost as kindly and as powerful. It is, however, an attempt which he who would write the sectarian history of Clapham could not wholly decline, without an error like that of omitting the name of Grotius in a sectarian history of the Arminians.

A few paces separate from each other, in the church of Westminster, are three monuments, to which, in God's appointed time, will be added a fourth, to complete the sepulchral honours of those to whom our remotest posterity will ascribe the deliverance of mankind from the woes of the African slave-trade, and of colonial slavery. There is a yet more enduring temple, where, engraven by no human hands, abides a record, to be divulged in its season, of services to that cause, worthy to be commemorated with those of William Wilberforce, of Granville Sharpe, of Zachary Macaulay, and of Thomas Clarkson. But to that goodly fellowship the praise will be emphatically given. Thomas Clarkson is his own biographer, and pious hands have celebrated the labours of two of his colleagues. Of Mr Macaulay no memorial has been made public, excepting that which has been engraved on his tomb in Westminster Abbey, by some eulogist less skilful than affectionate. It is no remediless omission, although it would require talents of the highest order, to exhibit a distinct and faithful image of a man whose peculiarity it was to conceal as far as possible his interior life, under the veil of his outward appearance. That his understanding was proof against sophistry, and his nerves against fear, were, indeed, conclusions to which a stranger arrived at the first interview with him. But what might be suggesting that expression of countenance, at once so earnest and so monotonous—by what manner of feelings those gestures, so uniformly firm and deliberate, were prompted—whence the constant traces of fatigue on those overhanging brows, and on that athletic though ungraceful figure—what might be the charm which excited amongst his chosen circle a faith approaching to superstition, and a love rising to enthusiasm, towards a man whose demeanour was so inanimate, if not austere?—it was a riddle of which neither Gall nor Lavater could have found the key. That much was passing within, which that ineloquent tongue and those taciturn features could not utter; that nature had compensated her other bounties by refusing him the means of a ready interchange of thought; and that he had won, without knowing how to court, the attachment of all who approached him closely—these were discoveries which the most casual ac-

quaintance might make, but which they whom he honoured with his intimacy, and they alone, could explain.

To them he appeared a man possessed by one idea, and animated by one master passion—an idea so comprehensive, as to impart a profound interest to all which indicated its influence over him—a passion so benevolent, that the coldest heart could not withhold some sympathy from him who was the subject of it. Trained in the hardy habits of Scotland in ancient times, he had received from his father much instruction in theology, with some Latin and a little Greek, when not employed in cultivating his father's glebe at Cardross, on the northern bank of Clyde. While yet a boy, he had watched as the iron entered into the soul of the slaves, whose labours he was sent to superintend in Jamaica; and, abandoning with abhorrence a pursuit which had promised him early wealth and distinction, he pondered the question—how shall the earth be delivered from this curse? Turning to Sierra Leone, he braved for many years that deadly climate, that he might aid in the erection and in the defence of what was then the one city of refuge for the Negro race; and as he saw the slave-trade crushing to the dust the adjacent tribes of Africa, he again pondered the question—how shall the earth be delivered from this curse?

That God had called him into being to wage war with this gigantic evil, became his immutable conviction. During forty successive years, he was ever burdened with this thought. It was the subject of his visions by day, and of his dreams by night. To give them reality, he laboured as men labour for the honours of a profession, or for the subsistence of their children. The rising sun ever found him at his task. He went abroad but to advance it. His commerce, his studies, his friendships, his controversies, even his discourse in the bosom of his family, were all bent to the promotion of it. He edited voluminous periodical works; but whether theology, literature, or politics were the text, the design was still the same—to train the public mind to a detestation of the slave-trade and of slavery. He attached himself to most of the religious and philanthropic societies of his age, that he might enlist them as associates, more or less declared, in his holy war. To multiply such allies, he called into existence one great association, and contributed largely to the establishment of another. In that service he sacrificed all that man may lawfully sacrifice—health, fortune, repose, favour, and celebrity. He died a poor man, though wealth was within his reach. He pursued the contest to the end, though oppressed by such pains of body as strained to their utmost tension the self-sustaining powers of the soul. He devoted himself to the severest toil,

amidst allurements to luxuriate in the delights of domestic and social intercourse, such as few indeed can have encountered. He silently permitted some to usurp his hardly-earned honours, that no selfish controversy might desecrate their common cause. He made no effort to obtain the praises of the world, though he had talents to command, and a temper peculiarly disposed to enjoy them. He drew on himself the poisoned shafts of calumny; and while feeling their sting as generous spirits alone can feel it, never turned a single step aside from his path to propitiate or to crush the slanderers.

They have long since fallen, or are soon to fall into unhonoured graves. His memory will be ever dear to those who hate injustice, and revere the unostentatious consecration of a long life to the deliverance of the oppressed. It will be especially dear to the few who closely observed, and who can yet remember how that self-devotion became the poetical element of a mind not naturally imaginative; what deep significance it imparted to an aspect and a demeanour not otherwise impressive; what energy to a temper, which, if not so excited, might perhaps have been phlegmatic; what unity of design to a mind constitutionally discursive; and what dignity even to physical languor and suffering, contracted in such a service. They can never forget that the most implacable enemy of the tyrants of the plantation and the slave-ship, was the most indulgent and generous and constant of friends; that he spurned, as men should spurn, the mere pageantry of life, that he might use, as men should use, the means which life affords of advancing the happiness of mankind; that his earthward affections, active and all enduring as they were, could yet thrive without the support of human sympathy, because they were sustained by so abiding a sense of the Divine presence, and so absolute a submission to the Divine will, as raised him habitually to that higher region, where the reproach of man could not reach, and the praise of man might not presume to follow him.

Although, to repeat a mournful acknowledgment, the tent of Thomas Clarkson was pitched elsewhere, yet throughout the slave-trade abolition war, the other chiefs who hailed him as the earliest, and as among the mightiest of their host, kept their communications open by encamping in immediate vicinity to each other. Even to Lord Brougham the same station may, with poetical truth at least, be assigned by the Homer who shall hereafter sing these battles; for though at that period his London domicile was in the walks of the Inner Temple, yet might he not seldom be encountered in the less inviting walks which led him to the suburban councils of his brethren in command.

There he formed or cemented attachments, of which no subsequent elevation of rank, or intoxicating triumph of genius, or agony of political strife, have ever rendered him forgetful. Of one of those denizens of Clapham he has published a sketch, of which we avail ourselves, not as subscribing altogether to the accuracy of it, but as we can thus fill up, from the hand of so great a Master, a part of our canvass which must have otherwise remained blank and colourless.—‘ Mr Stephen was a person of great natural talents, which, if accidental circumstances had permitted him fully to cultivate, and early enough to bring into play upon the best scene of political exertion, the House of Commons, would have placed him high in the first rank of English orators. For he had, in an eminent degree, that strenuous firmness of purpose and glowing ardour of soul, which lies at the root of all eloquence ; he was gifted with great industry, a retentive memory, an ingenuity which was rather apt to err by excess than by defect. His imagination was, besides, lively and powerful ; little, certainly, under the chastening discipline of severe taste, but often enabling him to embody his own feelings and recollections with great distinctness of outline and strength of colouring. He enjoyed, moreover, great natural strength of constitution, and had as much courage as falls to the lot of most men. But having passed the most active part of his life in one of the West Indian colonies, where he followed the profession of a barrister, and having, after his return, addicted himself to the practice of a court which affords no scope at all for oratorical display, it happened to him, as it has to many other men of natural genius for rhetorical pursuits, that he neither gained the correct taste which the habit of frequenting refined society, and above all, addressing a refined auditory, can alone bestow, nor acquired the power of condensation, which is sure to be lost altogether by those who address hearers compelled to listen, like judges and juries, instead of having to retain them by closeness of reasoning, or felicity of illustration.

* * * * *

It must have struck all who heard him when, early in 1808, he entered Parliament under the auspices of Mr Perceval, that whatever defects he had, arose entirely from accidental circumstances, and not at all from intrinsic imperfections ; nor could any one doubt that his late entrance upon parliamentary life, and his vehemence of temperament, alone kept him from the front rank of debaters, if not of eloquence itself. With Mr Perceval, his friendship had been long and intimate. To this the similarity of their religious character mainly contributed ; for Mr Stephen was a distinguished member of the evangelical party to which the minister manifestly

'leant without belonging to it; and he was one whose pious sentiments and devotional habits occupied a very marked place in his whole scheme of life. No man has, however, a right to question, be it ever so slightly, his perfect sincerity. To this his blameless life bore the most irrefragable testimony. A warm and steady friend—a man of the strictest integrity and nicest sense of both honour and justice—in all the relations of private society wholly without a stain—though envy might well find whereon to perch, malice itself, in the exasperating discords of religious and civil controversy, never could descry a spot on which to fasten. Let us add the bright praise, and which sets at nought all lesser defects of mere taste, had he lived to read these latter lines, he would infinitely rather have had this sketch stained with all the darker shades of its critical matter, than been exalted, without these latter lines, to the level of Demosthenes or of Chatham, praised as the first of orators, or followed as the most brilliant of statesmen. His opinions upon political questions were clear and decided, taken up with the boldness, felt with the ardour, asserted with the determination, which marked his zealous and uncompromising spirit. Of all subjects, that of the slave-trade and slavery most engrossed his mind. His experience in the West Indies, his religious feelings, and his near connexion with Mr Wilberforce, whose sister he married, all contributed to give this great question a peculiarly sacred aspect in his eyes; nor could he either avoid mixing it up with almost all other discussions, or prevent his views of its various relations from influencing his sentiments on other matters of political discussion.*

The author of the preceding portrait enjoyed the happiness denied to the subject of it, not merely of witnessing, but of largely participating in, the last great act by which the labours borne by them in common, during so many preceding years, were consummated. It was a still more rare bounty of Providence, which reserved the abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire as a triumph for the statesman who, twenty-seven years before, had introduced into the House of Commons the first great act of tardy reparation to Africa. Crowned with honour and with length of days, to Lord Grey it has further been given, by the same benignant power, to watch, in the calm evening of life, the issues of the works of justice and of mercy which God raised him up to accomplish. With the evil omens, and with the too glowing anticipations of former times, he has been able to contrast the actual solution of this great practical enigma. He has lived to witness

* *Speeches of Henry Lord Brougham.* Vol. I. pp. 402-5.

eleven years of unbroken tranquillity throughout countries, where before a single year undisturbed by insurrection was almost unknown—the extinction of feuds apparently irreconcilable—positions full of danger in former wars, now converted into bulwarks of our national power—an equal administration of justice in the land of the slave-courts and the cart-whip—a loyal and happy peasantry, where the soil was so lately broken by the sullen hands of slaves—penury exchanged for abundance—a population, once cursed by a constant and rapid decay, now progressively increasing—Christian knowledge and Christian worship universally diffused among a people so lately debased by Pagan superstitions—and the conjugal duties, with all their attendant charities, held in due honour by those to whom laws, written in the English language, and sanctioned by the Kings of England, had forbidden even the marriage vow. If, with these blessings, have also come diminished harvests of the cane and the coffee plant, even they who think that to export and to import are the two great ends of the social existence of mankind, have before them a bright and not very distant futurity. But he, under whose auspices the heavy yoke was at length broken, is contemplating, doubtless, with other and far higher thoughts, the interests of the world, from which, at no remote period, the inexorable law of our existence must summon him away. In that prospect, so full of awe to the wisest and the best, he may well rejoice in the remembrance that, in conferring on him the capacity to discern, and the heart to obey the supreme and immutable will, God enabled him to grasp the only clue by which the rulers of the world can be safely guided amidst the darkness and the intricacy of human affairs.

Such at least is the doctrine which, if Clapham could have claimed him for her own, Clapham would have instilled into that Great Minister of the British crown, to whom, more than to any other, she was prompt to offer her allegiance. Politics, however, in that microcosm, were rather cosmopolitan than national. Every human interest had its guardian, every region of the globe its representative. If the African continent and the Charibbean Archipelago were assigned to an indefatigable protectorate, New Holland was not forgotten, nor was British India without a patron. It was the special charge of Mr Grant, better known to the present generation by the celebrity of his sons, but regarded at the commencement of this century as the real ruler of the rulers of the east, the Director of the Court of Directors. At Leadenhall Street he was celebrated for an integrity, exercised by the severest trials; for an understanding large enough to embrace, without confusion, the entire range and the intricate com-

binations of their whole civil and military policy ; and for nerves which set fatigue at defiance. At Clapham, his place of abode, he was hailed as a man whose piety, though ever active, was too profound for much speech ; a praise to which, among their other glories, it was permitted to few of his neighbours there, to attain or to aspire. With the calm dignity of those spacious brows, and of that stately figure, it seemed impossible to reconcile the movement of any passion less pure than that which continually urged him to requite the tribute of India by a treasure, of which he who possessed it more largely than any other of the sons of men, has declared, that the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. No less elevated topic (so judged the inquisitive vicinage) could be the subject of his discourse, as he traversed their gorse-covered common, attended by a youth, who, but for the fire of his eye, and the occasional energy of his bearing, might have passed for some studious and sickly competitor for medals and prize poems. If such were the pursuits ascribed by Clapham to her occasional visitant, it is but a proof that even 'patent Christianity' is no effectual safeguard against human fallibility.

Towards the middle of the last century, John Martyn of Truro was working with his hands in the mines near that town. He was a wise man, who, knowing the right use of leisure hours, employed them so as to qualify himself for higher and more lucrative pursuits ; and who, knowing the right use of money, devoted his enlarged means to procure for his four children a liberal education. Henry, the younger of his sons, was accordingly entered at the University of Cambridge, where, in January 1801, he obtained the degree of bachelor of arts, with the honorary rank of senior wrangler. There also he became the disciple, and as he himself would have said, the convert of Charles Simeon. Under the counsels of that eminent teacher, the guidance of Mr Wilberforce, and the active aid of Mr Grant, he entered the East India Company's service as a chaplain. After a residence in Hindostan of about five years, he returned homewards through Persia in broken health. Pausing at Shiraz, he laboured there during twelve months with the ardour of a man, who, distinctly perceiving the near approach of death, feared lest it should intercept the great work for which alone he desired to live. That work (the translation of the New Testament into Persian) at length accomplished, he resumed his way towards Constantinople, following his Mihmander (one Hassan Aga) at a gallop, nearly the whole distance from Tabriz to Tocat, under the rays of a burning sun, and the pressure of continual fever. On the 6th of October 1812, in the thirty-second year of his

age, he brought the Journal of his life to a premature close, by inscribing in it the following words, while he sought a momentary repose under the shadow of some trees at the foot of the Caramanian mountains: 'I sat in the orchard, and thought with sweet comfort and fear of God—in solitude, my company, my friend, and comforter. Oh, when shall time give place to eternity! When shall appear that new heaven and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness and love! There shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth; none of that wickedness which has made man worse than wild beasts; none of those corruptions which add still more to the miseries of mortality, shall be seen or heard of any more.' Ten days afterwards those aspirations were fulfilled. His body was laid in the grave by the hands of strangers at Tocat, and to his disembodied spirit was revealed that awful vision, which it is given to the pure in heart, and to them alone, to contemplate.

Amidst all the discords which agitate the Church of England, her sons are unanimous in extolling the name of Henry Martyn. And with reason; for it is in fact the one heroic name which adorns her annals from the days of Elizabeth to our own. Her apostolic men, the Wesleys and Elliotts and Brainerds of other times, either quitted, or were cast out of her communion. Her *Acta Sanctorum* may be read from end to end with a dry eye and an unquickened pulse. Henry Martyn, the learned and the holy, translating the Scriptures in his solitary bungalow at Dinapore, or preaching to a congregation of five hundred beggars, or refuting the Mahomedan doctors at Shiraz, is the bright exception. It is not the less bright, because he was brought within the sphere of those secular influences which so often draw down our Anglican worthies from the Empyrean along which they would soar, to the levels, flat though fertile, on which they must depasture. There is no concealing the fact, that he annually received from the East India Company an ugly allowance of twelve hundred pounds; and though he would be neither just nor prudent who should ascribe to the attractive force of that stipend one hour of Henry Martyn's residence in the east, yet the ideal would be better without it. Oppressively conclusive as may be the arguments in favour of a well-endowed and punctually paid 'Establishment,' they have, after all, an unpleasant earthly savour. One would not like to discover that Polycarp, or Bernard, or Boniface, was waited on every quarter-day by a plump bag of coin from the public treasury. To receive a thousand rupees monthly from that source, was perhaps the duty, it certainly was not the fault, of Henry Martyn. Yet it was a misfortune, and had been better avoided if possible.

When Mackenzie was sketching his *Man of Feeling*, he could have desired no better model than Henry Martyn, the young and successful competitor for academical honours; a man born to love with ardour and to hate with vehemence; amorous, irascible, ambitious, and vain; without one torpid nerve about him; aiming at universal excellence in science, in literature, in conversation, in horsemanship, and even in dress; not without some gay fancies, but more prone to austere and melancholy thoughts; patient of the most toilsome enquiries, though not wooing philosophy for her own sake; animated by the poetical temperament, though unvisited by any poetical inspiration; eager for enterprise, though thinking meanly of the rewards to which the adventurous aspire; uniting in himself, though as yet unable to concentrate or to harmonize them, many keen desires, many high powers, and much constitutional dejection—the chaotic materials of a great character, destined to combine, as the future events of life should determine, into no common forms, whether of beauty and delight, or of deformity and terror.

Among those events, the most momentous was his connexion with Charles Simeon, and with such of his disciples as sought learning at Cambridge, and learned leisure at Clapham. A mind so beset by sympathies of every other kind, could not but be peculiarly susceptible to the contagion of opinion. From that circle he adopted, in all its unadorned simplicity, the system called Evangelical—that system of which (if Augustine, Luther, Calvin, Knox, and the writers of the English Homilies may be credited) Christ himself was the author, and Paul the first and greatest interpreter.

Through shallow heads and voluble tongues, such a creed (or indeed any creed) filtrates so easily, that, of the multitude who maintain it, comparatively few are aware of the conflict of their faith with the natural and unaided reason of mankind. Indeed he who makes such an avowal will hardly escape the charge of affectation or of impiety. Yet if any truth be clearly revealed, it is, that the apostolic doctrine was foolishness to the sages of this world. If any unrevealed truth be indisputable, it is, that such sages are at this day making, as they have ever made, ill-disguised efforts to escape the inferences with which their own admissions teem. Divine philosophy divorced from human science—celestial things stripped of the mitigating veils woven by man's wit and fancy to relieve them—form an abyss as impassable at Oxford now, as at Athens eighteen centuries ago. To Henry Martyn the gulf was visible, the self-renunciation painful, the victory complete. His understanding embraced, and his heart reposed in the two comprehensive and ever germinating

tenets of the school in which he studied. Regarding his own heart as corrupt, and his own reason as delusive, he exercised an unlimited affiance in the holiness and the wisdom of Him, in whose person the divine nature had been allied to the human, that, in the persons of his followers, the human might be allied to the divine.

Such was his religious theory—a theory which doctors may combat, or admit, or qualify, but in which the readers of Henry Martyn's biography, letters, and journals, cannot but acknowledge that he found the resting-place of all the impetuous appetencies of his mind, the spring of all his strange powers of activity and endurance. Prostrating his soul before the real, though the hidden Presence he adored, his doubts were silenced, his anxieties soothed, and every meaner passion hushed into repose. He pursued divine truth, (as all who would succeed in that pursuit must pursue it,) by the will rather than the understanding; by sincerely and earnestly searching out the light which had come into the world, by still going after it when perceived, by following its slightest intimations with faith, with resignation, and with constancy, though the path it disclosed led him from the friends and the home of his youth, across wide oceans and burning deserts, amidst contumely and contention, with a wasted frame and an overburdened spirit. He rose to the sublime in character, neither by the powers of his intellect, nor by the compass of his learning, nor by the subtlety, the range, or the beauty of his conceptions, (for in all these he was surpassed by many,) but by the copiousness and the force of the living fountains by which his spiritual life was nourished. Estranged from a world once too fondly loved, his well-tutored heart learned to look back with a calm though affectionate melancholy on its most bitter privations. Insatiable in the thirst for freedom, holiness, and peace, he maintained an ardour of devotion which might pass for an erotic delirium, when contrasted with the Sadderudean frigidity of other worshippers. Regarding all the members of the great human family as his kindred in sorrow and in exile, his zeal for their welfare partook more of the fervour of domestic affection, than of the kind but gentle warmth of a diffusive philanthropy. Elevated in his own esteem by the consciousness of an intimate union with the Eternal Source of all virtue, the meek missionary of the cross exhibited no obscure resemblance to the unobtrusive dignity, the unfaltering purpose, and the indestructible composure of Him by whom the cross was borne. The ill-disciplined desires of youth, now confined within one deep channel, flowed quickly onward towards one great consummation; nor was there any faculty of his soul, or any trea-

sure of his accumulated knowledge, for which appropriate exercise was not found on the high enterprise to which he was devoted.

And yet nature, the great leveller, still asserting her rights even against those whose triumph over her might seem the most perfect, would not seldom extort a burst of passionate grief from the bosom of the holy Henry Martyn, when memory recalled the image of her to whom, in earlier days, the homage of his heart had been rendered. The writer of his life, embarrassed with the task of reconciling such an episode to the gravity befitting a hero so majestic, and a biography so solemn, has concealed this passage of his story beneath a veil, at once transparent enough to excite, and impervious enough to baffle curiosity. A form may be dimly distinguished of such witchery as to have subdued at the first interview, if not at the first casual glance, a spirit soaring above all the other attractions of this sublunary sphere. We can faintly trace the pathway, not always solitary, of the pious damsel, as she crossed the bare heaths of Cornwall on some errand of mercy, and listened, not unmoved, to a tremulous voice, pointing to those heights of devotion from which the speaker had descended to this lower worship. Then the shifting scene presents the figure—alas! so common—of a mother, prudent and inexorable, as if she had been involved in no romance of her own some brief twenty years before; and then appears the form (deliciously out of place) of the apostolic Charles Simeon, assuming, but assuming in vain, the tender intervenient office. In sickness and in sorrow, in watchings and in fastings, in toils and perils, and amidst the decay of all other earthly hopes, this human love blends so touchingly with his diviner enthusiasm, that even from the life of Henry Martyn there can scarcely be drawn a more valuable truth, than that, in minds pure as his, there may dwell together in most harmonious concord, affections which a coarse, low-toned, ascetic morality, would describe as distracting the heart between earth and heaven.

Yet it is a life pregnant with many other weighty truths. It was passed in an age when men whom genius itself could scarcely rescue from abhorrence, found in their constitutional sadness, real or fictitious, not merely an excuse for grovelling in the sty of Epicurus, but even an apology for deifying their sensuality, pride, malignity, and worldly-mindedness, by hymns due only to those sacred influences, by which our better nature is sustained, in the warfare with its antagonist corruptions. Not such the gloom which brooded over the heart of Henry Martyn. It solicited no sympathy, was never betrayed into sullenness, and sought no unhallowed consolation. It assumed the form of a

depressing consciousness of ill desert; mixed with fervent compassion for a world which he at once longed to quit, and panted to improve. It was the sadness of an exile gazing wistfully towards his distant home, even while soothing the grief of his brethren in captivity. It was a sadness akin to that which stole over the heart of his Master, while, pausing on the slope of the hills which stand round about Jerusalem, he wept over her crowded marts and cloud-capped pinnacles, hastening to a desolation already visible to that prescient eye; though hidden by the glare and tumult of life from the obdurate multitude below. It was a sadness soon to give place to an abiding serenity in the presence of that compassionate Being who had condescended to shed many bitter tears, that he might wipe away every tear from the eyes of his faithful followers.

Tidings of the death of Henry Martyn reached England during the Parliamentary debates on the renewal of the East India Company's charter; and gave new impetus to the zeal with which the friends and patrons of his youth were then contending for the establishment of an Episcopal see at Calcutta, and for the removal of all restraints on the diffusion of Christianity within its limits. In the roll of names most distinguished in that conflict, scarcely one can be found which does not also grace the calendar of Clapham. It was a cause emphatically Claphamic. John Venn, to whom the whole sect looked up as their pastor and spiritual guide, was at that time on his deathbed. He had been the projector, and one of the original founders, of the society for sending missionaries of the Anglican communion to Africa and the East—a body which, under the name of the 'Church Missionary Society,' now commands a wider field of action, and a more princely revenue, than any Protestant association of the same character. To him who prompted the deeper meditations, partook the counsels, and stimulated the efforts of such disciples, some memorial should have been raised by a Church which to him, more than to any of her sons, is indebted for her most effective instrument for propagating her tenets and enlarging her borders. But, linked though that name was to the kindest and the holiest thoughts of so many of the wise and good, it must be passed over in this place with this transient notice; lest the reverence due to it should be impaired, as it certainly could not be strengthened, by a tribute in which might not unjustly rest some grave suspicion of partiality.

The shepherd was taken from his flock immediately after the success of the Parliamentary contest, and while their exultations, and the forebodings of their opponents, predicted the glorious or the disastrous results of Episcopacy, and of missions in India.

At this distance of time, we know that these prophecies, whether of good or of evil, were uninspired. Neither Hindoos nor Musselmén have revolted on the discovery that their European sovereigns have a belief and a worship of their own, which they seriously prefer to the faith of Brama or of Mahomet. But neither has Benares yet ceased to number her pilgrims by myriads; nor is the Rammadan violated from dawn to sunset. These results can hardly have surprised those who derived their anticipations of the future from a careful survey of the past.

The power before which the temples of pagan Rome fell down, (like the mighty agencies of the material creation,) is a silent, invisible influence, obedient to no laws which human wisdom can explore; though, at length, manifesting its reality in results which the dullest observation cannot overlook. It works by searching out affinities in the elements of man's moral and social nature; by separating such as are incongruous, and by combining the rest into organic forms, animated by a common life. It works by the repulsive force of mutual antipathies, and by the plastic force of self-denying love; and exhibits its presence in the Christian system, as in its noblest form, and most complete development. And though the prolific energies of this renovating power may often appear to slumber, and though, even when roused into activity, it operates but slowly and imperfectly, yet is it the one vital principle of this otherwise corrupt and corrupting world; and is not less the source of light and of order now, than when it brooded over the dark primitive chaos.

Thus earth's history is but as some incoherent rhapsody of wild joys and maddening sorrows, if not regarded as the progressive fulfilment of the Supreme Will, effected by the ministry, sometimes spontaneous, at other times reluctant, of other wills subordinate to the Supreme. And that passage of history which is to unfold the religious and intellectual regeneration of Hindostan, will, like the rest, delineate the strife, the reverses, and the long delay, which must precede and allay the final triumph. It will tell of men devoting themselves, in constancy and resignation, to labours of which they must never witness the recompense; and obeying every intimation of the good pleasure of God, even when appearing to have abandoned to their own weakness the champions of his truth. It will trace the path of the heralds of peace, illuminated amidst the deep surrounding darkness by the inward light of faith, and by the outward light which the inspired records throw on the state, the prospects, and the duties of man. And it will also tell of the restoration of those records to the supremacy, for which their Divine Author destined them, among his instruments for the renewal of the

image impressed on his moral creation, at the first dawn of its existence.

To effect that restoration, became the chief design of the devout men whose wiser Anglo-Catholic sons are now calling their fathers fools. Of that folly the ecumenical seat was in the immediate vicinity of our suburban common, reflecting from her glassy pools the mansions by which she is begirt. From them came forth a majority of the first members of the governing body of the 'Bible Society,' its earliest ministers or secretaries, and, above all, the first and greatest of its Presidents—John Lord Teignmouth; to the commemoration of whose life are dedicated the volumes from which our devious course commenced, and to which it at length returns.

As Mr Carlyle has it, he was a noticeable man. While Napoleon had been founding an Empire in Europe, he had been ruling an Empire in Asia. The greatest of commercial corporations had made him their viceroy. The greatest of religious societies had made him their head. He was a man of letters too, and a man of hair-breadth escapes and strange adventures. He had been the friend of Sir William Jones, the associate of Warren Hastings, the adviser of Henry Dundas, and the choice of William Pitt, when he had a trust to confer, superior in splendour, perhaps in importance, to his own. So, at least, said the chronicles of those times, but his own appearance seemed to say the contrary. If the *fascēs* had really once been borne before the quiet, everyday looking gentleman who was to be seen walking with his children on Clapham Common, or holding petty sessions of the peace for the benefit of his neighbours there, then Clapham Common had totally misconceived what manner of men governors-general are. The idea of the common was as magnificent as that of a Lord Mayor in the mind of Martinus Scriblerus. But a glance at our Arungzebe, in the Clapham coach, was enough to dispel the illusion. How a man, who had sat on the Musnud of Calcutta, could now sit so patiently between Messrs Smith and Brown of St Mildred's, Cornhill, and listen to them on the Paving Rate Question, with such genuine and good-humoured interest, was a question which long exercised the faith and the tongues of the commoners, and which has ever since remained one of the dark problems of parochial history.

Lord Teignmouth was an estimable, accomplished, and religious man, on whom Providence bestowed extraordinary gifts of fortune, without any extraordinary gifts of nature. He was exalted to one of the highest places of the earth, but was not endowed with the genius or the magnanimity for which such places afford their meet exercise and full development. The roll

of British viceroys in India includes other names than those of the immortals. Clive, Hastings, and Wellesley, transmitted Empire, but could not transmit imperial minds to Amherst, or Minto, or to Shore. He was not one of those who enlarge our conceptions of the powers occasionally confided to man. He rose to the summit of delegated dominion, without any sublime endurance or heroic daring. He wrote many speculations, political, moral, and religious; but without rendering more clear our knowledge of the actual condition of mankind; or our conjectures respecting what awaits them. He also wrote many verses; but can scarcely ever have awakened an echo in the hearts of others. The eminence of his position suggested comparisons which it would otherwise have been unmeaning to form. There is not room for many great men, in any age or in any dynasty; and he who, in the age of Napoleon and the dynasty of Clive, ruled with spotless virtue, and aimed only to consolidate the conquests of his predecessors, might justly deprecate the disparaging remark, that he was not cast in their gigantic mould. But the good Vespasian must always be prepared for invidious allusions to the mighty Julius.

The son of a supercargo, and the grandson of a captain in the marine of the East India Company, John Shore was destined from his youth to the service of the same employers. He was prepared for it at Harrow, where he recited Homer and Juvenal with Nathanael Halhed on the one hand, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan on the other; Samuel Parr being the common tutor of the three. On the same form were seen, nearly forty years later, three other boys since known to fame, as Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir George Sinclair. In the first of these triumvirates Halhed, in the second Sinclair, were pointed out by Harrovian divination as the men destined to illuminate and command the ages which had given them birth. The spirit of prophecy did not rest on the Hill of Harrow. Neither indeed was the United Company of Merchants, trading to the East Indies at the first of those eras, precisely a school of the prophets. The one qualification they required of the future ministers and judges of their Empire, was a sound acquaintance with book-keeping. Mr Shore was accordingly removed from Harrow to a commercial school at Hackney. Among the students there, was one who, at the distance of half a century, he met again; the stately Marquis of Hastings, who then came to ask a lesson in the art of governing India, from the old schoolfellow with whom he had once taken lessons in the art of double entry.

Enthusiasts are men of one idea. Heroes are men of one design. They who prosper in the world are usually men of one

maxim. When Mr Shore was toiling up the steep ascent trodden by writers, 'an old gentleman named Burgess' chanced to say to him, 'make yourself useful, and you will succeed.' Old Mr Burgess never said a better thing in his life. It became the text on which the young civilian preached many a discourse to others, and to himself. With his own hand he compiled several volumes of the records of the secret political department. In a single year, he decided six hundred causes at Moorshedabad. He acquired the Hindostanee, Arabic, and Persian tongues; and was summoned to employ that knowledge at what was then called the Provincial Council at Calcutta. He revised one of the philippics launched by Francis against Warren Hastings, and lent his pen to prepare a memorial against the supreme court and Sir Elijah Impey. So useful, indeed, did he make himself to the opponents of Hastings, that he was appointed by that great man (oriental and occidental politics having much in common) to a seat in his supreme council of four. But, whatever might be his change of party, Mr Shore never changed his maxim. He presided at the board of revenue. He acted as revenue commissioner in Dacca and Behar. He drew up plans of judicial reform. Ever busy, and ever useful, he remained in India till Hastings himself quitted it, when they returned in the same ship to England—the ever-triumphant Hastings to encounter Burke and the House of Commons; the ever-useful Mr Shore to receive from the court of directors a seat in the supreme council of three, established under Mr Pitt's India bill.

Again he bent his way to the east, and again enjoyed, under the rule of Lord Cornwallis, abundant opportunities of acting up to the precept of old Mr Burgess. He sustained nearly all the drudgery which in every such combination falls to the lot of some single person, assuming, as his peculiar province, the settlement of the revenues of Bengal, Behar, and Oresa. The result of his labours was that momentous decision, remaining in force to this day, which has recognized the right of the Zemindars to the land, in the double character of renters and landlords—a measure against which there is such an array of authority and argument, as to compel a doubt whether, on this occasion at least, Mr Shore did not render a service useful rather to the sovereigns of India than to their subjects.

To himself the result was most important. The time had come when Mr Pitt hoped to witness the introduction into India of the pacific system which, at his instance, parliament had enjoined. He committed that task to Mr Shore; wisely judging that the author of the territorial settlement possessed in an eminent degree the habits, the principles, and the temper, which

qualify men for an unambitious and equitable course of policy. With that charge he sailed a third time for the east, in the character of Governor-General.

He had been eminently useful, and had succeeded eminently. But now the old maxim began to wear out. He who would climb an oak, must, as a great living writer has observed, change the nature of his efforts, and quicken his pace after he has once fairly set foot on the branches. Old Mr Burgess had taught how the highest advancement might be obtained. He had not taught how it might be improved. Sir John Shore, (such was now the title of the Governor-General,) brought to that commanding station, knowledge, industry, courage, and disinterestedness; with a philanthropy as pure as ever warmed the bosom of any of the rulers of mankind. But he did not bring to it the wide survey, the prompt decision, and the invincible will, of the great statesmen who, before and after him, wielded that delegated sceptre. The sense of subordination, and the spirit of a subordinate, still clung to him. To be useful to the Board of Control, to be useful to the Court of Directors, to be useful to the Civil Service, to be useful to the Indian Army, limited his ambition as an administrator; and though the happiness of the nations of India was the object of his highest aspirations, his rule over them was barren, not only of any splendid enterprise, but even of any memorable plan for their benefit.

The four years of Sir John Shore's government was a period of peace, interrupted only by a single battle with the Rohilla chiefs. But it was a peace pregnant with wars, more costly and dangerous than any in which the British Empire in the east had been involved since the days of Clive and Laurence. The charges advanced against Sir John Shore by the more adventurous spirits who followed him, are all summed up in the one accusation—that his policy was temporizing and timid. He acquiesced as an inert spectator in the successful invasion of the dominions of the Nizam by the Mahrattas. He fostered the power and the audacity of that warlike nation. He unresistingly permitted the growth of a French subsidiary force, in the service of three of the most considerable native powers. He thwarted Lord Hobart's efforts for extending the dominion or influence of Great Britain in Ceylon, in the Carnatic, and in Tanjore. He allowed the growth and the aggressions in Northern India of that power which, under Runjeet Sing, afterwards became so formidable. He looked on passively while Tippoo was preparing for the contest into which he plunged, or was driven, to his own ruin, and to our no light peril.

These, and such as these, are the charges. The answer is

drawn from the pacific injunctions of Parliament, and the pacific orders of the Company ; and from the great truth, that ambitious wars are the direst curse, and peace the most invaluable blessing to mankind. In the course of his correspondence, Lord Teignmouth takes frequent occasion to announce the new or philosophical maxim, which as Governor-General he had substituted for his old or utilitarian maxim as a writer. It was that incontrovertible verity, that 'honesty is the best policy.' Sound doctrine, doubtless ; but whether it is the best policy to be honest now and then, may admit of more dispute. Millions of men never lived together under a rule more severely just in intention that was that of Sir John Shore. But the Rohillas distrusted his equity. The Mahrattas had no belief in his courage. The Nizam could not be convinced of his good faith. The oppressed Ryots were incredulous of his benevolence. Integrity, which, being only occasional and transient, passes for weakness and caprice, may work out evils even more intolerable than those of a consistent, resolute, and systematic injustice. Under their pacific Governor-General, the people of the east remembered the conquests of his predecessors, and were preparing to counteract, by secret or open hostilities, the further conquests of the pro-consuls who were to succeed him. His individual conscience could justly applaud the retrospect of his Asiatic dominion ; but the national conscience of which we have lately heard, had it any cause to exult in a pause of four years in an otherwise unbroken chain of successful aggressions on the princes and people of Hindostan ?

When Napoleon wrote bulletins about the star of Austerlitz and the fulfilment of his destiny, we were all equally shocked at his principles and his style. Yet the apologies still ringing in our ears for the wars of Affghanistan, of Scinde, and of Gwalior, though made but yesterday by the highest authorities on either side of the House of Commons, were but a plagiarism from the Emperor of the French, in more correct, though less animated language. Nor could it be otherwise. Empire cannot be built up, either in the west or in the east, in contempt of the laws of God, and then be maintained according to the Decalogue. When the vessel must either drive before the gale or founder, the helmsman no longer looks at the chart. When the pedestals of the throne are terror and admiration, he who would sit there securely must consult other rules than those of the Evangelists. Sir John Shore was the St Louis of Governors-General. But if Clive had been likeminded, we should have had no India to govern. If Hastings had aspired to the title of 'The Just,' we should not have retained our dominion. If Wellesley had ruled

in the spirit of his conscientious predecessor, we should infallibly have lost it. With profound respect for the contrary judgment of so good a man, we venture to doubt, whether the severe integrity which forbade him to bear the sceptre of the Moguls as others had borne it, should not have also forbidden his bearing it all. Needlessly to assume incompatible duties, is permitted to no man. Cato would have ceased to be himself had he consented to act as a lieutenant of the Usurper. The British viceroy who shall at once be true to his employers, and strictly equitable to the princes of India and their subjects, need not despair of squaring the circle.

Returning a third time to his native land, Lord Teignmouth fell into the routine of common duties, and of common pleasures, with the ease of a man who had taken no delight in the pomp or in the exercise of power; but whose heart had been with his home and with his books, even while Nabobs and Rajahs were prostrating themselves before him. He became eminent at the Quarter Sessions, took down again the volumes in which Parr had lectured him, thinned out his shrubberies, visited at country-seats and watering-places, watched over his family and his poor neighbours, sent letters of good advice to his sons, (to the perusal of which the public are now invited with perhaps more of filial than of fraternal piety;) and in short lived the life so pleasant in reality, so tedious in description, of a well-educated English gentleman, of moderate fortune, moderate desires, and refined tastes; with a fruitful vine on the walls of his house, and many olive branches round about his table.

If, as all Englishmen believe, this is the happiest condition of human existence, it illustrates the remark, that happiness is a serious, not to say a heavy thing. The exhibition of it in these volumes is rather amiable than exhilarating. India-house traditions tell, that when a young aspirant for distinction there, requested one of the Chairs to inform him what was the proper style of writing political despatches, the Chair made answer 'the style we prefer is the *humdrum*.' This preference for the humdrum, enjoined perhaps by the same high authority, clung to Lord Teignmouth even after his return to Europe. He wrote as if to baffle the critics, and lived as if to perplex the biographers. A foreigner amongst us might perhaps have sketched him as a specimen of a class peculiar to England. But the portrait is too familiar for exhibition to English eyes, though none is dearer to English hearts. Who that has contemplated and loved (as who has not?) the wise, cheerful, and affectionate head of some large household, filling up without hurry or lassitude the wide circle of domestic, neighbourly, and magisterial duties, and aiming at

nothing more—let him say whether the second Lord Teignmouth could have rendered animating in description, the tranquil years which the first Lord Teignmouth probably found the most grateful of his life in reality.

They were gliding quietly away, cheered by such retrospects as few have enjoyed, and gilded by hopes which few could so reasonably indulge, when the Society, then for the first time formed, for the circulation of the Bible, placed him at their head ; not as a mere titular chief, but as the President by whom all their deliberations were to be controlled, and as the dignitary by whom the collective body were to be represented. So high a trust could not have fallen into hands more curiously fitted for the discharge of it. There met and blended in him as much of the spirit of the world, and as much of the spirit of that sacred volume, as could combine harmoniously with each other. To the capacious views of a statesman, he united a submission the most childlike to the supreme authority of those sacred records. To the high bearing of one for whose smile rival princes had sued, he added that unostentatious simplicity which is equally beyond the reach of those who solicit, and of those who really despise, human admiration. Conversant with mankind under all political and social aspects, and in every gradation of rank, it was at once his habit and delight to withdraw from that indiscriminate intercourse into the interior circle, where holy thoughts might be best nourished ; and into the solitude, where alone the modesty of his nature would permit the utterance of his devout affections. An Oriental scholar of no mean celebrity, and not without a cultivated taste for classical learning, he daily passed from such pursuits to the study of the Sacred Oracles—as one who, having sojourned in a strange land, returns to the familiar voices, the faithful counsels, and the well-proved loving-kindness of his father's house. To scatter through every tongue and kindred of the earth the inspired leaves by which his own mind was sustained and comforted, was a labour in which he found full scope and constant exercise for virtues, hardly to be hazarded in the government of India.

Of India, indeed, and of the fame of his Indian administration, he had become strangely regardless—witnessing silently, if not with indifference, the overthrow of his policy, and the denial of his claims to the respect and gratitude of mankind. Ordinary men, it is true, are but seldom agitated by the temperament by which men of genius expiate their formidable eminence ; but Lord Teignmouth seems to have had more than his due share of constitutional phlegm. He governed an Empire without ambition, wrote poetry without inspiration, and gave himself up to

labours of love and works of mercy without enthusiasm. He was, in fact, rather a fatiguing man—of a narcotic influence in general society—with a pen which not rarely dropped truisms ; sedate and satisfied under all the vicissitudes of life ; the very antithesis and contradiction of the hero, whose too tardy advent Mr Carlyle is continually invoking. Yet he was one of those whom we may be well content to honour, while we yet wait the promised deliverer. He was a witness to the truth, that talents such as multitudes possess, and opportunities such as multitudes enjoy, may, under the homely guidance of perseverance and good sense, command the loftiest ascent to which either ambition or philanthropy can aspire ; if that steep path be trodden with a firm faith in the Divine wisdom, a devout belief in the Divine goodness, and a filial promptitude of conformity to the Divine will.

To Lord Teignmouth, and to the other founders of the Bible Society, an amount of gratitude is due, which might, perhaps, have been more freely rendered, if it had been a little less grandiloquently claimed by the periodic eloquence of their followers. Her annual outbursts of self-applause are not quite justified by any success which this great Protestant *propaganda* has hitherto achieved over her antagonists. Rome still maintains and multiplies her hostile positions—heathen and Mahomedan temples are as numerous and as crowded as before—ignorance and sin continue to scatter the too fertile seeds of sorrow through a groaning world—and it is no longer doubtful that the aspect of human affairs may remain as dark as ever, though the earth be traversed by countless millions of copies of the Holy Text. The only wonder is, that such a doubt should ever have arisen—that reasonable people should have anticipated the renovation of man to the higher purposes of his being by any single agency—without an apparatus as complex as his own nature—or without influences as vivifying as those which gave him birth. To quicken the inert mass around us, and to render it prolific, it is necessary that the primeval or patriarchal institute of parental training should be combined with an assiduous education ; with the various discipline of life ; with the fellowship of domestic, civil, and ecclesiastical society ; and, above all, with the recreative power from on High devoutly implored and diligently cherished. The wicked habitations by which our globe is burdened, might, alas ! be wicked still, though each of them were converted into a biblical library. And yet with the belief of the inspiration, whether plenary or partial, of the Scriptures, who can reconcile a disbelief of the momentous results with which the mere knowledge of them by mankind at large must be attended ? Who will presume to estimate the workings of such an element of thought in

such a world?—or to follow out the movements resulting from such a voice, when raised in every tongue and among all people; in opposition to the rude clamour from without, or the still harsher dissonance from within?—or who will take on him to measure the consequences of exhibiting amongst all the tribes of men one immutable standard of truth—one eternal rule of duty—one spotless model for imitation?

If this vast confederacy of the Protestant and Greek churches was regarded by the less initiated with some degree of superstitious awe, and extolled beyond the severe limits of truth, the founders of the society were too well instructed in spiritual dynamics, to be themselves in bondage to that vulgar error. The more eminent of the Clapham sectarians thought of it but as one wheel in that elaborate mechanism, by which they believed that the world would at length be moved. Bell and Lancaster were both their welcome guests—schools, prison discipline, Savings' Banks, tracts, village libraries, district visitings, and church buildings—each, for a time, rivalled their cosmopolitan projects. But of their subordinate schemes none were so dear to them as that of prepossessing, in favour of their opinions and of their measures, the young men who were then preparing for ordination at Cambridge. Hence they held in special honour Isaac Milner, whose biography lies before us, and Charles Simeon, whose life is shortly to be published—both unavoidably residing at the university as their appointed sphere of labour; but both men of Clapham as frequent visitors, as habitual associates, and as zealous allies.

The biography of Isaac Milner, as recorded in this dense volume, occupies a space nearly equal to that which the extant writers of antiquity have devoted to the celebration of all the worthies of Greece and Rome and Palestine put together. And yet of those who have still to reach the meridian of life, how few are aware, either that such a man was famous in the last generation, or what was the ground of his celebrity? Oh! ye candidates for fame, put not your faith in coteries. See here how lavishly applause may be bestowed in one age, and how profound the silence into which it may die away in the next. See how a man may have been extolled, not thirty poor years ago, as a philosopher, historian, divine, and academic, on whom 'young England' has not one passing remembrance to bestow. And although the present effort to revive and perpetuate his glory be made by a kinswoman, prepared for that undertaking by knowledge, by ability, and by zeal; yet how avoid the conviction that the monument itself, like the name to which it is erected, is already becoming a premature ruin, and preaching one more un-

heeded sermon on the text which proclaims the vanity of all things?

If the several tendencies of Isaac Milner to moral and intellectual greatness had been permitted to act freely, and if Fortune had not caressed and enervated him by her too benignant smiles, his name might have been now illustrious in the *Fasti Cantabrigienses*. But she bestowed on him the rewards of eminence, such as wealth, leisure, reputation, and authority, without exacting the appointed price of toil and self-denial. Humble as was his hereditary station, he scarcely ever felt the invigorating influence of depending on his own exertions for subsistence, for comforts, or even for enjoyments. He soon obtained and soon resigned a fellowship at Queen's College, Cambridge, to become the president of that society; an office to which ere long were added the deanery of Carlisle, and the mathematical chair once occupied by Newton. Three such sinecures were a burden, beneath which the most buoyant spirit could scarcely have moved with freedom. A splendid patrimony in the three per cents, or the golden repose of Lords Arden or Ellenborough, might agree well enough with the pursuits of a scholar or a statesman. Not so the laborious idleness of a deanery and a mastership, with their ceaseless round of chapters, and elections, and founders' feasts, and enclosure questions; and questions about new racks for the stables, and new rollers for the garden; and squabbles with contumacious canons and much-digesting fellows. Newton himself could not, at the same time, have given laws to the Butteries and explored the laws of the universe; and therefore it happened that Newton's successor was too busy for the duties of his lucrative professorship. Dalilah bound the strong man with cords supplied by Mammon for the purpose.

From such toils he might have been broken away, if the wily courtizan had not thrown around him the more seductive bondage of social and colloquial popularity. The keen sarcasm, that 'science is his forte—omniscience, his foible,' though of later date, could never have been aimed at any of the giants of Cambridge with more truth, or with greater effect, than at the former president of Queen's. He had looked into innumerable books, had dipped into most subjects, whether of vulgar or of learned enquiry, and talked with shrewdness, animation, and intrepidity, on them all. Whatever the company and whatever the theme, his sonorous voice predominated over all other voices, even as his lofty stature, vast girth, and superincumbent wig, defied all competition. He was equally at home on a steeple-chase, and on final perseverance; and explained with the same confidence the economy of an ant hill and the policy of the Nizam. During

the last half of his life the Johnsoni-latria was at its height ; and among the aspirants to the vacant conversational throne, none appeared to have a fairer title than himself. Parr, with his pipe and his pedantry, was offensive. Bishop Watson was pompous and tiresome. Lord Ellenborough, the first of that name, was but an eminent phrase-manufacturer. But Isaac Milner, however inferior to the sage of Bolt Court in genius, in wit, in practical wisdom, in philology, and in critical discernment, ranged over a wider field of knowledge ; with a memory as ready and retentive, with higher animal spirits, a broader humour, a less artificial style, and an enjoyment so cordial and sociable of his own talk, as compelled every one else to enjoy it. If less contentious than his great prototype, he was not less authoritative. But his topics were more out of the reach of controversy, his temper more serene, and his audience far more subservient. In the whole of his career, he was probably never once surrounded by such a circle as that which at ' The Club ' reduced the dominion of Johnson to the form of a limited monarchy. At Carlisle, the Dean was the life of an otherwise lifeless amalgam of country squires and well-endowed prebendaries. At Cambridge, the Master was the soul of dinner and tea parties, otherwise inanimate. At London, he was the centre of a circle, ever prompt (as are all London circles) to render homage to literary and intellectual rank ; especially when it can condescend to be amusing and natural, and can afford to disclaim all pretensions to the elaborate refinements of metropolitan society. Thus the syren Fortune raised her most alluring strain—the flattery which rewards colloquial triumphs—that so she might induce the warrior to relax his grasp of the weapons by which he might have achieved an enduring reputation.

Lashing himself to the mast, he still might have pursued his voyage to permanent renown, if the Enchantress had not raised up in his course certain fog-banks, to seduce him into the belief that he had already reached the yet far distant haven. The moderators, arbiters of Cantabrigian honours, had not only assigned to him the dignity of senior wrangler, but with it the title of *Incomparabilis* ; the comparison being made with his competitors of the year 1774. Among the ' Transactions of the ' Royal Society,' the curious may discover three or four contributions bearing the name of Isaac Milner, which, though little noticed at the time, and wholly forgotten now, were allowed to establish, in favour of one who sat in Newton's seat, a station among men of science ; which, in an age not propitious to such studies, few had the wish, and fewer still the power, to contest. No scientific work or discovery illustrates his name, except the

discovery, much insisted on by his biographer, and much rejoiced in by himself, that the invisible girl of Leicester Square was not a Fairy enshrined in the brazen ball from which her speaking trumpets issued ; but an old woman in the next room squeaking through hidden tubes, the orifices of which were brought into nice contact with corresponding apertures in the lips of those magical trumpets. On the opposite side of the same Square rose an observatory, where, a hundred years earlier, his great predecessor had investigated enigmas of greater significance. In literature, Dr Milner was chiefly known as the Editor of the two last volumes of his brother's Church History, which apparently received great additions and improvements from his hands. They have been extolled as containing the most comprehensive and authentic account of the Reformation in Germany, and of the character of the great German Reformer ;—a praise to which it is impossible to subscribe, for this, if for no other reason, that neither the Author nor the Editor had ever seen, or would have been able to read, one line of the many volumes written by Luther in his mother tongue, and even yet untranslated into any other. A biographical preface of a few pages, prefixed to a posthumous volume of the same brother's sermons, with two controversial pamphlets, complete the catalogue of the literary labours of more than half a century of learned and well-beneficed leisure. Of those pamphlets one was an assault on the ecclesiastical history of the late Dr Haweis. The other made havoc of the person and writings of Herbert Marsh, the late Bishop of Peterborough. Marsh had denounced the sin and danger of giving people the Bible to read unyoked to the prayer-book ; and Milner answered him by an examination much more curious than civil, into the question—‘ Who, and what is Dr Herbert Marsh ? ’ The indignant liturgist replied by an equally courteous attempt to determine the who, and the what, touching Dr Isaac Milner. With cassocks torn, and reputations not much exalted, the combatants retired from the field, and never again appeared among the aspirants to literary renown. Adulation whispered to them both that such glory was already theirs, and in her harlotry and her blandishments betrayed them into the belief of that too welcome assurance.

But Isaac Milner was no ordinary person. His body (the very image of the informing mind) was athletic and capacious, yet coarse and clumsy withal, and alive, far more than is usual with the giant brood, to every vicissitude of pleasure and of pain. His muscular and his nervous structure seemed to belong to two different men, or rather to be of different sexes. The sense of vast physical power was unattended by animal courage ;

and the consciousness of great intellectual strength animated him to no arduous undertakings. Robust as he was and omnivorous, he was haunted by imaginary maladies and ideal dangers; shuddering at the east wind, and flying to a hiding-place at the sound of thunder. In the pursuit of knowledge, he was as an elephant forcing his way through saplings, and bending them to his purpose with a proboscis alike firm and flexible; yet at the next moment obeying the feeblest hand, alarmed by the most transient blaze, and turned out of his way by the first mournful gong or joyous cymbal. He was a kind of Ajax-Andromache, combining such might with such sensibility as made him at once admirable, loveable, and inefficient. Call at the lodge at Queen's in the evening, and you heard him with stentorian lungs tumbling out masses of knowledge, illuminated by remarks so pungent, and embellished with stories, illustrations, gestures, and phrases so broad and uncereemonious, that you half expected the appearance of the Lady Margaret, to remind the master of the house that she had built that long gallery, and those oriel windows, for meditation and studious silence. Call again in the morning, and you found him broken-hearted over some of the sorrows to which flesh is heir, or agitated by some collegiate controversy, or debating with his apothecary how many scruples of senna should enter into his next draught, as though life and death were in the balances. Thus erratic in all his pursuits, and responsive to every outward impression, he failed in that stern perseverance, without which none may become the teachers, the rulers, or the benefactors of mankind, and with which perhaps but few can be much courted as companions, or much loved as friends.

But so to be loved and courted, should not be regarded as a mere selfish luxury. A wise and good man, and such was Isaac Milner, will regard popular acceptance an advantage convertible to many excellent uses; and so he considered it. His great talents were his social talents. In talk, ever ready, ever animated, and usually pregnant with profound meaning, he found the law and fulfilled the end of his sublunary existence. He talked with children (his chosen associates) inimitably. It was like a theological lecture from Bunyan, or a geographical discourse from De Foe. He talked with the great and the rich, as one who was their equal in wealth, and their superior in worship. He talked with pugilists, musicians, and graziers, at once to learn and to interpret the mysteries of their several crafts. He talked with physicians to convince them that their art was empirical. He talked with politicians to rouse them to the dangers of Catholic emancipation. He talked on paper to his

correspondents pleasantly and affectionately, though, on the chapter of his own affections, too abundantly. He talked also to his chosen and intimate friends, but not in the same fitful strain. To them, from the abundance of the heart, he spoke on the theme which alone gave any unity of design to the otherwise incongruous habits of his life; and which alone harmonized the passages, droll and melancholy, pompous and affectionate, bustling and energetic, of which it was composed. It was that theme which engages the latest thoughts of all men—the retrospect and the prospect; the mystery within, and the dread presence without; the struggle, and the triumph, and the fearful vengeance; and whatever else is involved in the relations which subsist between mortal man and the eternal Source of his existence. To search into those relations, and into the duties and hopes and fears flowing from them, was the end which Isaac Milner still proposed to himself, under all his ever-varying moods. From his brother he had derived the theological tenets, for the dissemination of which the History of the Church had been written. Reposing in them with inflexible constancy, he drew from them hopes which, notwithstanding his constitutional infirmities, imparted dignity to his character and peace to his closing hours. He was the intellectual chief of his party, and the members of it resorted to him at Cambridge, there to dispel doubts, and thence to bring back responses, oracular, authoritative, and profound. Nor could they have made a better choice; for to his capacity, learning, and colloquial eloquence, he added a most absolute sincerity and good faith. He had an instinct which could detect at a glance, and a temper which loathed, all manner of cant and false pretension; and he estimated at their real worth the several kinds of religious theatricals, liveries, and free-masonries.

Kind-hearted, talkative, wise, old man! from the slumbers of many bygone years how easy is it to raise his image—joyful, as when he exulted over his exorcism of the clothes-tearing ghost of Sawston; or jocund, as when he chuckled over the remembrance of the hearty box he inflicted on the ears of Lord Archibald Hamilton, who, in all the pride of pugilism, had defied the assault of unscientific knuckles; or grandiloquent, as when he reviewed the glories of his first vice-chancellorship, in which he had expelled from the Senate Lucius Catalina Frend; or the triumphs of his second consulate, when, having thundered his philippics against Marcus Antonius Brown, he was hailed as *Pater Academicæ*. Well! he is gone, and Alma Mater has still her heads of houses, men of renown; but if once again the table could be spread in that hospitable old dining-

room at Queen's, with the facetious Dean at the head of it, there is not among the incomparable wranglers, and conversing Encyclopædias of them all, any one who would be fit to sit over against him as Croupier.

As a member of the Confederation of the Common, the Dean of Carlisle administered the province assigned to him rather by the weight of his authority, than by any active exertions. Under the shelter of his name, his college flourished as the best cultured and most fruitful nursery of the evangelical neophytes of Cambridge. From a theological school maintained at Elland, in Yorkshire, at the charge of the Clapham exchequer, an unbroken succession of students were annually received there; destined, at the close of their academical career, to ascend and animate the pulpits of the national church. But if to the President of Queen's belonged the dignity of *Præpositus* of the evangelical youth of the University, the far more arduous and responsible office of *Archididasculus* was occupied by a fellow of the adjacent royal college.

Long Chamber at Eton, has been the dormitory of many memorable men, and King's has been to many a famous Etonian little better than a permanent dormitory. But about seventy years ago was elected, from the one to the other of those magnificent foundations, a youth, destined thenceforward to wage irreconcilable war with the slumbers and the slumberers of his age. Let none of those (and they are a great multitude) who have enshrined the memory of Charles Simeon in the inner sanctuary of their hearts, suppose that it is in a trifling or irreverent spirit that the veil is for a moment raised, which might otherwise conceal the infirmities of so good a man. He was indeed one of those on whom the impress of the divine image was distinct and vivid. But the reflected glory of that image, (such was his own teaching,) is heightened, not tarnished, by a contrast with the poverty of the material on which it may be wrought, and of the ground from which it emerges.

They who recollect the late Mr Terry, the friend of Walter Scott, may imagine the countenance and manner of Charles Simeon. To a casual acquaintance he must frequently have appeared like some truant from the green-room, studying in clerical costume for the part of Mercutio, and doing it scandalously ill. Such adventurous attitudes, such a ceaseless play of the facial muscles, so seeming a consciousness of the advantages of his figure, with so seeming an unconsciousness of the disadvantages of his carriage—a seat in the saddle so triumphant, badinage so ponderous, stories so exquisitely unbecoming him about the pedigree of his horses or the vintages of his cellar—

the caricaturists must have been faithless to their calling, and the under-graduates false to their nature, if pencil, pen, and tongue had not made him their prey. Candid friends were compelled (of course by the force of truth and conscience) to admit that he was not altogether clear of the sin of coxcombry; and the worshippers of Bacchus and of Venus gave thanks that they were jolly fellows, and not like this Pharisee.

To the reproach of affectation and conceit, his disciples made answer, that their master had shed his original manner as soon and as completely as his original teeth; and that the new or artificial manner was not only more deeply rooted than the old, but was in fact as natural; being but the honest though awkward effort of the soul within, to give vent to the most genuine feelings for which it could find no other utterance. To the charge of hypocrisy, they replied, that it was related to truth in that sense only in which opposites and contradictions are related. They maintained that even the superficial weaknesses of their teacher ministered to his real designs; just as the very offal of the Holocaust feeds the sacred flame by which the offering is consumed. Here, they said, was a man beset by difficulties enough to have baffled the whole school of Athens, as brought together by the imagination of Raphael D'Urbino—by inveterate affectations, by the want of learning, by the want of social talents, by the want of general ability of any kind, by the want of interest in the pursuits of his neighbours, by their want of sympathy in his pursuits, by the want of their good-will, nay, by the want of their decided and hearty animosity. Yet thus unprovided for the contest, he gained a victory which the sternest cynic in that glorious assemblage might have condescended to envy, and the most eloquent of the half-inspired sages there, to extol. Slowly, painfully, but with unfaltering hopes, he toiled through more than fifty successive years, in the same narrow chamber and among the same humble congregation—requited by no emolument, stimulated by no animating occurrences, and unrewarded, until the near approach of old age, by the gratitude or the cordial respect of the society amidst which he lived. Love soaring to the Supreme with the lowliest self-abasement, and stooping to the most abject with the meekest self-forgetfulness, bore him onward, through fog or sunshine, through calm or tempest. His whole life was but one long labour of love—a labour often obscure, often misapplied, often unsuccessful, but never intermitted, and at last triumphant.

At the close of each academical year, a crowd of youths, just entering into the business of life, received from Charles Simeon his parting counsels and benediction. They had been his pupils,

his associates, and his grateful admirers. Without money and without price he had sedulously imparted to them a science, which to many a simple mind compensated for the want of any other philosophy; and which to the best and ripest scholars disclosed the fountains whence all the streams of truth are salient, and the boundless expanse of knowledge towards which they are all convergent. It was the science of which God himself is the author, and men sent of God the interpreters, and revelation, conscience, and history the records. It was that science which explains the internal connexion of this world's history; in which law and ethics and politics have their common basis; which alone imparts to poetry and art their loftier character; without which the knowledge of mind and of mental operations is an empty boast, and even the severer problems of the world's material economy are insoluble. It was that science for the diffusion of which the halls and colleges of that learned university had been almost exclusively founded—the only science which Cambridge neglected, and which Charles Simeon taught. And yet the teacher was neither philosopher, historian, poet, artist, lawyer, politician, nor physiologist. He was simply a devout and believing man, who, in the language of Bunyan, 'dwelt far from 'the damp shadows of Doubting Castle,' amidst the sunshine of those everlasting hills whence stout Mr Greatheart and brave Mr Hopeful, in days of yore, surveyed the boundless prospect, and inhaled the fresh breezes which welcomed them at the close of their pilgrimage. Thither their modern follower conducted his pilgrims by a way which Mr Worldly-wisdom could never find, and which Mr Self-confidence despised when it was pointed out to him.

In the Church of the Holy Trinity at Cambridge, every Sunday during more than half a century witnessed the gathering of a crowd which hung on the lips of the preacher; as men hearken to some unexpected intelligence of a deep but ever varying interest. Faces pale with study or furrowed by bodily labour, eyes failing with age or yet undimmed by sorrow, were bent towards him with a gaze, of which (with whatever other meaning it might be combined) fixed attention was the predominant character. Towards the close of that long period, the pulpit of St Mary's was, occasionally, the centre of the same attraction, and with a still more impressive result. For there were critics in theology, and critics in style and manner, and critics in gastronomy, thronging and pressing on each other, as once on Mars' Hill, to hear what this babbler might say; listening with the same curiosity, and adjudicating on what they had heard, in very much the same spirit. Yet he to whom this homage was rendered,

was a man of ungraceful address ; with features which ceased to be grotesque only when they became impassioned ; with a voice weak and unmusical, and to whom no muse was propitious. His habits, and his very theory of composition, were such as seemed to promise empty pews and listless auditors ; for every discourse was originally constructed (to use his own phrase) as a ' skeleton,' with all the hard processes and the fine articulations as prominent as his logical anatomy could render them—the bony dialectic being then clothed with the fibrous and muscular rhetoric, in such manner as the meditations of the preceding or the impulses of the passing hour might suggest. Such was his faith in this new art of oratory, that, in a collection entitled '*Horæ Homileticæ*,' he gave to the world many hundred of these preparations, to be afterwards arrayed by other preachers in such fleshy integuments as might best cover their ghastliness. Deplorable as the operation must have been in other hands than those of the inventor, he well knew how to make his dry bones live. They restrained the otherwise undisciplined ardour of his feelings, and corrected the tendency of that vital heat to disperse all solidity, and to dissolve all coherence, of thought. His argumentation might occasionally irritate the understanding, his illustrations wound the taste, and his discourses provoke the smiles of his audience. But when, as was his wont, he insisted on fundamental truths, or enforced the great duties of life, or detected the treacheries of the heart, or traced the march of retributive justice, or caught and echoed the compassionate accents in which the Father of mercies addresses his erring children, it was a voice which penetrated and subdued the very soul. It was an eloquence which silenced criticism. It was instinct with a contagious intensity of belief. It sounded as the language of one to whom the mysteries and the futurities of which he spoke had been disclosed in actual vision, and so disclosed as to have dissipated every frivolous thought, and calmed every turbid emotion.

If the Church of England were not in bondage with her children to certain Acts of Parliament, she would long ere now have had a religious order of the Simeonites ; and would have turned out of her catalogue some of her saints of equivocal character, and some of doubtful existence, to make room for St Charles of Cambridge. What have Dunstan, and George of Cappadocia, and Swithun the bishop, and Margaret the virgin, and Crispin the martyr, done for us, that they should elbow out a man who, through a long life, supplied from the resources of his own mind, to the youth of one of our universities, the theological education not otherwise to be obtained there ; and who, from the resources

of his own hereditary fortune, supplied the means of purchasing, in the most populous cities of England, from forty to fifty advowsons, that so the ecclesiastical patronage of those vital organs of our commonwealth might be ever thenceforward exercised in favour of zealous, devout, and *evangelical* ministers?

In that last ugly epithet lies all the mischief. 'He is not a Janesist, may it please your majesty,' but merely an Atheist,' was once accepted as a sufficient excuse of a candidate for royal favour. He is not an evangelical clergyman, but merely a Parson Trulliber, was an equally successful apology with the dispensers of fame and promotion in the last age. Among them was the late Bishop Jebb, who, in his posthumous correspondence, indulges in sneers on the gospeller of Cambridge, as cold and as supercilious as if he had himself belonged to the Trulliber school of divinity; instead of being, as he was, an elegant enquirer into the curiosities of theological literature. So great a master of parallelisms and contrasts might have perceived how the splendour of his own mitre waned before that nobler episcopate to which Charles Simeon had been elevated, as in primitive times, by popular acclamation. His diocess embraced almost every city of his native land, and extended to many of the remote dependencies which then, as now, she held in subjection. In every ecclesiastical section of the Empire he could point to teachers who revered him as the guide of their youth, and the counsellor of their later years. In his frequent visitations of the churches of which he was the patron or the founder, love and honour waited on him. His infirmities disappeared, or were forgotten, in the majesty of a character animated from early youth to extreme old age by such pursuits as, we are taught to believe, are most in harmony with the Divine will, and most conducive to the happiness of mankind. He had passed his long life in the midst of censors, who wanted neither the disposition nor the power to inflict signal chastisement upon any offence which could be fastened on him; but he descended to the grave unassailed by any more formidable weapons than a thick and constant flight of harmless epigrams. He descended thither amidst the tears and the benedictions of the poor; and with such testimonies of esteem and attachment from the learned, as Cambridge had never before rendered even to the most illustrious of her sons; and there he was laid, in that sure and certain hope on which he enabled an almost countless multitude to repose, amidst the wreck of this world's promises, and in the grasp of their last and most dreaded enemy.

What is a party, political or religious, without a Review? A bell swinging without a clapper. What is any society of men, if not recruited from the rising generation? A hive of neutral

bees. Reviewless, Clapham had scarcely been known beyond her own common. Youthless, her memory had never descended to the present age. At once wrapped into future times, and thoughtful of her own, she addressed the world on the first day of each successive month through the columns of the 'Christian Observer;' and employed the pen of him on whom her hopes most fondly rested, to confer splendour and celebrity on pages not otherwise very alluring. To Mr Macaulay was assigned the arduous post of Editor. He and his chief contributors enjoyed the advantage, permitted, alas! to how few of their tribe, of living in the same village, and meeting daily in the same walks or at the same table, and lightning, by common counsel, the cares of that feudal sovereignty. The most assiduous in doing suit and science to the Suzerain, was Henry Thornton. But he whose homage was most highly valued, and whose fealty was attested by the richest offerings, was the young, the much loved, and the much lamented John Bowdler.

He was the scion of a house singularly happy in the virtues and talents of its members; and was hailed by the unanimous acclamation of the whole of that circle of which Mr Wilberforce was the centre, as a man of genius, piety, and learning, who, in the generation by which they were to be succeeded, would prosecute their own designs with powers far superior to theirs. A zeal too ardent to be entirely discreet, which gave to the world two posthumous volumes of his essays in verse and prose, has, unintentionally, refuted such traditions as had assigned to him a place among philosophers, or poets, or divines. And yet so rare were the component parts of his character, and so just their combination, that, but for his premature death, the bright auguries of his early days could hardly have failed of their accomplishment. His course of life was, indeed, uneventful. A school education, followed by the usual training for the bar—a brilliant, though brief success, closed by an untimely death, complete a biography which has been that of multitudes. But the interior life of John Bowdler, if it could be faithfully written, would be a record which none could read without reverence, and few without self-reproach.

To those who lived in habitual intercourse with him, it was evident that there dwelt on his mind a sense of self-dedication to some high and remote object; and that the pursuits, which are as ultimate ends to other men, were but as subservient means to him. So intent was he on this design, as to appear incapable of fatigue, frail as were his bodily powers; and as to be unassailable by the spirit of levity, though fertile and copious in discourse almost to a fault. It is the testimony

of one who for nearly twelve months divided with him the same narrow study, that during the whole of that period he was never heard to utter an idle word, nor seen to pass an idle minute. He stood aloof from all common familiarities, yielding his affection to a very few, and, to the rest, a courtesy somewhat reserved and stately. His friends were not seldom reminded how awful goodness is, as they watched his severe self-discipline, and listened, not without some wandering wishes for a lighter strain, to colloquies, didactic rather than conversational, in which he was ever soaring to heights, and wrestling with problems inaccessible to themselves. But they felt and loved the moral sublimity of a devotion so pure, and so devout to purposes the most exempt from selfishness. They were exulting in prospects which it appeared irrational to distrust, and were hailing him as the future architect of plans, to be executed or conceived only by minds like his, when, from the darkness which shrouds the counsels of the Omniscient, went forth a decree, designed, as it might seem, at once to rebuke the presumption of mortal man, and to give him a new assurance of his immortality. It rent asunder ties as many and as dear as ever bound to this earth a soul ripe for translation to a higher sphere of duty; and was obeyed with an acquiescence as meek and cheerful as ever acknowledged the real presence of fatherly love under the severer forms of parental discipline. His profound conviction of the magnitude of the trust, and of the endowments confided to him, was really justified even when seemingly defeated by the event; for it showed that those powers had been destined for an early exercise in some field of service commensurate with the holy ardour by which he had been consumed. Of those who met round his grave, such as yet live are now in the wane of life; nor is it probable that, in their retrospect of many years, any one of them can recall a name more inseparably allied than that of John Bowdler to all that teaches the vanity of the hopes which terminate in this world, and the majesty of the hopes which extend beyond it.

And thus closes, though it be far from exhausted, our chronicle of the worthies of Clapham, of whom it may be said, as it was said of those of whom the world was not worthy, 'These all died in faith.' With but very few exceptions, they had all partaken largely of those sorrows which probe the inmost heart, and exercise its fortitude to the utmost. But sweet, and not less wise than sweet, is the song in which George Herbert teaches, that when the Creator had bestowed every other gift on his new creature man, he reserved Rest to himself, that so the wearied heart in search of that last highest blessing, might cheerfully return to

Him who made it. They died in the faith that for their descendants, at no remote period, was reserved an epoch glorious, though probably awful, beyond all former example. It was a belief derived from the intimations, as they understood them, of the prophets of Israel; but it was also gathered from sources which to many will seem better entitled to such confidence.

Revolving the great dramatic action of which this earth has been the scene, they perceived that it was made up of a protracted conflict between light and darkness. They saw that on the one side, science and religion—on the other, war and superstition—had been the great agents on this wide theatre. They traced a general movement of events towards the final triumph of good over evil; but observed that this tendency was the result of all-controlling Providence, which had almost invariably employed the bad passions of man as the reluctant instruments of the Divine mercy—sending forth a long succession of conquerors, barbarous or civilized, as missionaries of woe, to prepare the way for the heralds of peace. They saw, or thought they saw, this economy of things drawing to its close. Civilization and, in name at least, Christianity, had at length possessed the far greater and nobler regions of the globe. Goths and Vandals were now the foremost amongst the nations. Even the Scythians had become members of a vast and potent monarchy. The Arabs had again taken refuge in their deserts. If Genghis or Timour should re-appear, their power would be broken against the British empire of Hindostan. The mightiest of warriors had triumphed and had fallen; as if to prove how impregnable had become the barriers of the European world against such aggressions. On every side the same truth was proclaimed, that military subjugation was no longer to be the purifying chastisement of Christendom.

But the religion of Christ was conquering and to conquer. Courting and exulting in the light, it had made a straight alliance with philosophy—the only faith which could ever endure such an association. Amidst the imbecility and dotage of every other form of belief and worship, it alone flourished in perennial youth and indomitable vigour. If any thing in futurity could be certain, it was the ultimate and not very remote dominion, over the whole earth, of the faith professed by every nation which retained either wisdom to investigate, or energy to act, or wealth to negotiate, or power to interpose in the questions which most deeply affect the entire race of man. If any duty was most especially incumbent on those who exercised an influence in the national councils of England, it was that of contributing, as best they might, to speed onwards the approaching catastrophe of

human affairs—the great consummation whence is to arise that new era with which creation travails and is in birth, which poets have sung and prophets foretold, and which shall justify to the world, and perhaps to other worlds, all that Christians believe of the sacrifice, surpassing thought and language, made for the deliverance and the exaltation of mankind.

When such thoughts as these force themselves on the German mind, it forthwith soars towards the unapproachable, and indites the unutterable. When the practical Englishman is the subject of them, he betakes himself to form societies, to collect subscriptions, to circulate books, to send forth teachers, to build platforms, and to afflict his neighbours by an eloquence of which one is tempted to wish that it was really unutterable. Such was the effect of these bright anticipations on the Clapham mind—an effect perceptible in many much better things, but, among the rest, in much equivocal oratory, and in at least one great effort of architecture.

Midway between the Abbey of Westminster and the Church of the Knights Templars, twin columns, emulating those of Hercules, fling their long shadows across the strait through which the far-resounding Strand pours the full current of human existence into the deep recesses of Exeter Hall. Borne on that impetuous tide, the mediterranean waters lift up their voice in a ceaseless swell of exulting or pathetic declamation. The changeful strain rises with the civilization of Africa, or becomes plaintive over the wrongs of chimney-boys, or peals anathemas against the successors of Peter, or in rich diapason calls on the Protestant churches to awake and evangelize the world. No hard task to discover here the causes *corruptæ eloquentiæ*! If the shades of Lucian or of Butler hover near that elevated stage, how readily must they detect the anti-types of Peregrinus or of Ralpho! Criticize, for there is no lack of extravagance. Laugh, for there is no stint of affectation. Yet refuse not to believe, that, grotesque as her aspect may occasionally be, Exeter Hall has a history, a doctrine, and a prophecy, of no common significance.

Of that history, the preceding pages may afford some general intimation. The doctrine is that of an all-embracing, all-enduring charity—embracing every human interest, enduring much human infirmity. The prophecy is a higher and more arduous theme.

It is a prophetic age. We have Nominalists who, from the monosyllable 'Church,' educe a long line of shadowy forms, hereafter to arise and reign on Episcopal or patriarchal thrones—and Realists, who foresee the moral regeneration of the land by means

of union workhouses, of emigrant ships, or of mechanics' institutes—and Medioevals, who promise the return of Astræa in the persons of Bede and Bernard *redivivi*—and Mr Carlyle, who offers most eloquent vows for the reappearance of the heroes who are to set all things right—and profound interpreters of the Apocalypse, who discover the woes impending over England in chastisement of the impiety which moved Lord Melbourne to introduce Mr Owen to the Queen of England.* In the midst of all these predictions, Exeter Hall also prophesies. As to the events which are coming upon us, she adopts the theory of her Claphamic progenitor. In reducing that theory to practice, she is almost as much a Socialist as Mr Owen himself. The moral regeneration which she foretells is to be brought about neither by church, by workhouse, by monk, by hero, nor by the purifying of St James's. She believes in the continually decreasing power of individual, and the as constantly augmenting power of associated, minds. She looks on the age as characterized by a nearer approach than was ever known before to intellectual equality. But Exeter Hall is no croaker. Her temperament is as sanguine as her eloquence. Enumerate to her the long list of illustrious men who, while scarcely beyond their boyhood, had, at the commencement of this century, reached the highest eminence in every path to distinction; and point out to her the impossibility of selecting now, from those who have yet to complete their fortieth summer, any four names, the loss of which would be deplored by any art, or science, or calling in use amongst us;—and, in despite of Oxford, and Young England, and Mr Carlyle, Exeter Hall makes answer—‘ So much the
‘ better. The sense of separate weakness is the secret of collec-
‘ tive strength. Ours is the age of societies. For the redress
‘ of every oppression that is done under the sun, there is a public
‘ meeting. For the cure of every sorrow by which our land or
‘ our race can be visited, there are patrons, vice-presidents, and
‘ secretaries. For the diffusion of every blessing of which man-
‘ kind can partake in common, there is a committee. That con-
‘ federacy which, when pent up within the narrow limits of Clap-

* One of the strange blemishes in a work very lately published by the Rev. E. B. Elliott, under the title of *Horæ Apocalypticæ*—a book of profound learning, singular ingenuity, and almost bewitching interest. The last commendation is not less due to a similar, though antagonist work of the Rev. Mr Mylie, a Roman Catholic priest of Dublin, called *Rome under Paganism and the Popes*—a book of which no man ever read one page, and left any other page unread.

‘ham, jocose men invidiously called a “Sect,” is now spreading through the habitable globe. The day is not distant when it will assume the form, and be hailed by the glorious title, of The Universal Church.’

Happy and animating hopes! Who would destroy them if he could? Long may they warm many an honest bosom, and quicken into activity many an otherwise sluggish temper! The true Claphamite will know how to separate the pure ore of truth from the dross of nonsense to which the prophets of his time give utterance. He will find sympathy for most, and indulgence for all, of the schemes of benevolence which surround him. Like the founders of his sect, he will rejoice in the progress and prospects of their cause; nor will he abandon his creed, however unpopular it may be made by the presumption, or however ridiculous by the follies, of some of the weaker brethren by whom it has been adopted.

No. CLXII. will be published in October.



THE
EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1844.

N^o. CLXII.

ART. I.—1. *Narrative of Events connected with the publication of the 'Tracts for the Times,' with Reflections on existing Tendencies to Romanism, and on the present Duties and Prospects of Members of the Church.* By the Rev. WILLIAM PALMER, M.A. 8vo. Oxford: 1843.

2. *The Holy Eucharist a Comfort to the Penitent. A Sermon preached before the University, in the Cathedral Church of Christ, in Oxford, on the Fourth Sunday after Easter.* By the Rev. E. B. PUSEY, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew. 8vo. Oxford: 1843.

3. *Dr Pusey and the University of Oxford: A Letter to the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford.* By the Rev. J. GARBETT, M.A. 8vo. London: 1843.

4. *Some Remarks on the Sermon of the Rev. Dr Pusey, lately preached and published at Oxford.* By SAMUEL LEE, D.D. Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge. 1843.

5. *An Essay on the Miracles Recorded in the Ecclesiastical History of the Early Ages.* By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, B.D. 8vo. Oxford: 1843.

6. *Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda, de rebus gestis Samsonis,*

Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi. Nunc primum typis mandata, curante JOHANNE GAGE ROKEWODE. Londini. Sumptibus Societatis Camdenensis. 1840.—Monastic and Social Life in the Twelfth Century, as exemplified in the Chronicles of Jocelin of Brakelond. Translated, with Notes, and an Introduction. By J. E. Tomlins, Esq. 8vo. London: 1844.

7. *The Lives of the English Saints.*—1. *The Life of St Stephen, Abbot, Founder of the Cistercian Order.*—2. *The Family of St Richard the Saxon.*—3. *St Augustine of Canterbury.* 12mo. London: 1844.

8. *Ancient Christianity, and the Doctrines of the Oxford 'Tracts for the Times.' Supplement, (Part 9.)* 8vo. London: 1844.

9. *The Ideal of a Christian Church, considered in comparison with existing Practice; containing a Defence of certain Articles in the 'British Critic,' in Reply to Remarks in Mr Palmer's Narrative.* By the Rev. W. G. WARD, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London: 1844.

10. *A Charge to the Clergy of Dublin and Glandelagh, delivered in June 1843.* By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. *To which is appended a Petition to the House of Lords, praying for a Church Government.*

TH**ERE** seems abundant reason to conclude that that fair structure of 'Catholicism,' which the ecclesiastical architects of Oxford have been for some years so diligent in rearing, is in a condition of what is called instable equilibrium. Sundry symptoms of this have lately disclosed themselves, and justify the suspicion that, in resting it on tradition and antiquity, its builders have selected an unhappy foundation. The fabric already leans visibly from the perpendicular, and schismatical rents and fissures appear in it from top to bottom.

Since we last called the attention of our readers to the curious phenomenon, popularly named 'Puseyism,' some important events have occurred in its history; on which, we trust, our readers will be neither surprised nor displeased at our venturing to offer some remarks—having already indicated our opinion, that the phenomenon itself is one of the most remarkable of modern times.

During the years 1842-43, symptoms of a more energetic reaction against the doctrines of the Oxford school had unequivocally manifested themselves. A considerable number of the Bishops, much to their honour, and, we will even add, with much magnanimity, considering the soothing flatteries and obsequious

professions of obedience, of which the 'Tracts' were full, expressed themselves with various degrees of severity against its characteristic doctrines—with undisguised alarm at its obvious tendencies. Simultaneously with their Charges and Sermons, appeared a number of very valuable publications from the pens of private authors; while, at the same time, the periodical press opened a fiercer, and, in some instances, unexpected fire. A few weeks after our own, not very brief, observations on the subject, an article of equal length appeared in a great southern contemporary,* in which the *spirit* of the Oxford school was denounced as essentially Romanist, and not a few of its most cherished symbols and ceremonies (recovered from 'Catholic antiquity,' with so much zeal and assiduity) profanely designated—'fooleries!'

But these attacks from without were contemporaneous with yet more fatal signs of disunion from within. It was a more easy task to originate the movement, than to control it. Those tendencies, which were not obscurely indicated to every man of moderate sagacity, even in its earlier stages—which Protestants proclaimed with dread, and Romanists hailed with triumph, and which were denied by none but those who had an interest in denying them—came gradually into fuller play. It soon appeared that, in this, as in other cases, pretensions to 'Catholic unity' were not incompatible with the widest diversities of opinion; and that the amplest scope was unhappily permitted to the exercise of private judgment, in determining what is that only system of Catholic truth—which always and for ever excludes it!

All this is strikingly illustrated in the curious 'Narrative' of Mr Palmer, himself one of the originators of the Oxford movement. He shows that, even during the publication of the 'Tracts,' there were some of their advocates who were very uneasy at the successive 'developments' of Catholic doctrine; who felt qualms and fears which they scarcely managed to suppress, and preached lessons of moderation which were never listened to. But these 'developments' were far outdone by those which afterwards appeared in the *British Critic*, and which at length compelled the long-enduring Mr Palmer to break silence. That Journal, as the perpetual advocate of the Tractarians, when their memorable series was suppressed—as partly supported by some of the original writers of the Tracts—and as having received, for some of its greatest extravagances, the appropriate thanks and plaudits of

* *Quarterly Review*, May 1843.

Mr Newman himself, may be considered to have been a sort of quarterly continuation of these Tracts. It, too, is now defunct, having expired last Christmas; but not until it had purged itself from the very last dregs and feculence of Protestantism, and prepared itself to depart in an overpowering 'odour' of Catholic sanctity. Of its very last Number but one, the principal Romanist Periodical in these realms had politely said—'We may say that for some time past we have read the *British Critic* with great interest; to which we may add, *as Catholics*, that our pleasure in perusing it has increased in each successive Number; but the one now before us surpasses all its predecessors, not in the proportion observable between any former ones, but in such a degree as almost to defy any comparison whatever.'* Admirable dialecticians must they have been on behalf of the Church of England, who could extort such praises even from her very enemies; and thrice candid the enemies who could thus award them! 'Behold how good and how pleasant it is for *brethren* to dwell together in unity!'

In defence of the statements of the *British Critic*, and in opposition to Mr Palmer's Ramphlet, Mr Ward (for some time, we believe, the Editor of that periodical, and author of the greater part of the obnoxious articles) has recently published a volume, which may be considered the latest 'development' of all. His conduct offers a practical exemplification of the principles of the 'Tracts,' of the most odious kind, and justifies the worst fears that were ever expressed or entertained of their tendency.

The extent to which he carries his principles of subscription may be estimated, when we mention that, amongst other things, he explains away the *natural* sense of the Twelfth Article, and subscribes it in 'a *non-natural* sense!'—we are quite certain he does it in a 'non-moral sense;'[†] and that he understands the Nineteenth Article, which declares that the Roman church hath erred in matters of faith, to mean—not that the Roman church hath erred in matters of faith, but that some *individual* members of it have departed more or less from the faith![‡] But the fol-

* *Dublin Review*, September 1843, p. 114.

[†] 'Our Twelfth Article is as plain as words can make it on the evangelical side: (observe, in particular, the word necessarily :) of course I think its natural meaning may be explained away, for I subscribe it myself in a non-natural sense.'—P. 593.

[‡] 'It has been considered by some that subscription to our Nineteenth Article requires the formation and expression of an opinion, that the formal doctrine of the Roman church is erroneous in some particulars;

lowing paragraph fully explains his views :—‘ For my own part I think it would not be right to conceal, indeed I am anxious openly to express my almost firm and undoubting conviction, that were we, as a church, to pursue such a line of conduct as has here been sketched, in proportion as we did so, we should be taught from above to discern and appreciate the plain marks of divine wisdom and authority in the Roman church—to repent, in sorrow and bitterness of heart, our great sin in deserting her communion, and to sue humbly at her feet for pardon and restoration.’—(P. 473.) Yet, in the same paragraph, he tells us with a simplicity truly admirable—‘ If it be *granted* that the aiming at such objects, as I have ventured to put forward as desirable, implies of itself no set purpose of Romanizing our church, I must beg leave to doubt whether any single one of her members entertains any such purpose.’ We quite agree with him; if he *can* get any one to concede so modest a postulate, he may well expect a cordial admission of the inference.

Mr Ward elsewhere contends for his liberty of private judgment in the following terms :—‘ Let Mr Williams, if he so please, still publish his opinion that human support and human comfort were needful to St Mary after our Lord’s ascension. Let Dr Hook continue to call Roman Catholics Mariolaters; but let others have equal liberty, and with no greater remonstrance, to honour St Mary as the highest and purest of creatures, to regard the Roman church with affection and reverence, and to hold a Pope’s dogmatic decree as at least exempt from our criticism and comment. It is impossible for our opinions to pain them, more than theirs pain us.’—‘ That a sustained and vigorous attack on the principles of the Reformation is the only course by which this object can be obtained, is my deep and certain conviction. I mean a humble and religious carrying out of those great principles which the Reformation denied—obedience and faith.’—(P. 100-588.)

His work is full of pious sentiments on the duties of obedience and faith—and both, in his case, are of an unparelled character. His faith is such, that he can swear assent to Articles in a ‘ non-natural sense;’ and his obedience is such, that he will yield allegiance neither to that church to which he has actually

but a very little consideration will show that no one is at all committed by this Article to so *painfully presumptuous* a sentiment.’ He then gives his interpretation, and adds—‘ If this appears the solemn annunciation of a mere truism, I quite admit that it is so.’—P. 100,

sworn it, nor to that which, by his own admission, has the greatest claim to it. He resembles the wife, who said she was willing enough to *obey* her husband, only she would not be *ruled*. Disclaiming the right of 'private judgment,' his opinions, viewed in conjunction with his position, proclaim a mind filled to overflow with crotchets and inconsistencies.

The two principal men of the movement are in a condition almost equally anomalous. Dr Pusey, having, in the course of his 'developments,' affirmed, in his celebrated sermon on the 'Eucharist,' doctrine which the University authorities condemned as heterodox, has been ordered to expiate his offence by a two years' silence. It is true he affirmed, with engaging innocence, that he was not at all aware of having advanced aught at variance with the formularies of the Church of England. But his opinions, so far as we can discover them, as well as his particular line of defence, we shall more particularly consider hereafter.

Mr Newman having retracted almost all his objections to the Church of Rome, from which, however, he is still a separatist, and having *not* retracted any of the severe things he has uttered against the Church of England, in which he still remains—having also, in his zeal for the dark ages, undertaken the defence of an indefinite number of primitive and *medieval* miracles, and affixed his Editorial *imprimatur* on a series of publications advocating the religious system of the middle ages, and, amongst other things, the supremacy of the Apostolic see, (which, nevertheless, he will not obey,) may be considered to be by this time a Church of himself; and if he proceeds in this felicitous accumulation of paradoxes and anomalies, will probably have to employ at last language something like that of the dying Hegel. 'Alas!' said the philosophic mystic, 'I shall leave behind me but one man in all Germany who understands my doctrines, and *he* does not understand them!'

Mr Palmer is anxious to show that, within the last two or three years, 'a new school' * has been formed at Oxford. Alas! for

* 'Within the last two or three years, however, a new school has made its appearance. The Church has unhappily had reason to feel the existence of a spirit of dissatisfaction with her principles, of enmity to her reformers, of recklessness for her interests. We have seen, in the same quarter, a spirit of almost *servility* and *adulation* to Rome, an enthusiastic and exaggerated praise of its merits, an appeal to all deep feelings and sympathies in its favour, a tendency to look to Rome as the model and the standard of all that is beautiful and correct in art, all that

the rapid changes of the one unchangeable Catholicism—the original school is but little more than ten years old!—To us it appears clearly enough that the ‘new school’ is but a consistent and natural ‘development’ (to use once more the favourite term of these gentlemen) of the ‘old.’ Mr Palmer seems to be unconscious that the more recent extravagances are the legitimate, the inevitable fruit of those high church principles—of that reverence for antiquity and tradition, which he still continues to extol. Yet his own misgivings, soon after his more zealous or more persevering coadjutors entered upon their career, and the emphatic predictions of both Protestants and Romanists as to the result, ought to have made him suspect that his ‘new school’ is but an expansion of the ‘old.’ That he and others had no *intention* of promoting such a result, he loudly affirms, and we care not to deny it; that the principles advocated involved that result—that they were the acorn, the other the oak—is all that we maintain; and this connexion, long since asserted by almost every body, experience has abundantly confirmed.

To the argument, however, on which we are about to insist, it little matters whether Mr Palmer’s assertion of a ‘new school’ be correct or not—whether there be one Oxford school or two, or twenty—whether recent extravagances are but ‘developments’ of the original system, or new formations upon it—whether there be one pretended system with hopelessly discordant expounders thereof, or diverse systems, each pretending to be the only one possessing catholic authenticity. We say we accept either of these alternatives; and, in either case, proceed to ask—‘But what becomes of that fair vision of the *one* indivisible Catholic system—professed by the *one* visible church of all ages, which was to be so easily deduced by the aid of antiquity and tradition—which was to require no exercise of private judgment—or rather which superseded and forbade it, and which we might have expected that the Oxford school itself would have delivered with some degree of unanimity?’ Their positions were sufficiently hazardous and self-contradictory even before their present

is sublime in poetry, all that is elevated in devotion. . . . In conversation, remarks have been sometimes heard indicating a disposition to acknowledge the supremacy of the see of Rome, to give way to *all its claims*, however extreme. . . . And in the same spirit those who are in any way opposed to the highest pitch of Roman usurpations, are sometimes looked on as little better than heretics.’—Palmer’s *Narrative*, p. 44.

differences. Of that 'one visible church,' as constituted by themselves, consisting of Romanists, Greeks, and Anglicans, they could not persuade one hundredth part to admit that they, the very authors of the figment, belonged to the Catholic church at all—and now it appears they cannot agree about the one system of truth amongst themselves! Singular illustration of the infallible guidance of tradition, and of the danger of admitting the exercise of private judgment! 'Our judge of controversies,' as Chillingworth truly said of the dispute respecting Papal infallibility, 'has become itself our greatest controversy.'

Despite the attacks on the Oxford system from without, and the formidable symptoms of disorganization from within, we have seen it recently maintained, in an elaborate Paper,* attributed to Mr Gladstone, and which bears strong internal marks of his pen—having all the cloud-like formation, and unsubstantial mistiness of his style—that the cause of 'Catholic principles' is still auspiciously advancing. This is an assertion which, in the absence of any definition or catalogue of these principles, it is very easy to make and very difficult to disprove—for we are too familiar with the way in which these vague terms are employed by such writers, not to know that they may mean *any thing*—and still more frequently, nothing. With regard to the diversities of opinion in the party itself, the extreme views recently manifested, this writer admits and laments them: those who hold them form, he tells us, the '*extrême droite*' of the Oxford school—but they do not interfere with the progress of 'catholicism.' 'When we speak,' says he, 'of the country and of the church at large, it is evident the body, as a body, moves forward from year to year, we might almost say from day to day, in the *line of catholicism*.' For any definite meaning which such misty language conveys—and the article is throughout composed in it—we verily believe that, if it had been stated that the nation was moving forward from day to day in the line of a transcendental curve, it would have conveyed just as intelligible a notion to sober-minded readers.

The fallacy consists in manœuvring, so to speak, with the word 'Catholicism' as if it indicated some fixed, well-defined point to which all things are tending, and then allowing each reader tacitly to substitute his own notion of it for a universal one. The fallacy proclaims itself the moment we ask—'What are Catholic principles?' We then find they are just those of the present ex-

* *Foreign and Colonial Review*. No. IV. October 1843.

positor, whoever he may be. Each in turn exercises the calumniated right of private judgment, while all, in the same breath, repudiate it.*

No sooner do we force an answer to this awkward query, 'What is Catholicism?' than the silent unanimity, which had been maintained in using certain terms without a definite meaning, vanishes in a Babel-like confusion. 'You will find it in its integrity, stereotyped in the Tridentine decrees,' exclaim the millions of Rome. 'You will find no such thing,' coolly reply the millions of the Greek church. 'If you want to find Catholicism in its purity, you must consult one of our patriarchs.' 'Either church will indeed answer the purpose,' blandly admits the more advanced disciple of the Oxford school; 'but as each is apt to include in catholicism somewhat *more* than is catholic, you can find it in its purity only in the Oxford Tracts—with the addition, "if so be," of certain developments, "so to speak," which the writers have, "as it were," reserved.' 'You will find it there,' rejoins a more timid disciple of the same school, 'if you will deduct certain doctrines which they have *not* reserved.' 'Grieved and humbled I am,' says Mr Gladstone, 'that our beloved friends have gone somewhat beyond that precise point at which, undoubtedly, absolute and unchangeable catholicism is found.'—Each employs the term 'Catholicism' as Mr Thwackum the term 'religion.' 'When I mention religion,' says that worthy, 'I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England.' Thus, while each abjures his private judgment in fixing this fugitive 'catholicism,' we find in fact we have nothing else. It is Rome—it is Greece—it is Anglicanism—it is a species of Anglicanism—it is a subordinate species of Anglicanism—it is a theory of Mr Newman—of Mr Palmer—of Mr Gladstone—but still, be assured, it is all *Catholicism*!

Nor is this all. Many hundreds of those authorized guides of the Anglican church, whom the Tractarians themselves *admit* to be 'authorized,' exclaim—'All these parties are in delusion

* So ludicrously do these writers play with this abused term, 'Catholic,' that we observe some of them do not scruple to speak of the church as *more* or *less* Catholic at one period than another, (Newman's *Essay*, p. 35;) forgetting that Catholicism can have no degrees, and that the church must, on their principles, be either Catholic or not. It would be just as logical to speak of triangles which are eminently triangular, or of a universality which is more or less than universal!

‘together. Even Mr Gladstone’s “church principles” are no ‘more than ancient superstitions, not only without the warrant, ‘but against the whole spirit of Scripture.’ Amongst these ‘authorized guides’ are included Bishops, and even an Archbishop; and the same sentiments are echoed by thousands of the members of that ‘branch’ of the Catholic Church, to which the Tractarians themselves belong.

Such is the answer to the question, ‘What is Catholicism?’ *C’est moi*, reply half-a-dozen distinct churches, and half-a-dozen variously judging members of the same church.

These diversities of result afford a most irrefragable proof, of the futility of the attempt to deduce the one catholic system from antiquity and tradition. The attempt is in fact an *experimentum crucis*; for the result, by the very terms of the theory, can be but one; all diversity is excluded. The problem is not an indeterminate equation; it admits of but one solution. In arriving, therefore, as they have done, at different results, these pretenders to catholicism may well all be wrong, for error is infinite; but they cannot all be right, for truth is but one. If it be replied, that though all cannot be right, one is so, it is sufficient to ask, *which* is in that happy predicament; and whether we are to regard Mr Ward, Mr Newman, Mr Palmer, or Mr Gladstone, as the one infallible? When these precious logicians have decided this question, (which they well know is but to invite them to a restatement of their difficulties,) it will be time enough to consider the value of the all-reconciling theory.

Such diversity of result was inevitable. Professedly rejecting their individual judgment, these dreamers yet had nothing else to trust to. It was still a question of *interpretation*—as much so as with the Protestant—only with the pleasant addition that it was to extend over a whole library, instead of a book, embrace evidence infinitely more complicated, and terminate in but one result. The decrees of Councils and the writings of Fathers, as Chillingworth well observed, are at least as difficult to be interpreted as the Bible; and it may be modestly conjectured, that inspired men *could* express themselves with as much perspicuity as even a Chrysostom or a Jerome. The theory of the Oxford Tractarians—at least as that theory was originally developed in the remote antiquity of some seven years ago—only increased the difficulty which they affirm so insurmountable to the Bible Protestant. All this, Dr Wiseman, who is, of course, anxious to arrive at something more stable—even an ever-present oracle, a perpetual infallible guide—is not slow to perceive or admit. ‘Antiquity, as deposited in the writings of the early ages, is a

‘dead letter, as much as the Bible; it requires a living interpreter no less. It has its obscurities, its perplexities, its apparent contradictions as much: it requires a guide no less, to conduct us through its mazes. It cannot step in, and decide between conflicting opinions and rival claims; it can at most be a code which requires a judge to apply it. It is more voluminous, more complex, more uncompact, than Scripture; it needs more some methodizing and harmonizing authoritative expounder.’ *

Having, in our former Article, given more space to the subject of Tradition and the Fathers, than is usually bestowed upon it even in works which formally treat of the Oxford Tract system, we do not feel disposed to resume it here. In that Article, we detailed the causes which must inevitably lead to the diversities of opinion which have appeared. We also examined the much vaunted rule of Vincentius Lirinensis; and after our best, and, we will add, honest efforts to understand and expound it, we were compelled to dismiss it as utterly vague und uncertain. We showed, that, if taken without any limitations, it is a manifest absurdity; and if with all the limitations it requires, as manifest a nullity: that at the very best, as fully expounded by its author, it is but a barren truism—assuring us that the Catholic faith is—the faith of Catholics, and reducing the great problem we have to solve, to this—‘Given the Catholic faith, to find it!’ That we have proved this to the satisfaction of every unbiassed mind, in the Article referred to, we humbly venture to believe. If not, we invite a refutation of our reasonings.

But though we believe that there are few propositions out of the exact sciences susceptible of such complete demonstration as the uncertainty and vagueness of all such methods of extracting the one system of Catholicism from tradition and antiquity,†

* *High Church Claims; or, a Series of Papers on the Oxford Controversy.* By Nicholas Wiseman. 1841, p. 37.

† Next to Chillingworth, we know none of our older authors by whom the uncertainty of tradition, and the egregious folly of trusting to it, have been more completely demonstrated than by Jeremy Taylor, in his *Liberty of Prophecy*, and his *Dissuasive from Popery*. His learning is so profuse, and his imagination so brilliant, as to throw into the shade his other splendid endowments. But when he does himself full justice, his logic is quite equal to his rhetoric.—Of modern refutations of the theory of tradition, or some of its main principles, the present controversy has elicited many worthy of the highest commendation. They will, we trust, be useful in promoting the ultimate settlement of this great question, when the works which immediately provoked them are read no more. Archbishop Whately has touched on the subject in

and the impossibility of obtaining uniform results, even with the aid of Vincentius to boot, the most striking argument to the popular mind is perhaps the *fact* of the diversities in which the attempt has actually issued. There are, first, thousands of unquestionable learning, candour, and perspicacity, who deny that any stable and uniform system can be deduced from such sources at all; and secondly, those who affirm that such a system *can* be deduced, cannot agree about what it is.

As variety of result was inevitable, so we need not wonder at the successive 'developments' to which the advocates of the theory have been driven; or that each has issued in a nearer approximation to Rome. Rome is, in fact, the only port on that open and stormy coast. The period called 'Antiquity' is so absolutely uncertain—the exaggerations of scriptural doctrines and rites into errors and corruptions, so gradual—the errors and cor-

various publications, with all his characteristic clearness, precision, and ability. Mr Powell's *Tradition Unveiled*, with the 'Supplement,' are well worthy of general perusal. Mr Alexander, in his *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical*, (chap. II., sec. 3, 4,) has treated the subject with equal skill and moderation. To these authors it would be most ungrateful not to add Dr Conybeare—*Bampton Lectures, for the year 1839, Analytical Examination of the Ante-Nicene Fathers*. His work is one of the most candid and able we have ever read. It incidentally takes up, and with admirable moderation, the main questions connected with the claims of tradition, and the authority of the Fathers; and though the lenience towards patristic infirmities and extravagances is carried quite as far as historical justice will allow, the conclusions arrived at are only the more striking on that very account. The work is not printed with an accuracy worthy of the Oxford press. To a small list of errata at the end, we have added about a score in the copy we perused. This we mention for the sake of one, which, in its way, is a literary curiosity. In a note, p. 166, we find an allusion to "the evocation of the spirit of *Saul* by the witch of Endor!" It is singular that so gross a blunder should have been written and copied by the author—seen in the proof—seen in the revise—read and re-read by the printer, and yet have passed without detection. If such errors, we are ready to exclaim, can creep into deliberately printed documents, what can we expect from tradition?

There are many other works on various points of this great controversy, (some written by authors *in* the church, and some by authors *out* of it,) which want of space alone prevents us from noticing with deserved approbation. Some of the principal were mentioned in our former article, and others will hereafter be alluded to. But the controversy is so voluminous, that it is impossible for a Quarterly Journal to criticize half the works with which the press is teeming.

ruptions themselves so concatenated—the citations and contractions from the Fathers so conflicting—that it is much more easy to admit the theory of ‘development,’ now so much in vogue, and to regard Romanism as a consistent evolution of primitive Christianity, than to determine the point at which ‘Tradition’ is exhausted, and ‘Antiquity’ becomes modern. Having no reason to stop at any one point, these theorists are led on, according as caution or zeal predominates, from the second century to the third—from the third to the fourth or fifth, and so on. It was for this reason that we stated in our previous article, that ‘thousands of Anglicans were contending for the system of ‘the fourth or fifth century, and even there felt their footing insecure.’ Not a few have now conceded the supremacy of the Apostolic see, and seem to want no one thing which should make them return to the bosom of Rome, except the troublesome virtues—honesty and courage.

For a long time, indeed, these writers were contented to use that plausible generality of ‘antiquity,’ just as they use the word ‘catholicism’—as if it were quite determinate, when nothing is less so. One might imagine, to hear some of their expressions, that antiquity was as definite a measure of time as a century or a day; that there was no more dispute about it than about a yard of tape, or a pound of tea. But when we consult Mr Newman, he sends us away disconsolate, by assuring us that the ‘era of purity’ cannot be fixed within a nearer approximation than four hundred years. Some will perversely take the term ‘antiquity’ to mean the first two centuries—others the first three—others four; and at these points pitch their frail tents—perfectly convinced in their own minds that there they have found that ‘Catholic consent’ which excludes all exercise of private judgment—of which their *own* private judgment is of course their infallible informant.

The result corresponds. One man adopts this ‘development’ of the apostolic *nos*, as Mr Froude expressed it—another that. One man clutches a fragment of antiquity as a precious prize, which another looks at with contempt. Whatever time has ‘brought down in his huge drag-net,’ as Milton phrases it, is carefully raked out of the turbid stream, and appropriated by some one or other as a treasure. It is a scrap of apostolic doctrine—a sacred symbol—a martyr-relic.

It is very easy for writers, by a careful abstinence from definitions, and a tacit reference to their *own opinions*, as if they were a standard, (each man they address of course doing the same friendly office for himself,) to assume the precise point in the movement, where alone resides Catholic truth; and on each side

of which is error, either in excess or by defect. This, as we have already remarked, is the fallacy into which Mr Gladstone has fallen. But there are in fact a hundred such points, and those perpetually shifting. At each stands, for a moment, some one who charitably warns those who are in advance, and benignly beckons onward those who are behind—assuring both parties, that in that very spot where he has planted his foot, is the *juste milieu*—the golden mean of Catholic truth. Each man assumes his visible horizon to be a substantial limit, and threatens those who venture beyond it with the fate with which Columbus was menaced by some philosophers of his day, that they will infallibly topple over the world's edge into the infinite void.

In fact, however, the whole is in motion—it is a caravan of pilgrims, having, of course, its front and its rear; and those who pitch their tents at night, imagining that they have taken up their abode for ever, are by no means certain that they will not be a stage nearer Rome before the next sun goes down. The confidence which the more moderate may feel that they have attained the place where enquiry terminates, and weary faith may repose herself, ought to be abated, when they reflect that the originators of the movement—those who have studied their common principles most intensely—who first expounded them—have already gone furthest, and have been convinced that the limit of Catholicity still lies beyond them. They are surely as likely as any to understand the common principles of the party, and upon these principles to be in the right. And we firmly believe that on those principles they *are* right—consistent in their progress, though not in any one position they have assumed; they must say to Antiquity—

‘A little onward, lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps—a little farther on’—

and they will then find themselves, where alone they can be fully consistent, within the sheltering embraces of their Roman mother.

At the existence of the now acknowledged tendencies to Romanism in a large portion of those who have advocated the ‘Oxford Tract’ system, none ought to wonder. As we have seen, the difficulties of applying their theory—the impossibility of arriving at one uniform result—will naturally prepare the way for such consequences. To allow weight to the tolerably concurrent opinion of antiquity, as a probably correct interpretation of some few very subordinate points in which Scripture may be regarded as obscure, is one thing; quite another it is to regard it as *authoritative*, and that not only where Scripture is obscure, but where it says nothing, or even seems to say the contrary. Those who maintain this—who believe that tradition affords a supplementary

Revelation co-ordinate in authority with Scripture—and who attempt to deduce the integral system of Catholic Christianity from it, find the difficulties in the evidence so insurmountable—such unreasonableness in stopping at any one point—such an equality of plausible arguments for the doctrines they would fain retain, and the doctrines they would fain reject—such variations in the views of different advocates of the very same principles, that they are apt, in very weariness of mind, to throw themselves into the arms of that church where enquiries are silenced, if not satisfied, and doubts are extinguished, though not solved. The system of the Oxford Tracts is in fact an inclined plane, and he who plants his foot upon it may think himself fortunate, if he does not ultimately find himself, after many gyrations, and with much vertigo, at the very bottom.

This tendency to Romanism has been, doubtless, also increased by the intolerable absurdity of the position, which the Oxford Tract system compelled its advocates to occupy. According to that theory, the Catholic church is **ONE AND VISIBLE**, and consists of the ‘independent branches’ of the Romish, Greek, and Anglican churches. Now, the two first, after having excommunicated each other, both agree in excommunicating the last, and deny it the title of Catholic altogether. The Tractarians are equally unsuccessful in gaining unanimous assent to their views, even amongst the Catholics of their *own* church—thousands of whom, including, as we have said, Bishops and an Archbishop among them, deny both that the Catholic church *is one visible* community, and that the system of doctrines which these divines would impute to it, is a *true system*.

The pressure of this difficulty could not but be felt by every reflecting disciple of the Oxford Tract School; and has, in fact, led to the most desperate efforts for relief. Dr Wiseman has unmercifully, but most reasonably, exposed this curious theory of hostile alliances; and denies, for *his* church, any knowledge whatsoever of this novel form of Catholicism. Mr Gladstone endeavours, as usual, to wrap up the difficulty in a soft phrase or two—to hide the cracks and crevices of the surface, by a glutinous varnish of plausible words. He tells us—‘In her (the Church’s) apostolically descended ministry, such as we receive it upon historical evidence, we are to acknowledge the organ of her collective action; the medium of the intercommunication of those subordinate, yet also integral members, into which she is not separated, but *distributed or disposed*.’ * Exquisite euphem-

* *Church Principles*, p. 314.

ism ! ' Distributed or disposed ! ' Communities at open war—mutually anathematized—reciprocally excommunicated, are still one community—they are only ' distributed or disposed ! ' The synecdoche is as bold as Ancient Pistol's for *stealing*. ' A fico ' for the phrase ! *Convey*, the wise it call.' There is something both startling and melancholy, yet most true, in the reflection, that it is in their reasonings on the gravest of subjects that mankind most laughably expose themselves.

From the vagaries in question, the consistent Romanist and the consistent Protestant are, at all events, free. The former, though the unity of which he boasts is specious rather than solid, as many controvertists have conclusively shown, yet does not dream that it can be found in communities that are under each other's anathema. He cannot even comprehend so curious a harmony of discords—a union of communities which have no communion—a confederacy made up of nations at war—a body, the members of which are absolutely severed ; and of which, in every sense it may be said, ' the left hand knoweth not what the right hand doeth.' This is not *his* notion of organic unity.

Consistent Protestants again are as little troubled with any such difficulty ; for they do not admit that there is any one universal *visible* church at all.* In their view all true Christians, of whatsoever communion, are members of the one universal, *invisible* church ; which consists of the faithful, not only of one age, but of all ages ; and is gathering to itself from the *many* visible churches, whatsoever is devout and holy in each—to assemble at last in that ' all-reconciling world,' where Bossuet and Leibnitz shall dispute no more, and where ' Luther and Zuingli shall be well agreed.'—' Variations,' which Catholics pretend to exclude, but never do, Protestants not only admit may exist, but contend that they cannot but exist. Their theory is very simple and intelligible. They maintain, with Chillingworth, that every man of

* If there be any point which can be made clear, either from Scripture, or from the history of the first two centuries—and if that be not ' primitive antiquity ' we know not what is—it is the independence of separate churches of one another. This is the conclusion of all the most learned and candid ecclesiastical historians—of Mosheim, Gieseler, Augusti, Waddington, Campbell. It was the conclusion, also, of Barrow and Gibbon ; each, in a different way, likely to arrive at an opposite conclusion, if truth had not been too strong for prejudice. On this subject we recommend an admirable chapter on ' The Holy Catholic Church,' in Mr Alexander's very able work ; and Whately's *Essays on the Kingdom of Christ*.—(Pp. 138, 139.)

sane mind, who honestly enquires, will arrive at sufficient truth to save him; that, if there be any one who thus honestly enquires, and falls into perfectly involuntary error, that that error will not condemn him; that, if a man has *not* honestly enquired, his error is chargeable upon him in the degree in which he has, by his own negligence and wilfulness, invited it; that these principles have, in fact, secured as great an approximation to unity, as the system which, after admitting the maxims which must infallibly issue in spiritual despotism to attain it, fails to do so; and that, lastly, this is shown by the general harmony of Protestant confessions on points which as much transcend 'church principles' in importance, as they surpass them in clearness.

Which of these two views of the subject is the nobler, the worthier—which best harmonizes with the instincts and exercises of Christian charity—which affords the more reasonable hope of an essential, though not an external union, we cannot now stay to enquire.

But the Anglo-Catholic finds himself in a desperate dilemma. He manages to combine upon his theory every conceivable difficulty, and to unite all the lofty pretensions of Papal unity, with all the 'variations of Protestantism.' Having defined his *one visible Catholic church*, ninety-nine out of every hundred of that very church reclaim against its being any such thing.

If the Tractarians be right, it clearly appears that the Catholic church, so far from being agreed as to the very essence of its Catholicism, not only does not know its own mind, but does not even know itself. It is of no avail to tell us that there are some points, some 'church principles,' in which they are all agreed, and that this constitutes them one visible community; for, 1. Such agreement in some principles can no more make separate communities one visible community, than the agreement, and on much higher points, between the English and Scottish churches can make *them* one visible community. 2. The allegation is not true; thousands and tens of thousands of that so-called church, nay, of the Anglican branch of it, deny that the said 'church principles' are any 'church principles' at all. 3. If there be some points in which they are agreed, it is equally true that there are many more, and those infinitely more important, in which Romanists, Anglicans, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, and Lutherans all agree; and these had surely better be made the basis of the one visible church, if there must be such a thing. Whether those principles, which make a man a Christian, and without which he is none, ought not to be a more reasonable basis of Catholicity, we leave every reader to judge. 4. If they

were ever so much agreed in the alleged 'church principles,' that agreement cannot avail for the purpose, or neutralize the distinct assertion of the vast majority of the so-called Catholic church, that that agreement is not sufficient to constitute it. For by the very principles of Catholicism, that and that only is catholic which is admitted every where, always, and by all; hence the very assertion that the principles in question constitute the one Catholic church, cannot itself be a catholic truth. Catholics are allowed, of course, to be at variance about what they admit *not* to be catholic, but they must not disagree about what *is*. Otherwise 'each 'branch' of the Catholic church is at liberty to form its own catalogue of catholic essentials; and, as the Oxford divines have done, constitute their catholic church accordingly. And therefore we say to these divines,—5. The points you select as Catholic are just of your own arbitrary selection, the result of the exercise of your abjured private judgment. You have no reason for the limit you have found. Why have you not restricted your catalogue to the points of agreement amongst *all* Christians, or extended it to those of the Romish church? They reply—because the one embraces fewer, and the other more, than the *true* principles of Catholicism.—'Catholicism as defined by whom?' we reply.—'By ourselves, to be sure.'—'We thought 'so. On what authority?'—'On that of the Ancient Church.' 'What do you call ancient?' 'We don't know exactly—something between the third and seventh centuries—more or less.' 'And who interprets, after all, the sentence of antiquity?' 'We do.' 'All just as we supposed,' we reply,—'that is, you fix 'on your own test of Catholicism, and the Romanists have just 'as much reason for fixing on another. And yet you are the 'men who have nothing to do with private judgment!'

Can we wonder, that, oppressed by the portentous figment of one visible church—made up of mutually excommunicated communities, and constituted by principles which no inconsiderable minority deny to be true, which, however true, the immense majority deny to be the essence of Catholicism, and which are determined by a small knot of divines on that private judgment which they abjure, and who themselves are now splitting into opposite parties—can we wonder that many of the disciples of this school feel compelled to go a little further in search of that *one visible church* which they are persuaded exists, and sigh for that unity which they have as yet found only in name?

Let none be surprised, then, at the formation of a 'new school,' or the expansion of the 'old school;'—we care not which they call it, for the *fact* of hopeless diversities is the point on which we principally insist. That fact shows us, that the Oxford theory

is an ignominious failure: what was early predicted, experience has now confirmed. Never were there such lofty pretensions conjoined with such a miserable result. These divines were to render themselves, and us, independent of the exercise of private judgment, by appealing to the oracle of the 'Church,' and we find the responses of that very oracle dictated by nothing but private judgment; they were to give us a determinate and infallible view of the one Catholic system, and they give us a dozen instead; they promised us absolute unity, and they end in universal confusion; they were to construct a symmetrical fabric on the model of antiquity, and they show us a medley of the architecture of all ages; they were to 'build a tower whose top should reach 'to heaven,' and like those who first made such an attempt, they find themselves suddenly paralysed, and in a similar way; even by discovering that they are babbling all the dialects of Babel.

Absolute agreement as to what *is* Catholic, would seem to be peculiarly necessary and becoming in these theorists, if we consider that it is a corollary from their system, that the people are to dispense with the duty of private judgment. They profess to provide each man with an 'authorized guide' to religious truth, whom he is implicitly to follow. Now it must be sufficiently puzzling even to him who has not yet resolved to take his priest's *ipse dixit*, to find so many different versions of Catholicism, and so much 'private judgment' exercised among those who renounce it. But what cruel perplexity does it entail on the thousands in every country, who are willing to accept the grateful offer of relieving them of the too onerous cares of immortality, and to deposit their souls, without further thought, in any spiritual bank of decent credit;—on that large class who, to use Bishop Earle's phrase, 'are ready to take their religion as part 'of their copyhold;' on those docile and humble spirits, who only want to know what they are to believe, and are ready to believe it incontinently! What cruel perplexity must it cause in them, to see so many varied and flexible forms of Catholicism—to hear what is called momentous truth on the one side of the parish boundary, denounced as deadly error on that;—one 'authorized guide,' proclaiming the doctrines of Mr Newman or Dr Pusey, another expressly contradicting them; and a multitude of others taking their stand at every intermediate point between these extremes, and rebuking the excesses on either side. Nor does their perplexity end here; for to their astonishment they are informed, that not only are two contiguous parishes bound to receive the doctrine of two 'authorized guides,' who in effect teach contrarieties, but that the authorized guides of the

one Catholic church of Rome, Greece, and England, are entitled to the same allegiance wherever they are found; that therefore the Romish priest is the 'authorized guide' to truth in Italy and Spain; the Greek priest in Russia; and the Anglican in England,—though a Romish priest in England, somehow or other, instantly becomes a *schismatic*. So Mr Gladstone and others affirm, but *how* it happens, they have not clearly explained. On the whole, however, it would appear, that it does not much matter to which of these forms of Catholicism a man belongs; and hence our tourists who visit the Continent are told by some Oxford writers, that they will there find nothing but Romanism to be the genuine Catholic article.

After diligently reading most of the principal works, and no small number of the tracts and pamphlets which this voluminous controversy has produced, the greatest and most irrefragable argument against 'church principles,' appears to us not their absurdity, though that is flagrant enough, but their essential uncharitableness. We stand absolutely confounded at the fatuity of men, who, with the New Testament in their hands, profess to be willing to fraternize with Rome, but cannot fraternize with Lutherans and Presbyterians; who affect to consider the points of difference between the church of Spain and the church of England less vital than those between the church of England and that of Scotland; who, for the sake of such a figment as apostolical succession, and other figments as shadowy, remorselessly exclude a large portion of the communities of Christendom from the very name, rights, and privileges of Christian churches; who can imagine the great doctrines in which both they and their opponents coincide, and which form the theme and triumph of inspired eloquence, of less moment than doctrines and rites on which the Scripture is ominously silent, or which seem to stand in shocking contrast to the moral grandeur and magnanimous spirit of the Christian institute. Yet so it is: and we need no other evidence of the degrading and narrowing effects of such principles, than that this most melancholy result of them should inspire so little sorrow; or rather should be so frequently proclaimed more in triumph than regret. The generality of the Oxford School proclaim the consequences of their 'principles,' not only with an arrogance which ill befits such equivocal conclusions; but without a particle of the sorrow which, even if true, they should excite in the breast of every benevolent man. There is only one exception to this remark, so far as we recollect, and that is Mr Gladstone. He is so impressed with the importance of rescuing,

if possible, his cherished 'church principles' from the charge of uncharitableness, that he returns once and again to the attempt; and, however futile his arguments, we honour the feeling which prompts them. If he at length joins his fellow disciples in stabbing charity to the heart, it is with an averted eye and a reluctant hand—with something of the yearning with which Agamemnon may be supposed to have sacrificed his Iphigenia.

'Ἄλλ' ἔχομεν γὰρ εἰς ἀναγκαίας τύχας
Θυγατρὸς αἱματηρὸν ἐκπράξαι φόνον.

This renitency of Mr Gladstone's to accept, without an effort to alleviate them, the consequences of his church principles, is the more remarkable, that in general he does not, any more than his friends of the 'Tracts,' hesitate to glide away from any real objection, and evade any real difficulty. In truth, he generally selects the very weakest arguments to exercise his prowess upon; he acts on the prudent advice given by the rabble to Ivanhoe: 'Touch the Hospitaller's shield—he is your cheapest bargain.' We can attribute his unusual courage, therefore, on the present occasion, only to his solicitude to relieve, if possible, his hypothesis of a difficulty which his own amiable and conciliatory disposition tells him is, if real, the greatest difficulty of all. His principal arguments may deserve a brief notice.

He sometimes *retorts* the charge of intolerance by saying, that those who deny church principles are still more uncharitable, for they deny the Romish and Greek churches to be churches. If there be such Protestants, as there undoubtedly are, they would reply that it is not for professing church principles that they deny the title of Christian churches to these corrupt communities, but on account of far more vital and tremendous abuses, and which—whether the charge of such abuses be well-founded or not—are of infinitely greater moment than the nonsense of apostolical succession. But we may say more. To the great bulk of Protestants the retort is indeed *telum imbelles*. They do not deny that these churches hold what is essential to constitute true Christianity, and therefore true churches of Christ; they merely affirm that they hold much more, and have incruited the truth with the gravest and most destructive errors. Where is the Protestant who does not consider the names of Pascal, Fénelon, Massillon, and many more, dear not to Romanism only, but to our common Christianity?

Another argument, which Mr Gladstone is fond of urging, and which he has treated at length in his 'Church Principles,' is not a little curious. He argues that those principles are not in effect uncharitable at all; inasmuch as they do not deprive

the opponent of any thing to which he lays claim. For example : in denying the Presbyterian or Lutheran churches to be true churches of Christ on account of not having the episcopate, he would say that he does not deny them any thing they claim, for they abjure *episcopacy*. It must surely have been an unusual stress of weather which induced him to seek refuge in such a port. Is it possible, we are ready to ask, that Mr Gladstone was unconscious of so transparent a fallacy? or shall we exchange the charge of controversial dishonesty for the hypothesis, that his prejudices have wholly clouded his common sense, or produced an incurable strabismus of intellect? Does it not seem obvious that the Presbyterian or the Lutheran would reply, ' You assume that the "church," which is a divine institution, and the privileges of which every Christian is anxious to claim, is *exclusively* episcopal; and in assuming this, you exclude me from it, and therefore deprive me of something I claim to possess. In denying my church to be episcopal, you do me no wrong; in denying my church to be a church at all, you do me much.' We will endeavour, if possible, to make our meaning still clearer. The late Dr Southey once ventured on the preposterous declaration that he who was not a Churchman was only half an Englishman. If a Dissenter, indignant at being thus characterized as a sort of alien, were to complain, would it not sound odd to say, ' Friend, I do you no wrong; I say you are not a churchman, and you say the same.' ' True,' would be the reply, ' and in that you do me no wrong; but you are pleased to *assume* that the distinction in question is essential to my being an Englishman—a title on which I justly value myself, and in that assumption you do me wrong.'

But Mr Gladstone shall refute himself. He knows he does not apply his reasonings with equity. He every where chafes at the lofty pretensions—though far more consistent than his own—of the Romish church; and bitterly complains of that exclusiveness which prompts her to deny the title of a true church to the church of England. Would he be satisfied if the Romanist were to retort his argument, and say, ' Heretic, I do thee no wrong; I deprive thee of nothing thou claimest to possess; thou thyself deniest those doctrines which I say are essential to the one only Holy and Catholic church. The very measure which thou, in thy ignorance and presumption, metest to thy miserable brother heretics of Germany, England, and Scotland—that very measure I mete to thee!' As far as this argument goes, therefore, we hardly think it relieves Mr Gladstone's ' Church Principles' from the blot which still stains, and must ever stain them—of extreme uncharitableness. In truth, nothing

can obliterate it—it pervades the very texture of the ‘Church Principles’ themselves, and it passes all the artifices of his logic to conceal it. The solvent which should obliterate the stain would dissolve the texture too. Mr Gladstone himself seems half afraid of this, for, after one strenuous effort of his charity, he exclaims—‘Perhaps, however, it may seem to some, that, under the explanations here suggested, the essence of church principles is allowed to escape.’—(*Church Principles*, p. 423.) Nevertheless, for efforts so seldom made by disciples of his school, we honour and applaud him.

We must not quit this division of our subject without making one or two remarks on that most daring hypothesis of ‘developments,’ as applied to the whole history of Christianity, which has been adopted by some continental champions of the Romish church, and of which a modification seems much in favour with a section of the Oxford school. According to this theory, the whole enormous expansion of the Papacy is but a ‘development’ of primitive Christianity—and the analogy between them is that of the germ to the plant, or the infant to the man. According to its most eminent expositors, we are at liberty to suppose that many parts of this mature and fully evolved Christian system were absolutely unknown to the founders of Christianity—and so far we most sincerely agree with them. We are to suppose, that when Christianity ‘was a child,’ it spake as a child, it thought as a child, it understood as a child; but when it became a man, it put away childish things—and amongst other things, we fear, the simplicity, innocence, and guilelessness of childhood. The Apostolic writings might do all very well in the dawn of the Church’s history, but it is in the blaze of the eighth, or better still, the twelfth century—in the age of Gregory VII. or Innocent III.—that we are to recognise the meridian glories of Christianity!

Without charging him with going the full lengths of so extravagant a theory, Mr Newman, in one of the sermons of his recent volume—that entitled ‘Religious Developments,’ has conceded enough to alarm Mr Palmer. The style, as in the other productions of this singular writer, and as in the ‘Tracts,’ generally, is admirably constructed to convey more than is expressed—though more than enough for any ordinary mind is plainly enough expressed.

On this theory, as adopted by Romish writers, we briefly remark, 1. That it is just a speculation as purely rationalistic as any of those which the Church of Rome professes so intensely to abhor. Extremes meet—and here we find the professed ene-

mies of rationalism adopting principles which might delight the heart even of a Paulus or a Strauss. But let it not be forgotten, that many can play at this game of 'developments.' If those portions of the Romish system may be true, of which Apostles never dreamt, why may not similar portions of *other* systems be true? If primitive Christianity was adapted only to the exigencies of the then state of the world, why not *improve* it into other systems as well as that of the Papacy? If we are at liberty to assume the truth of deductions, unvouched and unproven by revelation, what are the limits to be placed on this license of speculation? 2. The theory is in direct, almost whimsical, contrast with the old-fashioned methods of defence which Rome had for ages employed. Its ancient defenders used to exclaim, 'No innovation—let every thing be proved by antiquity;' and there is no art which sophistry can devise, or effrontery practise, which has not been employed to make venerable documents speak their mind—no violence of *exegesis*, no necromancy of criticism, which has been left untried, to make the dead Fathers utter, though with dire contortions, oracles in their favour. But this was often found difficult, sometimes impossible, and the theory of development offers a more facile method. As to the Fathers—*requiescant in pace*—we need conjure with their ashes no more; let them be left to their ignorance of points which it may well be supposed they could not know. As we possess many 'developments' which they were not blessed withal, so our posterity will have an equal advantage over us! 3. As this last proposition is gravely maintained, we are disposed to be rather surprised at the zeal with which Roman Catholics, and our Oxford friends with them, are contending for nearly the whole religious life of the Middle Ages. They ought, in consistency, rather to have their eyes fixed on the future, and indulge prophetic visions of a yet more splendid Avatar of Christianity. 'If you urge,' says Mr Palmer, 'the *silence* of Scripture, or of the Fathers and Councils, or their apparent inconsistency with Romish doctrines or practices, the reply is at hand—"The doctrines or practices in question were not *developed* during those ages." Thus it is continually assumed that Romanism is the *development* of Christianity; and this assumption apparently rests on the further assumption, that whatever is extensively prevalent in the Church—whatever is allowed or tolerated by her authorities—*cannot be a corruption*.* This last assertion he of course

* *Narrative*, p. 61.

denies; but we would forewarn him that he must take heed—he is between Scylla and Charybdis—for, if he admits that there have been corruptions *so* widely spread in the church as transubstantiation, and purgatory, who shall assure him that his church principles—the very proof of which is their supposed universality—are not among the number? Whether Mr Palmer chooses to affirm, that he *knows* them to be true, though real corruptions may have been equally universal, or that they, and they alone, were *truly* universal, we know not. But it little matters; for all that Mr Palmer can allege for either assertion is, ‘*I think so, and those who think with me think so.*’ Very true; and those who do not think with you do not think so. We come back again to our old friend ‘private judgment.’ Sure we are, he would find it difficult to bring forward evidence for many of his church principles which would not equally apply to the doctrine of the Chiliasts—the administration of the eucharist to infants—the invocation of saints—purgatory—clerical celibacy—and the monastic institute.

We now proceed to make a few observations on some of the specific extravagances into which some of the principal leaders of the Oxford school, more especially Dr Pusey and Mr Newman, have plunged since our former survey of this subject—extravagances which hardly leave room for wonder that they should be regarded as very extraordinary members of the church of England; or that the school which they have founded has exhibited its recent phases, or, if Mr Palmer will, that it has issued in a ‘new school.’

We commence with Dr Pusey’s celebrated ‘Sermon on the Eucharist,’ which, about a year ago, convulsed Oxford, and immediately led to those proceedings which terminated in a sentence of silence for two years. On the proceedings of the University itself—whether they were expedient as well as just—whether less should have been done, (if less *could* have been done,) or more—we shall not trouble our readers. They will find a very temperate defence of these proceedings in Professor Garbett’s Letter to the Vice-Chancellor, elicited by the ‘Protest’ which was presented against them. We meddle only with the sermon itself.

All persons must have been struck by the contrast between the intensity of feeling excited by the delivery of the discourse, and the rapidity with which ‘twenty thousand copies’ of it were disposed of; and the remarkable apathy with which it was perused by the country at large, and the unusually swift pace

at which it proceeded towards its predestined oblivion. Professor Garbett not unnaturally attributes this to the prompt and vigorous measures which were taken to vindicate the insulted majesty of the Church; but we suspect that this is not the whole, nor even the chief part of the wonder. We apprehend that the true but lowly reason was, that the great majority of the twenty thousand purchasers found themselves miserably disappointed when they came to look into the sermon, and heartily wished that the small sum which they had improvidently expended thereon were in their pockets again. Obscure, and apparently self-contradictory in statement, feeble and prolix in style, in some parts a mere tissue of scraps and fragments from the Fathers, followed by a soporiferous appendix of some sixty pages of tedious citations from English Divines—we question whether one twentieth part of them read a half of it, and are confident that those who gave it a patient perusal, at any rate, form a most insignificant minority. In truth, we have no fear of Dr Pusey's making many proselytes by his *writings*. All his polemical productions are insupportably heavy, both in point of matter and style. His page is so *tattooed* with quotations and references, that we can hardly discover the native complexion of his own thoughts. Many a page of his tedious work on baptism is little else than a patch-work of quotations from the Fathers, flounced with a deep margin of references. He reminds us of that class of controvertists of whom Milton says, 'When they have, like good sumpters, laid you down their horse-load of citations and Fathers at your door, you may take off their packsaddles; their day's work is done.'

The author of the Article which we have presumed to attribute to Mr Gladstone says, that Mr Garbett, in his Letter, has not ventured to controvert one of the positions in the celebrated discourse on the Eucharist, and intimates that it must have been because they were incontrovertible. We must suppose, therefore, that this author adheres to Dr Pusey's views of the Eucharist; to which, indeed, from some expressions in the *Church Principles*, so far as we can flatter ourselves that we understand them, we should imagine Mr Gladstone can have little objection. But with respect to the above statement, we must remind him, that there are other reasons for not controverting dogmas, besides that of their being incontrovertible. They must, at all events, be definite; and he who will engage to say what are those of Dr Pusey on this subject, must be a bold interpreter indeed. That they are not those of the Church of England, was all that was necessary for his censors to affirm. What they

are, may well pass their skill to decide. When Tertullian declares, that the 'soul' is 'capable of being grasped in the hand, soft, shining, transparent, and in form exactly resembling the body,' we may certainly conclude that he did not believe it immaterial; but what he *did* believe it to be, could be known, we imagine, only to Tertullian himself, if even to him.

The case would seem, in brief, to be this. Dr Pusey has sworn and subscribed, *ex animo*, the Thirty-nine Articles; of which the Twenty-eighth says, amongst other things, that 'the body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten, in the Supper, *only* after a heavenly and spiritual manner;' but in his 'sermon' (in the preface of which he avows, that he receives the words of institution 'in their *literal* sense') he declares—'To him [the communicant] its [the sacrament's] special joy is, that it is his Redeemer's very broken Body; it is His Blood which was shed for the remission of his sins. In the words of the ancient church, he *drinks* his ransom, he *eateth* that, the very Body and Blood of the Lord.* . . . His Flesh and Blood in the sacrament shall give life, not only because they are the Flesh and Blood of the Incarnate Word, who is Life, but also because they are the *very* Flesh and Blood which were given and shed for the life of the world. . . . This is said yet more distinctly in the awful words whereby he consecrated for ever *elements of this world to be His Body and Blood.*† . . . Touching with our *very* lips that cleansing Blood.'‡ To these we might also add many other expressions equally strong.

Now, the question is, whether he who holds the latter views can, in any intelligible sense, be considered as holding the doctrine of the Church of England; and on this, issue is joined. Dr Pusey, in his defence, says, that he is quite surprised that he should be suspected of any inconsistency with the Church of England, as he has said no more than what is warranted, not merely by many of the ancient Fathers, but by many Divines of the English church itself. On which remarkable line of defence we have to remark—1. That we imagined it was to the Thirty-nine Articles that Dr Pusey had sworn his consent, and not to the writings of Laud, Cosins, or Ken. 2. That we imagined it was the former, and not the latter, that were presumed to convey the doctrine of the Church of England. 3. That, on the supposition that *other* Anglican divines have said the same as Dr Pusey, it assuredly follows, that if *he* be wrong, they also are equally wrong; and that, if *he* be innocent, they also are innocent; but

* *Sermon on the Eucharist*, p. 18. † *Ibid.* p. 20. ‡ *Ibid.* p. 23.

that the plea will avail any further, we cannot perceive—it being neither more nor less than just the schoolboy's argument, that B did no more than A did, whereupon it requires to be seen whether A did right or wrong. 4. That if Dr Pusey further say, that as *they* were not rebuked, he ought not to be, his censors may well reply, that if they said what he has said, they *ought* to have been rebuked; but that, as his censors did not happen to live two or three hundred years ago, and if they had, might not have been in a condition to censure, the impunity of the aforesaid parties cannot be charged upon *them*. 5. That, after a diligent inspection of the passages cited by Dr Pusey, we find comparatively few which at all come up in strength to those which are found in Dr Pusey's sermon; while a large number are so qualified by the context as to show that, however willing the writers might be to hyperbolize on the subject of the Eucharist, they were hardly prepared to stand by a literal interpretation of their figures or rhetoric. 6. That Dr Pusey does not contend that these divines are all *consistent* with themselves—very far from it, we should say. Now, it is clear, that all such as are inconsistent in their statements (and they would include his principal authorities) are to be subducted from his catalogue. If A shall say that a thing is white, and *also* that it is black, what right have we to plead his authority for supposing him to mean the one rather than the other? Surely it is more natural to assume, that he had some method of reconciling his statements inconsistent with the absolute assertion of either, or, more probably, did not know his own mind at all. 7. That in some of the cases to which appeal is made, it is manifest that the doctrine of the authors cited, let it have been what it may, could not have been such as to afford any apology for Dr Pusey. Let us take, for example, Hooker. Dr Pusey, or rather the friend who compiled the appendix for him, has given us no less than four pages of extracts from Hooker's writings; but, in the first of them, has discreetly stopped short at the very sentence which shows incontrovertibly that, be his meaning what it may, or let him have no consistent meaning at all, it cannot be the doctrine of Dr Pusey, or any thing like it. The omitted sentence (concluding a paragraph by the bye,) is as follows:—‘The real presence of Christ's most blessed body and blood is not, therefore, to be sought for in the sacrament, but in the worthy receiver of the sacrament.’ *

Precisely the same thing is done in the case of Jeremy Taylor.

* *Ecclesiastical Polity.* Book v. sect. 67.

In the very paragraph from which the first extract is given, we find the words, 'Christ is present spiritually—that is, by effect' and blessing, which, in true speaking, is rather the consequent 'of his presence than the formality;' while the very sentence, at which the second citation stops short, affirms that there is no more change in the elements at the Eucharist than in Baptism—'It is here as in the other sacrament; for, as there, natural water' becomes the laver* of regeneration, so, here, bread and wine' become the body and blood of Christ; but there, and here' too, the first substance is changed by grace, but remains the 'same in nature.' All which expressions, and thousands more of the like nature, would seem only to imply a very obscure way of stating, that the *formula* of institution is not to be understood, as Dr Pusey expressly says he does understand it, 'literally.' †

But, after all, we must not forget, that this *fascine* of citations, however ingeniously interwoven, is in truth nothing to the purpose; the real standard of appeal being not this or that divine, or half-a-dozen of them, but those documents to which Dr Pusey has sworn. If he may defend himself behind every thing which a Laud or a Cosins may have uttered, his shield will, indeed, be broad enough!

Similar observations apply to Dr Pusey's appeals to the Fathers. They are not the Thirty-nine Articles to which Dr Pusey has sworn; and afford, therefore, about as sound a plea as a rule of Roman law would, if alleged against the enactments of our own. Nor is this all; the Fathers are themselves most obscure, inconsistent, and contradictory on this question; as all who have waded through any of the principal controversial works of Romanists

* Printed, ludicrously enough, 'the *lava* of regeneration,' in Bishop Heber's edition of Taylor's works.

† It may perhaps be said that, as Dr Pusey has warned us that some of the writers he cites are not consistent with themselves, he was not bound to give their inconsistencies. We reply, first, that he was bound not to cite the inconsistent at all—since it is impossible to tell in what sense they intended their language should be understood; secondly, that he was doubly so bound, when the discrepancies are such as to show, that whatever the meaning of the writers, they could not have had *his* meaning; and, lastly, that the studied exclusion of inconsistent expressions resembles too much those controversial arts—that packing of literary juries—which distinguished the construction of the '*Catena Patrum*,' and other portions of the 'Tracts;' and which compelled Mr Goode to exclaim—'However we may account for it, truth has been sacrificed.' Any fault, however, on the present occasion, we do not attribute to Dr Pusey, who clearly had no hand in it; it must be charged on the friend, more zealous than wise, who compiled the Appendix.

and Protestants on the subject of Transubstantiation, know full well. We have one Father against another, and the same Father often against himself. If Chrysostom, in his extravagant rhetoric, tells us of the 'tongue reddened with the most awful blood,' and 'that to those who desire it, He hath given Himself, not only to 'see but to touch, and to eat, and to fix their teeth in his flesh;' he kindly balances the statement by saying, that 'the bread is esteemed worthy to be called the Lord's body, although the nature of bread remains in it.' If Tertullian in one place assures us, that 'believers partake of the grace of the eucharist, by the 'cutting up and distribution of the Lord's body;' he in another also assures us, that the meaning of the Scripture phrase, 'this is my body,' is, 'this is the *representation* of my body.' If Justin magnifies the rite by affirming, 'that the food which has 'been blessed with the word of blessing from him, is likewise the 'flesh and blood of the same incarnate Jesus,' he none the less affirms, that 'the eucharist is the *commemoration* of our Lord's 'passion.'

We may remark, by the way, that many of the expressions cited from the Fathers are so irreverent and absurd, that if they had but occurred in modern writers—if they were not covered by the 'hoar of ages,'—Dr Pusey and his school, we are convinced, would be the first to condemn them. Strange, we are ready to exclaim, that what would be pronounced fanatical nonsense in the mouth of a Whitefield or a Wesley, is denominated sacred and holy if uttered by the lips of Chrysostom or Jerome. Yet so it is; 'the nonsense of one age becomes the wisdom of another, and an ancient farthing moulders into infinitely more 'value than a modern guinea.'

'With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the *rust* adore;
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.'

That many of the English Divines, partly participating in the solicitude of the Fathers to invest the Eucharist with a supernatural character, partly yielding to the superstitious prejudices which the long triumph of the doctrine of Transubstantiation had nurtured, have given expression to opinions quite as incomprehensible and transcendental as those of the Romish church, cannot be denied. It is equally clear, as Dr Pusey admits, that not a few are inconsistent with themselves, and defy all interpretation. Many of them contend, indeed, that there is a 'real 'presence' in the sense that Christ is *truly* present; but then it is not a 'natural' or a 'carnal' presence; his 'body' is present, but then it is 'spiritually,' 'mystically,' present. In spite of all

this jargon, one might suppose, from many expressions, that they, after all, mean nothing more than the consistent Protestant means—that there is no change in the elements at all—that the words are to be understood figuratively, and not literally—that the bread and the wine are but symbols, vividly suggesting through the senses and imagination the great and momentous truths they commemorate; and the analogy which subsists between the effects of the one upon the physical, and of the other upon the spiritual nature of man. Such are certain expressions of Jeremy Taylor, such many of Hooker. Yet is it certain, that many of the Anglican Divines contend for something much more than this, though they know not what; something as perfectly unintelligible as transubstantiation itself, and which seems, at all events logically, to involve it. They use expressions, in fact, which irresistibly suggest the idea, that they wished, under a cloud of words, to glide away from the controversy, and to strike a hollow truce with Rome by the aid of an ambiguity.

They affirm that there is a change, a stupendous change, effected in the elements by the formula of consecration, but not transubstantiation; those elements literally, not figuratively, *become* the very flesh and blood of Christ, while there is no change of the natural substance of bread and wine; the ‘body’ of Christ is there, only it is there ‘spiritually;’ it is ‘really’ present, but not ‘corporeally;’ it is a presence not ‘local,’ but ‘super-local,’—to use Mr Newman’s *explanatory* jargon in ‘Tract No. 90.’ Now what may be the *spiritual* presence of a *body*, what its ‘substantial,’ but not ‘corporeal’ presence;* what it is for a body to be not ‘locally,’ but ‘super-locally’ present, is, at all events, as incomprehensible as the Romanist proposition of the ‘accidents’ remaining without the ‘substances;’ and both alike we may hope to understand when we have solved the noted question propounded in Martinus Scriblerus, ‘whether, besides the real being of actual ‘being, there be any other being necessary to cause a thing to be.’

Well may Mr Alexander exclaim, ‘What between the anxiety of the Anglicans to maintain the real presence, on the one hand, and their dread of using words that would fix upon them the advocacy of transubstantiation on the other, their statements are to common understandings somewhat impenetrable.’†

* See particularly the extracts from Cosins, cited in Dr Pusey’s Appendix.

† *Anglo-Catholicism not Apostolical* p. 393. The whole passage is well worthy of perusal.

It is in vain for Dr Pusey to tell us that such things are great mysteries, and that, by the very nature of mysteries, they are totally incomprehensible. We refuse not to believe mysteries, merely on the ground that they are such, for we believe many; we ask only the *extrinsic* evidence that we are called on to believe them; and that the mysteries themselves, though we cannot solve them, should be at least capable of being conveyed in terms that are neither absolutely devoid of meaning, nor absolutely contradictory. To deal with the second condition first; we affirm, that in the present case, the very propositions are either incomprehensible or contradictory. A change, which changes a thing, and which yet leaves it as it was—a change, these are the words, by which bread and wine *literally become* flesh and blood, and yet remain bread and wine—a body *spiritually* present—present, not locally, but *super-locally*—are, in any ordinary meaning of the terms, either wholly unintelligible or diametrically contradictory. The Romanist himself is not driven to more desperate straits in the management of his theory, and can evade objections with a more plausible sophistry. When we remind him of Bellarmine's expression, 'that the body of the Lord is sensibly 'touched with the hands, broken and bruised with the teeth;' 'Ah!' he replies, 'it is through the medium of the sacramental 'species,—*mediantibus speciebus*.'

As to the first condition; it surely well behoves those who thrust these metaphysical subtleties into theology, and then call them 'sacred truths,' to be ready, at all events, with that extrinsic evidence which can alone justify us in receiving *any* mystery. To this the answer is prompt,—'It is expressly said, "This is 'my body;'" and we admit, that if this expression is to be understood literally, the answer is plain enough,—so plain, that we wonder that any controvertists should trouble themselves to accumulate strong quotations from the Fathers; for scarcely one is so strong as the words of institution, and none can be stronger. This the Romanists truly allege. And the answer to the plea, thus narrowed, is equally plain. We say to those who thus reason,—'Then fairly apply the same reasoning to other passages—to the metaphorical language of the 'Bible generally—to analogous expressions of our Lord himself; or as fairly show why you do in the one case what you do 'not in the other. Do not interpret Him, who, being the wisest 'of teachers, and knowing the nature of man, employed parable 'and metaphor more largely than any other teacher ever did—'do not interpret Him, on this single occasion, as you never do on 'any other. When our Lord says, "I am the vine,"—"I am the "door,"—"I am the resurrection,"—or (to adduce passages

‘ which are equally conclusive, though we do not recollect seeing them urged by controvertists,)—when he says, “ He that doeth the will of God, the same is my mother, and sister, and brother ; ” — “ My meat and my drink is to do the will of my Father ; ” when he says, on the cross, to his mother, concerning John, “ Woman, behold thy son,” and to John, “ Behold thy mother,” not to mention numberless other cases ; no man feels any temptation to talk metaphysical nonsense, or proposes to discover any transcendental mysteries. We conclude, therefore, that you find such mysteries in this one passage, only because you want to find them there.’—What Selden said so truly of Transubstantiation, may be equally said of every other theory which depends on the literal interpretation of the words of institution,—‘ It is nothing but rhetoric turned into logic.’*

Meantime, as Jeremy Taylor truly observes, all men, in fact, whatever may be their pretences, must come to the figurative at last. On the words, ‘ This cup,’ &c., he asks, ‘ To what can *τοῦτο* refer but to *ποτήριον*, “ this cup,” and let whatsoever sense be affixed to it afterwards, if it do not suppose a figure, then there is no such thing as figures, or words, or truth, or things.’† He afterwards affirms and shows, ‘ that there is in the words of institution such a heap of tropes and figurative speeches, that almost in every word there is plainly a trope.’‡

Dr Pusey bears the general character of an amiable and modest man. We regret, in common with Professor Garbett, that he should, in the preface to his Sermon,§ have departed from his usual character. He talks of the opposition or ridicule which *his* theory of the Eucharist may meet with as blasphemy and profanity. Not a shadow of a misgiving does he seem to have, that he may by possibility be mistaken, or that a doctrine which

* We had written our remarks on Dr Pusey’s Sermon before the valuable pamphlet of Professor Lee attracted our notice. His views of the inconclusiveness of Dr Pusey’s defence, and of the fallacy of his *catena*, coincide with our own. And his denunciation of the whole Oxford system is equally honest and eloquent.

† On Transubstantiation, Sect. 5.

‡ Ibid. Sect. 6.

§ ‘ It is with pain that the following Sermon is published. For it is impossible for any one not to foresee one portion of its effects ; what floods, namely, of blasphemy against holy truth will be poured forth by the infidel, or heretical, or secular and anti-religious papers with which our church and country are at this time afflicted. It is like casting, with one’s own hands, that which is most sacred, to be outraged and profaned.’—*Preface*.

his fellow Christians, members of the very same church, are either constrained to denominate jargon, or, so far as they can catch a glimpse of his meaning, to denounce as contrary to the very Articles which he has sworn that he believes, can be any other than absolute truth. The whole opening paragraph is worthy rather of Hildebrand than of Dr Pusey. But we forbear to comment longer on this mournful spectacle, and content ourselves with recommending to the attention of our readers the mild and dignified rebuke of Professor Garbett.

With regard to the charge of 'blasphemy and profanity,' so lightly preferred against those who merely question Dr Pusey's infallibility, we can only say, that we trust no conscientious man will hesitate freely to denounce, and, if necessary, ridicule, what he sincerely believes most pernicious 'nonsense,' merely because some are pleased to call it a 'sacred mystery.' Ineffably painful as it may be to a devout mind to speak of follies, which even touch on subjects truly sacred, in the terms they deserve, still it is only the more necessary from that very connexion; and on *them* be the scandal who create the necessity. If to do this be 'blasphemy,' we have an ample warrant in the conduct of some of the best of the Anglican divines, who, in dealing with transubstantiation, (which cannot be *less* sacred in the eye of Romanists than is Dr Pusey's theory in his own,) have, as Jeremy Taylor expresses it, much of that 'Macedonian simplicity which calls things by their right names.' We feel that we have kept far within the limits of South, who calls transubstantiation 'the most stupendous piece of nonsense that ever was owned in the face of a rational world;' and of Jeremy Taylor, who scruples not to say, in his long enumeration of its absurdities—'By this doctrine, the same thing 'stays in a place and goes away from it; it removes from itself, and yet abides close by itself, and in itself, and out of itself; . . . it is brought from heaven to earth, and yet is 'nowhere in the way, nor ever stirs out of heaven . . . It 'makes a thing contained bigger than that which contains it, and all Christ's body to go into a part of his body; his whole head into his own mouth, if he did eat the eucharist, as it is 'probable he did, and certain that he might have done.' In fact, a great part of his treatise on the subject, and especially the eleventh section, is conceived in a spirit of the severest ridicule. But probably Dr Pusey is of the opinion of Clement of Alexandria, who condemns laughter *in toto*. Verily, if laughter be sinful, neither Dr Pusey nor Clement ought to have written. We may well say, as Pascal to the Jesuits—that we are far enough from ridiculing *sacred* things, in ridiculing such things as Dr Pusey's theory of the Eucharist—'Je me suis déjà justifié sur ces points;

‘et on est bien éloigné d’être exposé à ce vice, quand on n’a qu’à parler des opinions que j’ai rapportées de vos auteurs.’*

But whatever the extravagances of Dr Pusey may be, they are not to be compared with those of Mr Newman. The latter advances much more rapidly on the ‘line of Catholicism;’ and if we may judge from the extraordinary ‘development’ which has recently characterized his comet-like career, he must surely be now near his perihelion. His recantation of his unfilial speeches against Rome, uttered in the comparative darkness of a Tractator, are well known. His last volume of sermons, like Mr Ward’s Articles in the *British Critic*, has been received with shouts of rapture by the principal Catholic Periodicals of the empire. In his Essay on Miracles, he has endeavoured to establish principles which would serve at once to authenticate the ‘church system’ of the Middle Ages; and tales which have hitherto been regarded as the very dotage of superstition, are gravely propounded as worthy of all belief and reverence. These principles have already been applied in the series of ‘Lives of the English Saints,’ now in course of publication, under his auspices and with his approbation; in which the monasticism, the pilgrimages, the miracles, the superstitions, and, in a word, the whole religious life of the Middle Ages are recommended to our faith and veneration. Certainly the most conclusive method of maintaining the ‘church system,’ is by affirming the quasi-inspiration of the men who developed it, and the miraculous attestations with which their doctrine has been confirmed. Towards the former, an initial attempt was made in ‘Tract 89,’ ‘On the mysticism of the Fathers,’ in which so many of the stupendous errors of patristic allegory are not only defended but eulogized. Of interpretations, which, apart from inspiration, no man could have imagined to be warranted by the text, and which, except on that supposition, must seem the merest dreams of a crazed fancy, it is said, ‘the holy fathers well knew what they were about; they proceeded in interpreting Scripture on the surest ground—the warrant of Scripture itself in analogous cases.’ This, it will be recollected, applies to examples no less fanciful than that by which the ‘five barley loaves’ in the miracle, are by some made to represent ‘the five senses;’ and by others, the ‘five books of Moses!’

Now, to justify the Fathers *because* they imitate inspired men in doing only what inspiration can enable men to do, is to attribute to them—what some of them, indeed, on particular occasions are not slow to attribute to themselves—the gift of inspiration.

* Pascal’s *Lettres Provinciales*, (No. xi.)

The same desperate courage which led the writer of the above Tract to claim preternatural wisdom for an indefinite portion of the worst inanities of patristic allegory, and to convert the very babblings of dotage into proofs of a quasi-inspiration, has led Mr Newman to patronize an indefinite, but very large portion of the monkish miracles; thus boldly accepting the challenge of Mr Baden Powell, in his able Essay on Tradition. That gentleman justly contends, that the Traditional system requires the attestation of miracles as much as that of the New Testament. Very well; Mr Newman has consistently provided it; so that now the church system, disclosed by inspired Fathers, is confirmed by monkish miracles; and surely they are worthy of each other. It is hard to say which are more celestial, the allegorical mysteries of the Fathers, or the thaumaturgic achievements of the Monks.

Mr Newman's *Essay on Miracles* is prefixed to an English translation of a portion of Fleury's Ecclesiastical History. The Essay originated in a kind desire to assist the reader in dealing with 'those supernatural narratives' which are so plentifully spread over the voluminous work of the Romanist historian. 'It will naturally suggest itself to the reader,' says Mr Newman, 'to form some judgment upon them; and a perplexity, perhaps a painful perplexity, may ensue from the difficulty of doing so. This being the case,' adds the provident Essayist, 'it is inconsiderate, and almost wanton, to bring such subjects before him without making at least the attempt to assist him in disposing of them.*' Some may doubt whether it was necessary for a clergyman of the English church to bring the subject before the reader at all, in so questionable a shape as that of a Romanist's history; but having chosen to conduct us into a labyrinth, it was kind to provide us at the same time with a clue. Mr Newman's benevolence reminds us of that of the early settlers in America, who, it is said, bestowed inestimable benefits on the aborigines by making them acquainted with certain valuable medicinal agents; and that the aborigines might not be ignorant of their obligations, they took care to introduce the diseases for which those medicines were specifics, at the same time.

It should be observed, that Mr Newman contends not only for a multitude of primitive miracles, but of *mediæval* miracles also—in fact for miracles in all ages—for 'there have been at all times true miracles and false miracles.'† So that here again we should be left in an ecstasy of wonder that he did not repair to that church which, whether any other has the like privilege or not, *must* have had its system thus preternaturally authenticated,

were it not that he leaves us in doubt whether he does not believe that the English church has been favoured with similar authentication. Indeed, on his principles, as we shall shortly see, it is hard to say what may *not* be a miracle. We shall devote a page or two to the consideration of his principles.

No theist, we presume, can have any doubt about the *possibility* of miracles. He who believes in a Creator of all things, can have little difficulty in believing that He who imposed the laws of nature can alter, suspend, or dispense with them, at His almighty will. And if any probable reason can be assigned worthy of such an interposition, a philosophic mind will allow that it fairly meets the merely *à priori* presumption, arising from the admitted infrequency of such an occurrence. To infer from that infrequency alone that miracles never have occurred, and never will, is just as unphilosophic a prejudice as that which led the Indian prince—to employ Hume's celebrated instance, and which, by-the-by, is sufficient to demolish his theory—to deny that there ever was or could be such a thing as ice—a conclusion, which, however natural to *his* uniform experience, was certainly any thing but Baconian: or it is as unphilosophic a prejudice as that which generally makes the young natural philosopher stand aghast when he first hears propounded the first law of motion—to him an incomprehensible paradox. All such prejudices are of the same nature. They lead us hastily to infer that that cannot *be* which is not familiar to us. Purging his mind, therefore, from any such *idola tribus*, the philosophic enquirer will make the question of an alleged miracle simply a question of evidence; and if that be sufficient, he will not reject it, simply because it is a phenomenon unfamiliar to him. Nor will he forget that there may be cases in which the evidence is so strong, that it would be yet more unphilosophic to reject the evidence than to admit the phenomenon; that it may be in fact so strong as to allow him only the alternative of admitting one of two miracles;—of admitting either a partial violation of the laws of the material world, or a total subversion of the laws of the moral world; which, as operating in a number of minds, are just as invariable. If, therefore, (to 'try the theorem upon a simple case,' as Paley has remarked,) a number of men, of previously good character, were all to depose to the same facts, not explicable, except on the hypothesis of miracle;—were to persist in the same story, not only without any assignable motive, but against every assignable motive; separately and collectively; under the severest examinations, amidst menaces, tortures, and in death itself—we do not believe

that there is any sane man in the world who would not rather believe in the truth of the facts, than in this total subversion of every principle, both of man's physical and moral nature.*

But whether we are justified in believing that a miracle has occurred or not, will depend entirely on the amount and quality of the evidence. If Mr Newman's tests be thought sufficient, we hardly know any legend wild enough to be unworthy of human belief.

Mr Newman insinuates, with that perilous disregard of Scripture which will give no little delight to infidelity, but which quite corresponds with the tone of No. 85 of the Tracts, that if we reject the 'ecclesiastical miracles,' we shall be grievously troubled in defending those of the Bible. Yet he himself has fully admitted that the latter are precisely catalogued and ascertained, instead of being intermingled, like those for which he contends, with a

* An inability to weigh the force of moral evidence—to see when, in effect, it would be a miracle that it should prove false—is a striking characteristic of German theologians: they would rather admit a thousand *moral* miracles than a single *physical* one. We not only see this in the writings of Neologians, in whom it might more naturally be expected, but even in those who have no occasion for such violent hypotheses; those, in fact, who admit the most stupendous supernatural events of the New Testament, and the truth of the documents which record them! We may instance Neander, who, in his *Geschichte der Pflanzung und Leitung der Christlichen Kirche*, and in his *Leben Jesu*, not seldom resorts to most violent methods of interpretation, and most improbable surmises, to reduce a miracle to the stature of an ordinary event. Thus he thinks the judgment on Ananias and Sapphira may be accounted for, by supposing them to have died of a sudden pang of remorse, and the shame of public detection! Query—What is the probability that two persons, within an hour or so, each unwitting of the other's fate, should both drop down dead of remorse, for a crime which they had not for a moment hesitated to conspire and commit, and which they had carried off, up to the moment of detection, with unflinching effrontery! In the same manner, we constantly find this class of theologians endeavouring to render miracles (far less stupendous than those they admit to be truly such) *easy* to Omnipotence—not caring, meanwhile, what burdens of absurdity, contradiction, and improbability, they lay upon poor humanity, by whose agency they are performed, or by whose pen they are recorded. It is not a little curious that such universal horror of a miracle should be manifested, in a country in which, from the days of Paracelsus, to those of Mesmer, the wildest and most visionary theories of physica have found thousands of credulous admirers. On behalf of such theories, many a German speculator will exercise a thousand times as much faith as would be necessary to make him a sober Christian.

vastly greater number of admitted impostures; that they are supported by the same evidence which proves all or none, while the former are insulated, and supported by various degrees of evidence. What is yet more, he has admitted the glaring contrast in spirit, tone, and internal evidence, between the scriptural and ecclesiastical miracles; and that, whatever be their external evidence, there is the widest conceivable difference in their intrinsic claims to attention. We may further remark, 1st, that if *some* of the Scripture miracles be wrought on occasions apparently as trivial as thousands of those which fill the pages of ecclesiastical history, the proportions in the numbers are altogether reversed; the exceptions in the former case become the rule in the latter. The vast majority of the monkish miracles are visibly stamped with legendary characteristics, which, though difficult to enumerate, are as rapidly seized by the mind as those peculiarities of feature by which we discriminate one face from another. But 2d, (and this is the chief point,) the comparatively few cases of miraculous occurrence recorded in Scripture, which at all resemble those of ecclesiastical history, are admitted to be authenticated, not by their intrinsic evidence, but by the multifarious and independent proofs which substantiate the *rest*, and, at the same time, the system of which they form a subordinate part. They are sustained only by other facts with which they are in combination; they float, not from their absolute buoyancy, but on account of the greater specific gravity of the fluid on which they rest; just as iron, which will sink in water, will swim in mercury. This cannot be said of the ecclesiastical miracles; and Mr Newman in effect admits it, (p. 25,) and in other places, where he is much more successful in stating the objection than in removing it.

But not to dwell any longer on the bearing of the general argument upon the Scripture miracles, which may safely be left to their proper evidence, we proceed to enquire what are the claims of the ecclesiastical miracles to attention, and whether they are supported by that degree of evidence which justifies the belief of them.

We regret to say that Mr Newman (by a style of logic but too characteristic of him) has kept out of sight all the principal arguments which prove, that the overwhelming majority of those miracles are so evidently fabulous as to make it highly unreasonable to affirm that any are not; and that if there *be* any that are not, it is for such reasons impossible to establish their actual occurrence. We shall endeavour to supply his deficiencies, and to give a fair account of the *general state of the evidence*; from which it will be seen that it is impossible not to regard, with the extremest degree of suspicion, the infinitesimal mino-

rity which might otherwise be thought less suspicious. In order to obviate every cavil, however, we will then proceed to canvass the *particular evidence* in one or two of Mr Newman's very strongest cases, and show how utterly inadequate it is.

A candid man, we apprehend, would find it quite sufficient merely to inspect the general character of the bulk of ecclesiastical miracles, to pronounce not only on *their* claims to attention, but to decide that any claims to miraculous agency—in ages in which credulity, on the one hand, and falsehood on the other, were so rife, and in which such a countless multitude of now universally exploded fables could be either forged or believed—are in an inconceivably greater ratio likely to be false than true. The immense number of these miracles—the very profusion and waste of the miraculous energy—the triviality of the occasions on which the large mass of them were wrought—the mean, the ridiculous, purposes they served—the grotesque circumstances which accompanied their performance—the singular marks of fraudulent or legendary origin which pervade them—are alone sufficient to render faith in the few which appear somewhat less incredible, one of the most difficult tasks ever imposed upon mortals. But this presumption is greatly strengthened when we consider the general state of the evidence, and remember that the four following facts are not only notorious, but admitted on all hands, and are in effect admitted by Mr Newman himself.

1. It is a curious circumstance, that in the earliest remains of ecclesiastical antiquity—where, if any where, one might expect the continued exertion of those miraculous agencies which demonstrated the truth of Christianity—there, precisely, the traces of miracles are the faintest, and the claims to their performance least decisive. Moreover, the events of a supposed miraculous character are either just of that species which, in all ages, have most easily imposed on the ignorant and unreflecting—which knaves can most easily simulate, or enthusiasm most easily mistake, (as in the case of the *συνεργούμενοι*);* or if they are of a more decisively miraculous character, those who relate them do not pretend to have been eye-witnesses, or give any circumstantial statement whatsoever, but merely report them on that loose

* Origen expressly says of the casting out of Devils, *ὡς ἐπίπαν γὰρ ἰδίζηται τὸ τοιοῦτον πράττειν*. 'The general style of the early writers,' says Middleton, is as vague as possible; 'such and such works are done 'amongst us, or by us; by our people; by a few; by many; by our 'exorcists; by ignorant laymen, women, boys, and any simple Christian 'whatsoever.'

kind of evidence on which Goldsmith's mad dog was convicted—'the report was received from a neighbour, who had it from another, who was told it from one who had it on excellent authority.' But now, after a period of prolonged silence—a most unaccountable stagnation of the miraculous energy—we find, to our no little wonder, that it has become more active than ever; and that, too, just when, considering what was its primary and express object, as stated in the great volume of inspiration itself, its interpositions would seem least necessary. In other words, the miracles are found increasing in frequency as Christianity appears to require them less. They also appear to increase in precise ratio to the growth of superstition and credulity; till at length they are poured forth with such profusion, that, if we were to credit some of the monkish legends, there would seem to be some danger lest the very cheapness of the miracles should destroy their nature. 'They become,' as Jeremy Taylor expresses it, 'a daily extraordinary, a supernatural natural event, a perpetual wonder, that is, a wonder and no wonder.' In ancient Athens, it was said, you might find more gods than men; and in like manner, in many of the ecclesiastical legends, you will find more miracles than ordinary events. Daniel O'Rourke 'wondered in his mind how an eagle came to speak like a Christian;' in reading many of the above legends we are surprised at nothing of the kind—all our astonishment is to find a monk speaking like one.

2. We have the express testimony of some of the Fathers—of Chrysostom in particular, most distinctly and repeatedly—that miracles had ceased, and that events pretending to that character were rather to be looked upon as the tricks of jugglers or the delusions of fanaticism.* If, on other occasions, in compliance with the prejudices of his age, or in compliment to the 'glorious martyrs,' he is pleased to contradict himself, and to proclaim the efficacy of their holy relics, or the prodigies wrought at their shrines, it is of no consequence to the present argument. It does not belong to *us* to reconcile his statements. It is sufficient for our purpose that the evidence is contradictory. It necessarily involves

* In one place he says, 'Why are there not those now who raise the dead and perform cures?' In another, 'Argue not because miracles do not happen now, that they did not happen then. In those times they were profitable, and now they are not.' Mr Newman endeavours to reconcile the discrepancies in the statements of Chrysostom as well as in those of Augustine on this subject, but to us most unsatisfactorily. The reader may judge for himself by inspecting the *Essay*, pp. 38, 39.

that evidence in suspicion when we have the declaration of one of the best of the Fathers—that it cannot be relied upon. We may remark, however, that as the spirit of his age, and the rampant demonolatry with which it was infected, would naturally have led him to maintain rather than impugn the alleged miracles, we can hardly account for his doing the latter, except from the force of truth,

3. We know—what ought in itself to be sufficient to decide the question—that it was a maxim received and acted upon by many of the most eminent of the churchmen of the early centuries—expressly defended by the Alexandrian Clement and by Jerome—that fraud was sometimes justifiable for a holy end, and that falsehoods were occasionally a valuable auxiliary of truth. ‘We would willingly,’ says the candid Mosheim, ‘except from this charge Ambrose and Hilary, Augustin, Gregory Nazianzen, and Jerome; but truth, which is more respectable than these venerable fathers, obliges us to involve them in the general accusation. We may add also, that it was probably the contagion of this pernicious maxim that engaged Sulpitius Severus, who is far from being in general a puerile or credulous historian, to attribute so many miracles to St Martin.’* And we know that principles which some did not blush to avow, many more did not blush to act upon. Some pretended to inspiration, and *forged* revelations; others pretended to divine powers, and *forged* miracles. Is it necessary to add, that this one fact leaves the whole mass of ecclesiastical miracles under the very strongest degree of suspicion, and advertises us, as it were, that if there be truth in any of them, it cannot be established? If similar maxims were discovered in the New Testament;—if we found its writers stating, that deceit is sometimes justifiable, and that it is lawful ‘to do evil that good may come,’ it would, we think, go far to discredit, in all sober minds, the whole pretensions of the sacred volume; for what certainty can we have that he speaks truth, who in the very same breath tells us, that he may fabricate untruths when it seems to him good to do so?

4. Such are the credulity, the carelessness, the indiscriminate appetite for wonders, which characterize even the recorders of the best attested and most venerated of these miracles, that there is not one of them who does not relate ten times as many as even the most egregiously credulous of these times can by any possibility receive. Take, for example, Paulinus and Augustine, the principal vouchers for the celebrated Ambrosian

* Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, vol. i. p. 382.

miracles, (of which we shall speak by and by;) such is the easy faith of these Fathers with regard to miraculous occurrences, and such their latitude or confusion of thought, as to what may pass for such, that we will venture to affirm, that not even the most credulous of their admirers can lay his hand upon his heart and say, that he believes that a fourth part of the alleged facts ever occurred; or that a fourth part of those that did occur were of the nature of miracles. Let any one read Augustine's catalogue of those wrought at the shrine of St Stephen, in and about Hippo, and then judge. Nay, Augustine himself complains that his contemporaries, for whatsoever reason, could with difficulty be brought to believe them; and if *they* did not believe them, he can hardly expect more faith in their less credulous posterity. 'Non tanta ea commendat auctoritas, ut sine difficultate vel dubitatione credantur, quamvis Christianis fidelibus, a fidelibus indicentur.'

Moreover, when we find authors so respectable as Jerome gravely telling us of St Hilarion's successful exorcising of a 'huge Bactrian camel,' and of two lions benevolently coming to assist St Anthony in the burial of the hermit Paul, (digging a grave for him with their feet, and then departing with the *blessing* of the saint,) not to mention a number of similar prodigies in that inimitable piece of biography; when we find Palladius telling us of a hyena asking absolution of a hermit for killing a sheep, and of a female turned by magic into a mare; Ephraïmus, Bishop of the Cyprian Salamis, assuring us that in his time *many* fountains and rivers were annually turned into wine on the same day, and at the same time, when Our Saviour wrought his miracle at Cana in Galilee; Eusebius, recording that the pillars in the porticoes of the city distilled tears in a remarkably dry season, on account of the barbarities inflicted on the Christians of Palestine; Athanasius, relating, amidst a crowd of similar absurdities, that St Anthony, hearing one day a loud knocking at his cell, found a 'tall meagre person' there who gave in his name, Satan, and that that personage had politely come to beg a truce of Christians, whose reproaches and curses, he averred, were the more unreasonable, as their universal diffusion, even in the depths of the desert, had completely spoiled his trade, and disarmed him of all power to do mischief; *—when we think of such authors re-

* The dialogue between the saint and his visitor is given with great gravity, and apparent devotion, by Mr Newman, p. 30. The implied compliment to the monks must be considered a deep manœuvre of the subtle adversary, and, as a monstrous fiction, was well worthy, we confess, of the Father of lies. The whole narrative is full of similar extravagances.

tailing such stories, and that these may be matched by thousands more of the like quality—what can we say of the trustworthiness of any miraculous announcements from men who were either so enormously dishonest or so enormously credulous? We care not, so far as the present argument is concerned, which of the alternatives be taken. One of them *must* be taken by every man of our times; for not even a Romanist, with the exception perhaps of a Baronius or a Tillemont, will believe one half of these miracles.*

Such was the infinite number and the stupendous nature of these pretended miracles, that if only the hundredth part were true, we may well say, with Jortin and Middleton, that they

* For a detailed and most amusing account of two or three of the miracles mentioned above, and of many more which we have omitted, the reader may consult Mr Isaac Taylor's *Ancient Christianity*, more especially vol. ii. pp. 233, 377. His examination of the ancient miracles forms one of the very ablest portions of his valuable volumes, being conducted with great acuteness and circumspection. Some of his translations are given with much spirit, and the running commentary upon them is pleasant reading. We can assure our readers, that the absurdities which appear even in that naked statement of the miracles which is all we have space for, will in no degree be diminished by perusing their most grotesque details. It *might* have been objected to Mr Taylor, at the time he published his work, that he was in some instances appealing to authorities of unknown date and doubtful authenticity, as for example the document *De miraculis Stephani*—which may have been composed later than the fourth, or even the fifth century. But all scruple about adducing these, and the like recitals, as bearing on the *general evidence* for or against ecclesiastical miracles, is removed by the subsequent 'developments' of the Oxford divines, who now boldly advocate the claims of an indefinite multitude of the mediæval miracles, or rather of miracles in all ages. This must be acknowledged to be a masterly refinement. In another respect, too, they have, we apprehend, out-flanked Mr Taylor. He doubtless thought, that to lay bare the frauds and credulity of the ancient church in relation to miracles, was one effectual way of showing the corrupt state of the system which produced them, and the folly of taking it as a model and a guide. And, doubtless, most sane persons will agree with him. He little thought that there were men, who, instead of doubting the system from the miracles, would discern a glorious harmony between the miracles and the system. Mr Newman seems to have felt the pressure of the argument, and in his Essay attempts to reply to it; though, as we shall shortly see, whether he thinks that the church system avouches the miracles, or the miracles avouch the church system, he leaves in notable dubiety. If he can but get men to believe the miracles, he well knows how all men have ever interpreted such interpositions.

utterly eclipse all the supernatural narratives of the New Testament. The extraordinary ease with which all kinds of diseases were cured by the sacred oil, and various other equally efficacious appliances of spiritual quackery, well justifies the sarcasm of the former, when he says—‘One would wonder how the physicians did to live in those days, when this effusion of miracles seemed to have rendered their art altogether unnecessary. They could have had no business except amongst pagans, Jews, heretics, and schismatics.’

Such is the *general state* of the evidence touching ecclesiastical miracles. It will be observed, that it is not necessary for us to assert that no miracles were wrought in the post-apostolic ages; all we affirm is, that the evidence is wholly unsatisfactory, and that scepticism with regard to them, is all that the immense preponderance of evidence will justify. If any can plead exception, it is the miraculous frustration of Julian’s attempt to rebuild the temple. If true, it was at all events wrought, not in suspicious connexion with monkish superstitions, or in support of them, but, as Mr Waddington justly observes, in confirmation of the Christian faith itself, in a most critical juncture of its history. Even this, however, has been most fiercely litigated; and supposing the main facts true, it becomes very questionable whether they are of a nature strictly miraculous—an observation which applies strongly, as Mosheim truly observes, to the so-called miracle of the ‘Thundering Legion,’ as well as to many others.* He himself was amongst the ‘doubters.’

But though we would freely rest the question on the unsatisfactory state of the general evidence, we do not shrink from affirming, that in the individual cases best avouched, the evidence is altogether inadequate. We will take one of the strongest—that of the Ambrosian miracles—and in selecting this, even Mr Newman will not charge us with taking a weak one. He, on the contrary, appeals to it with peculiar triumph. The circumstances were briefly these:—Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, in the very crisis of his quarrel with the Empress Justina, who had vainly solicited one of the churches of the city for the use of the Arians, was about to consecrate the sumptuous Basilic, afterwards called by his name. The people were anxious, as was the custom of those ages,

* The reader will find an admirable and candid statement of the arguments for and against the ecclesiastical miracles, in Jortin’s *Remarks*, vol. i. p. 247.

to deposit in the sacred edifice the relics of some martyr; for relics had long been the palladium of cities—a panacea in all sorts of diseases—the terror of demons—the oracle of those who were in any wise troubled in mind, body, or estate—and the sources of multitudinous miracles. Ambrose, nothing loth, promised to comply, provided he could hit upon the genuine article; and he tells us, that he instantly had a happy presentiment that so it would be—*Statimque subiit veluti cujusdam ardor presagii*. Just before the consecration took place, he was, according to Paulinus and Augustine, (though he does not mention it in his own account, to his sister Marcellina,) favoured by a vision of the *hitherto unheard-of* martyrs, Gervasius and Protasius, who, propitious to so pious a design as that which filled his bosom, sped from the skies to acquaint him with their names, date of martyrdom, and place of sepulture. He ordered the indicated place to be dug, and soon found auspicious signs—*inveni signa convenientia*—and at length came to the bodies—‘two men ‘of wonderful stature, such as ancient times produced’—(about two centuries before!)—‘the bones all whole, and plenty of fresh ‘blood.’ ‘*Invenimus miræ magnitudinis viros duos, ut prisca ætas ferebat. Ossa omnia integra, sanguinis plurimum.*’ The heads were separate from the bodies, and the ground all round soaked with blood, which, considering that the flesh had all decayed and disappeared, may be considered a complication of miracles of two hundred years’ standing; unless, indeed, we suppose the blood had been *new created* for the occasion. However that may be, *sanguine tumulus madet*—the whole tomb was wet with it. As the workmen approached the martyrs’ resting-place, the skeletons began to bestir themselves in such powerful sort, that an urn was thrown with violence from its pedestal, and rolled to the sacred spot; and some of the ‘possessed,’ who had been brought on such a promising occasion to be exorcised, began to howl and scream in most lamentable wise, thus giving no less respectable attestation than that of the ‘father of lies himself,’ to the power of the glorious martyrs. The relics, blood and bones, were carefully removed to the new Basilic, and on the road many miracles were wrought on diseased and possessed persons, who were so happy as to touch them; and such was their virtue, that even to touch the fringe of the pall which covered them, was sufficient. Amongst others, a *butcher*, named Severus, who had been some time blind, and had, on that account, quitted business, at least for all *secular* purposes, was miraculously restored to sight. The pious people were naturally anxious that the remains should not

be removed till the next Sunday, but Ambrose, for some reason best known to himself, was anxious to use despatch, and would delay the important business only two days. The miracles were completely successful. The 'opposite party' derided them as cunningly devised tricks—*ludibria ficta et composita*—the orthodox were confirmed in their orthodoxy; and the opportune supply of martyrs' blood was worked up into a precious paste or confection, and distributed in small portions over all parts of Christendom;—each warranted to have—which we doubt not to have been the case—all the virtues of the unadulterated article.

On reading this narrative, some will exclaim—' You need go ' no further—the recital is enough. We cannot analyse all the ' reasons of the impression, but the impression itself is instant ' and indelible.' Others will say, ' The miracles in their whole ' circumstances—in the purposes for which they were wrought ' —in the entire religious tone and spirit pervading them, are ' so different from those of the New Testament, that it is an ' insult to ask us to believe *both*.' Others will say, ' Can we ' believe in such a complication and profusion of miracles, in- ' conceivable under any circumstances, in connexion with such ' a sordid, beggarly system of superstition?' Others again, ' The whole narrative too strongly resembles similar recitals of ' multitudinous miracles of the same ages—miracles which every ' one rejects as either the inventions of knavery or the delusions ' of credulity; it may be safely left to be judged by the *general* ' state of the evidence, on which you have already said so much.' And we agree with all these; but yet beg distinctly to affirm that, judged on its own merits, the case is *not* supported by any thing like the amount and quality of evidence necessary to avouch facts only a hundreth part so wonderful. Let us look at the authorities. They are principally three—Paulinus, Augustine, Ambrose himself.

Paulinus, the secretary of Ambrose, though a good man, was completely enslaved by superstition. He had such an appetite for the marvellous, that, as we have already remarked, he has related much which men of *every party* would summarily reject. Similar observations, in a certain degree, apply to Augustine. Most cordially are we disposed to agree with Mr. Taylor, who, on another occasion, represents that Father as the dupe of his own credulity, not the machinator of fraud. We must not, however, forget the observation already cited from the impartial and candid Mosheim. Eminent men of those days have advocated maxims which, if such an alternative were necessary, would render it much easier to suppose even Augustine ' the machinator of fraud,'

than that all the prodigies he relates are true. But we are not driven to this alternative. Augustine's credulity is sufficient to account for his conduct; and this his own credulous recitals of other miracles sufficiently prove. As in the case of Paulinus, no man believes one tenth of them.

Why, then, should Paulinus and Augustine be believed in this instance? Will it be said that, if honest men, the miraculous nature of the facts could not be doubted? So far from it, that there is nothing in the facts which might not have been easily *managed*, and with sufficient dexterity to impose on credulous simplicity. In other cases, the difficulty is to account for the alleged events—supposing them as they appeared—by any thing less than miraculous agency; in the present case, the only difficulty is to suppose them *caused* by miraculous energy. Skeletons can be procured any where, and blood from any *butcher*, for a less price than the restoration of his eyesight.

But was Ambrose only the dupe of his own credulity? We doubt it; and, in justification of our doubts, would assign several circumstances not mentioned by Mr Taylor, nor, so far as we are aware, by any other writer in connexion with these miracles, though familiar enough to all readers of ecclesiastical history. We firmly believe, that Ambrose well knew what he was about. He had, as his whole history shows, a politic head, and understood thoroughly all the arts of popular management. He had been educated to the law, and was already holding the office of consular Præfect of the province, when he was summoned, yet unbaptized, to assume the episcopate. He was, or affected to be, exceedingly reluctant; but all his efforts were of no avail in those strange days, when compulsory ordination was not an unusual occurrence, and the most extraordinary devices were sometimes resorted to by the bishop-elect to avert the unwelcome honour. If we may believe Paulinus—and he mentions them apparently to his patron's honour—Ambrose, on this occasion, employed some of those little arts of management which illustrate his subtlety much better than his principles. He ordered some criminals to be tortured, in order to beget a notion of a ferocity of temper, not exactly befitting a Christian prelate.* The artifice failed. He then ordered that abandoned women should publicly repair to him, just to establish a character for licentiousness.† Surely he who

* 'Tunc, contra consuetudinem suam, tormenta jussit personis adhiberi.'
—*Paulinus, (Vita Ambrosii.)*

† 'Publicas mulieres publice ad se ingredi fecit, ad hoc tantum, ut
'visis his populi intentio revocaretur. At vero populus magis magisque

would thus palter with his own character would act a becoming part in the forthcoming 'miracle-play.' But this, too, failed. The accommodating people were resolved to have him for their Bishop, even though he should prove himself not a Christian. 'Thy sin be upon us,' they cried—*Peccatum tuum super nos*. Such acts are not insignificant indications of character.

But again. When a certain Bishop had amused himself with burning down a Jewish synagogue, and the Emperor Theodosius insisted—surely a most reasonable demand—that the perpetrators of the act should rebuild it, the 'holy Ambrose' not only wrote a most haughty and unbecoming letter to the Emperor to induce him to reverse his sentence, (itself most iniquitous,) but declared, though, in fact, not true, that *he* had instigated the deed. 'Quid mandas in absentes judicium? 'Habes præsentem, habes confitentem reum. Proclamo quod 'ego synagogam incenderim; certe quod ego illis mandaverim; 'ne esset locus in quo Christus negaretur.' He thinks the party accused, even though innocent, would be justified in the like course. 'Ne amittat occasionem martyrii, et pro invalidis sub-'jiciat validiorem;'* and then exclaims, 'O beatum mendacium!' As a candid Roman Catholic (Dupin) observes, 'Piety knows nothing of these "beata mendacia;"' and we much fear that he who would tell a 'blessed lie' for the honours of martyrdom, would do as much on behalf of a less momentous object.

Further, in sundry of his works, Ambrose has gone as far, or further, than any of his contemporaries, in those perilous apologies for certain moral delinquencies of the saints of the Old Testament—Scripture, be it observed, never apologizes for them—which, we have no doubt, was both a cause and a consequence of that obliquity of mind which familiarized the maxim, that eminent saints may sometimes 'do evil that good may come;' and that we must not presume to sit in judgment even on their apparent enormities. His doings in this respect are thus spoken of in Tract 89, (*On the Mysticism of the Fathers*), even by an apologist—'Ambrose, who comes as near as any writer to a 'questionable plea from the mystical interpretation, as though it 'in some degree palliated the sin.'—Such are the authorities. On the circumstantial evidence we shall not enter; though the

'clamabat—"Peccatum tuum super nos."—*Ib.* Paulinus begins his narrative with a little request, with which the reader will find it hard absolutely to comply; but, so far as these incidents go, we may well believe him—'Quamobrem obsecro vos omnes, in quorum manibus 'liber iste versabitur, ut credatis vera esse quæ scripsimus.'

* *Epistola XL., Classis I.*

VOL. LXXXI. NO. CLXII.

trade of Severus, the little *overdoing* in the alleged gigantic stature of the martyrs, and the haste employed, are surely not insignificant. It is of more importance to observe, that the party of Ambrose was the more powerful; that no effectual tests could be applied; and, lastly, that the parties asserting the miracles suffered nothing by them, and gained much. We now ask, whether the evidence is such as would justify us in receiving so stupendous an event as a miracle, much less such a complication of miracles?

Mr Newman is full of pious horror at the idea of the possible machination of these miracles, and asserts that those who believe it 'to be impiety too daring, too frightful, too provocative of even an immediate judgment, for any but the most callous hearts, and the most reckless consciences to conceive it, would not believe even plausible evidence for it.'—(P. 189.) The answer is very simple, and is one of fact. Ecclesiastical history abounds in fictitious miracles, even Mr Newman admits; and the maxims and spirit of antiquity leave us no room to wonder at them. One would think that he had never heard of 'pious frauds.' Whether Ambrose in particular be thought capable of them, will be determined by the indications of his character, and the known practices of his age.

We have selected a single case, and thus minutely discussed it, because such a course is the most likely to strike common minds. Our opponents will not deny, that we have taken a very *favourable* specimen. The reader, then, can now judge for himself how far he may depend on the recitals of such miracles as these, which, together with that church system out of which they sprang, and with which they are so closely implicated, this country is invited, in the nineteenth century, to regard with an awful and implicit belief.

The other miracles which Mr Newman more especially defends are, 'the Thundering Legion;' 'The change of water into oil by St Narcissus of Jerusalem, to supply the lamps on the vigil of Easter'—on which he characteristically remarks, after Dodwell, that 'the mystical idea connected with the sacred lights gives a *meaning* to it, and particularly at that season;' 'The miracle wrought on the course of the river Lycus by Gregory Thaumaturgus'—in fact, as usual, a bundle of miracles; 'The discovery,' or, as it is often aptly called, 'The invention of the Holy Cross;' and 'The miracle upon the African confessors in the Arian persecution, mutilated by Hunneric,' by which some *sixty* men, whose tongues had been cut out to the roots, were enabled to speak as well as ever all their lives after!

The arguments by which Mr Newman maintains his general views on the subject of miracles, we have no space to notice in detail. In fact, the whole Essay is one tissue of elaborate sophistry. A few, however, which may be dismissed very briefly, may give the reader an idea of their general sophistry:—

‘It looks like a mere truism to say, that a fact is not disproved because it is not proved.’ . . . *‘Douglas, in his defence of the New Testament miracles, in answer to Hume, certainly assumes that no miracle is true which has not been proved to be so; or that it is safe to treat all miracles as false which are not recommended by evidence as strong as that which is adducible for the miracles of Scripture.’* * Answer: It looks like a mere truism to say, that a fact is unproved so long as it is not proved. The one truism is as good as the other; and neither is of any value in a case like the present. The very question is that of *proof*. Whether an alleged miracle ever took place or not, is nothing to us, apart from sufficient evidence to substantiate it. A miracle not proved is of as little force, for any religious purpose, as a miracle disproved. The only difference is, as between absolute scepticism and absolute unbelief. *‘If it be asked,’* says Jortin, *‘when miraculous powers ceased in the Church, the proper answer seems to be, that these miracles cease to us when we cease to find satisfactory evidence for them.’* Mr Newman is so infatuated as to think, that so far as antecedent probability is concerned, ecclesiastical miracles are more advantageously circumstanced than those of Scripture, because inspiration has stood the brunt of any such antecedent objection; (p. 15.) Answer: It is obvious that this advantage, such as it is, is more than counterbalanced by the fact, that the miraculous agency *had been* exerted; for it is antecedently improbable that its recurrence should be perpetually repeated, after the system it avouched had been once established. He asks, *‘How insufficiency in the evidence can create a positive prejudice against an alleged fact?’* (p. 68.) Answer: The evidence does not *create* the prejudice, but is not strong enough to remove it. We suppose, even Mr Newman will not deny that some events are more improbable than others. For example, that a man should talk without a tongue is not quite so probable as that he should talk with it; and the very same evidence, we suspect, which would be sufficient to induce Mr Newman to believe the latter, would not be *sufficient* to make him believe the former. The spirit of the maxim of Middleton, cited by Douglas, and argued against by Newman, is acted

upon by every man of common sense. The evidence we demand for alleged miracles is necessarily higher than that we demand for ordinary events. To take a practical case. Would Mr Newman, if told that one of his Oxford brethren had, like Martin of Tours, commanded a tree, in the act of falling upon him, to 'recover' itself, reel over, and fall on the other side, believe him as readily as he would if the same person had told him that the tree fell in the ordinary way? If not, Mr Newman need not have constructed his sophistical objection—that insufficient evidence cannot *create* a prejudice against an alleged fact, but must avail so far as it goes. Enough that it is not sufficient to overcome the prejudice; and, where a ton is required for an equipoise, an ounce; though it may be something towards it, will be very little, and, for practical purposes, nothing. The sophism is the more flagrant, that Middleton includes in his notion of 'insufficient or defective evidence,' such as 'justifies the suspicion of fraud and imposture;' not such evidence as, though slight, is unexceptionable so far as it goes, but such as is attended with circumstances of a suspicious nature; and even Mr Newman admits (p. 69) that this is a sufficient reason for doubt or denial. Merely 'defective' evidence, he thinks, may be the 'very trial of our obedience!' If so, he may well rank in the very first class in this school of perfection.

Mr Newman tells us that the feeling in Douglas, Middleton, and men in general, respecting the ecclesiastical miracles, 'turns much less on the evidence producible for them, than on our view concerning their antecedent probability.' We are thoroughly convinced that in the mind of such writers, and of every candid enquirer, it will turn equally on both; and that, strong as is the adverse impression from the *a priori* improbability of *such* miracles, it is not less strong than is derived from that ragged state of the evidence on which we have said so much.

Mr Newman frankly admits that an enquirer should not enter upon the miracles, reported or alleged in ecclesiastical history, without being prepared for fiction and exaggeration to an *indefinite extent*, (p. 105.) A candid admission. Nay, 'he must not expect that more than a few can be exhibited with evidence of so cogent and complete a character as to demand his acceptance.' But then, as he says, what should hinder him from *believing* more? 'An alleged miracle is not untrue because it is unproved—nor is it excluded from our *faith* because it is not admitted into our controversy. Some are for our *conviction*, and these we are to confess with the mouth, as well as believe with the heart—others for our comfort and encouragement, and these we are to keep and ponder them in our hearts,

‘withouturging them on unwilling ears,’ (p. 106.) As the author of Tract No. 89 wishes the reader of the Fathers to regard the opinion of any one of them, however fantastical, with reverence, because ‘it *may* be sacred,’ so Mr Newman would have his readers receive miracles without evidence, out of awe ‘to Him of whom ‘they *may* possibly be telling.’ If the human mind can but be got to this happy pass, such authors well know that there is nothing which may not be palmed upon it.

Mr Newman frequently insists that there is no difficulty in believing the ecclesiastical miracles amongst those who admit the church system: this is very true, we grant; but then these miracles are not the evidence which confirms faith, but which faith confirms. ‘To those who admit the Catholic doctrines, as enunciated in the Creed, and commented on by the Fathers, the subsequent expansion and variation of supernatural agency in the Church, instead of suggesting difficulties, will seem but parallel, as they are contemporaneous, to the *developments, additions, and changes* in dogmatic statements which have occurred between the apostolic and the present age, and which are but a result and an evidence of life,’ (p. 63.) But though faith, (in which we quite agree,) seems a pre-requisite for receiving the ecclesiastical miracles, it is not difficult to see whither Mr Newman’s zeal tends. He knows full well that if he can but establish the belief of any large portion of the ecclesiastical miracles, especially those in connexion with his favourite institutes, he will induce the belief of the divine origin of those institutes. So stupendous is the idea of supernatural interposition, that the unsophisticated sense of mankind will immediately connect it with the authoritative sanction of the religion which it attests. ‘These miracles,’ says the ecclesiastical historian, Socrates, after detailing some achievements of certain Egyptian monks, ‘prove the truth of the doctrines.’ * * * ‘But,’ adds Jortin, ‘the difficulty is to prove the truth of the *miracles* to the satisfaction of any reasonable enquirer.’

This Mr Newman provides for, by first bespeaking a sufficient faith in the divinity of the church system. Then, doubtless, after faith has confirmed the miracles—the miracles again will confirm the faith! Nor have we the slightest doubt that this was really exemplified in the history of the early Church. Superstition cherished miracles, and miracles sanctioned superstition. They were amongst those things of which Aristotle tells us in his Second Analytics, ‘That they reciprocally involve one another’—*ἑκασταὶ ἀλλήλους τὸ μέσον καὶ οἱ ἄπροι.*

The slenderest resemblances will serve Mr Newman for argument. He perceives, it seems, in the monstrosities of the eccle-

siastical miracles, as compared with those of Scripture, an analogy like that between wild and tame animals. As we see in the former much that appears grotesque, deformed, ludicrous, ('if the word may be used with due soberness,') yet doubt not that a divine hand formed them, so may it be with those fantastic and grotesque movements of the supernatural with which church history abounds. Unhappily, the analogy fails just where it ought to hold. In the meanest productions of animated nature we can discern inimitable proofs of power, wisdom, and, to the individual being, goodness; but of numberless miracles it must be admitted that nothing can be traced, supposing them real, except capricious fantastic power. Mr Newman, indeed, is pleased to say, 'There is far greater difference between the appearance of a horse or an eagle and a monkey, or a lion and a mouse, as they meet our eye, than between the most august of the divine manifestations in Scripture and the meanest and most fanciful of those legends which we are accustomed, without further examination, to cast aside,' (p. 49.) Let the reader take a practical test—let him peruse first the narrative of the resurrection of Lazarus, and then Palladius' account of a hyena coming to confess to a solitary the crime of having killed a sheep; and then consider whether the interval between the lion and the mouse, as severally indicating Divine power and wisdom, be the greater.

What are Mr Newman's notions of a miracle, it is, after all, very hard to say; and we can scarcely doubt that he has purposely left them in obscurity. In one place he enlightens us by saying, that if we admit the fact of a Divine Presence in the church, miracles then become but the *natural* effects of *supernatural* agency! This is dark enough; but Mr Newman has involved the subject in a yet deeper cloud, by conjecturing, that miraculous interference is not an occasional infraction of fixed laws for a high object, but part of a system extending through all time—in these and in the Middle Ages, as well as in that of the Apostles. According to this theory, miraculous events differ from ordinary events only as the movements of some comets differ from those of the planets; they have a centre of revolution and fixed periods of recurrence—only moving in orbits less regular and less calculable by science. We rather think Mr Newman will find that they move in enormous hyperboles, have passed their perihelion, and will visit our system no more. However, we give his conjecture in his own words. 'The ordinary providence of God is conducted on a *system*; and, as even creation is now contemplated by philosophers as possibly subject to fixed laws, so it is more probable than not, that there is also a law of supernatural manifestations. And thus the occurrence of miracles

'is rather a presumption for than against their recurrence, such events being not isolated acts, but the symptoms of the presence of an agency.'—(P. 22.)

Yet Mr Newman is very accommodating in his notions of what events may be miraculous. In his comment on the Miracle of the Thundering Legion—which, supposing the facts all true, is *not* miraculous, as he himself admits—he says, 'Nor does it concern us much to answer the objection, that there is nothing strictly miraculous in such an occurrence, because sudden thunder-clouds after drought are not unfrequent. I would answer, grant me such miracles ordinarily in the early Church, and I will ask no other; grant that, upon prayer, benefits are vouchsafed, deliverances are effected, un hoped-for results obtained,' &c.—(P. 121.) Answer: here, as in so many places of Mr Newman's writings, is the fallacy of vague expression. If by 'ordinarily' he means *uniformly* and *instantaneously*, he may well consider *such* connexion between 'prayer' and its fulfilment, though not strictly miraculous, to have all the evidence of miracle. His only difficulty will then be to prove such connexion. If he does not mean this—and surely he cannot mean it—the proof of the miraculous character of the events is altogether delusive—neutralized by the failing cases; not to mention that all religious communities have their thousands of cases of special answers to prayer—which, by Mr Newman's theory, must immediately pass for miracles. 'They may or they may not, in this or that case, *follow* or surpass the laws of nature, and they may do so *plainly* or *doubtfully*, but the common sense of mankind will call them miraculous,' (p. 122.) At this rate there will be miracles enough. What is this but to involve the whole subject in the uttermost confusion?

But it is in vain to attempt a refutation of all Mr Newman's sophisms. Almost every page supplies one. Suffice it to say, that on Mr Newman's principles, sufficient evidence may be adduced in favour of many miraculous legends of almost all religions, ancient and modern. Are these to be received as true or not? If the former, what becomes of the evidence of miracles?—what of Christianity itself? If the latter, why are the ecclesiastical miracles, standing on evidence not less faulty, to be received?

We will go yet further. If all the legends, and legends like them, to which Mr Newman applies his principles, are to be believed, we really know no limit to which popular credulity may not be pushed; whether men may not be brought to believe such martyrologies as that of the Egyptian saint Apa Till, who, according to an *eye-witness*, suffered martyrdom after being cut to pieces, ten times in the course of as many days, by the tyrant

Maximin, and every night put together again by the angel Gabriel! Nay, we know not whether admiring crowds may not hereafter gaze with veneration on such precious relics as 'Gabriel's feather,' or gravely listen to some Eulenspiegel of future days, who shall tell them that he has 'some of the bottled rays of the star of Bethlehem, and some of the sounds of the bells used at Solomon's temple.'

We should not have dwelt thus long on the Essay of Mr Newman, were it not related in so momentous a way to the 'developments' now in progress. The principles it lays down are in course of rapid and extensive dissemination. In the Series entitled *Lives of the Saints*, as well as in many other publications, profound reverence and belief are inculcated towards both the miracles of the Middle Ages, and the church system out of which they sprang, with which they are implicated in many a serpentine fold of fraud and delusion, and which they necessarily authenticate. The fabulous, monstrous legends connected with the shadowy age of Germanus the Gallic missionary to Britain, and Alban the protomartyr, are reverently commended to our belief, though acknowledged to be destitute of all historic evidence. It is the prerogative of faith to believe without it.

In the same series, the penances, pilgrimages, the monasticism, and the grotesque and degrading superstitions of the Middle Ages, are commended to our ardent veneration.*

The same spirit is at work not only in literature—not only in controversial and pseudo-historical works—in translations

* Of the extent to which Mr Newman is ready to apply the principles of his Essay, the reader may judge by the advertisement to the second number of the 'Lives of the Saints,' (*Family of St Richard the Saxon*), in which he gravely takes under his protection the miracles of St Walburga, and especially that of the 'miraculous oil,' which for many a year dropped from her tomb—'flowing more freely at the time of the 'blessed sacrifice,'—always evaporating, if handled irreverently,—hanging suspended like a 'bunch of grapes,' if there was no vessel to receive it, and discreetly refusing to fall into any that was not perfectly clean!! The author of the 'Life of St Austin,' after retailing the miracles which attended the conversion of Ethelbert, speaks of the 'obligation to impress, and if so be, inflict such solemn and mysterious facts upon the 'attention of a sceptical age,' (p. 103.) A happier expression could hardly have been devised.

Such is the revived admiration of monasticism, that one of these authors commends the hateful practice of consigning children to a monastic life, on the sole authority of their parents—one of the most odious abuses of the whole system.—(*Life of St Stephen*, 2, 5.) He is almost as bad as the holy Ambrose, who recommends young girls to retire to nunneries against the will of their parents!

from Romish missals and books of devotion, but is disclosed in manifold petty but practical indications ;—in efforts to revive the honours of the Calendar—in solicitous attempts to restore mediæval remains—in modes of printing and binding—in a large consumption of red ink, vellum, brass clasps, and antique ornaments—in a profuse use of crosses and triangles, and other Catholic symbols, and, in many instances, in most daring innovations on public ritual and worship. The Middle Ages have no doubt, and that largely, their poetical and picturesque aspects ; but is it possible, we are ready to exclaim, that any minds should surrender themselves to *such aspects alone*, and that history should have read all her sterner lessons in vain ?—that the substantial horrors, the degrading ignorance and misery of those ages, should all be, not merely mellowed by time, but lost in the distance, and only the phases which fancy loves to dwell upon, cherished ? So it seems ; and thousands of the young, the imaginative, and the ardent, are ready, on the faith of such representations as those in the *Lives of the Saints*, to surrender their reason and their common sense to these portentous illusions. The Knight of Cervantes never abandoned himself to delicious musings on the faded glories of chivalry, more madly than these sentimentalists to visions of mediæval excellence. It is in vain to reason with them : if we speak of the veriest mummeries of that period, it will be said, ‘but what a deep feeling of faith’ accompanied these seeming follies ! Nay, if we were to speak of the very crimes of those ages, we verily believe that many would exclaim—‘but with what simplicity of mind they were committed !’

We cordially pity the man who is so unimaginative, that he cannot sympathize with all that is poetical and picturesque in the Middle Ages, or enjoy the pleasant fictions which may be founded on them ; but we pity *him* far more, whose imagination leads him to forget the real in the ideal, and who would fain invite back the ignorance, superstition, tyranny, and priestcraft of the past, because of the beauties of Gothic arches, and church music. The antiquary dilates in rapture on the half-filled moat and the crumbling portcullis, but he is not quite fool enough to wish for the restoration of that feudal vassalage and tyranny, of which they are the memorials. The noble owner can admire those mouldering ruins in a remote nook of his domain, which mark the site of the Gothic towers of his feudal ancestors, and love to show them to his visitors, but he would not much relish the fitting them up for present residence.

‘ Here while our squire the modern part possess’d,
His partial eye upon the old would rest ;
That best his *comforts* gave—this sooth’d his feelings best.’

In fact, however, we are so little afraid of any wholesale restoration of the past by *dilettanti* enthusiasts, that we are convinced they would be the first to shrink from it, could it be recalled. Little accustomed to analyse their own emotions, they are ignorant that their sensitive fancy, which now luxuriates amidst the images of self-created beauty, would recoil with corresponding loathing from the actual deformities of the reality. They hate the present, principally because it is the present; and love the past, because it is the past: if the past could be made the present, their feelings would quickly change.

Of all this we have pretty good proof in the entire absence of any thing like *real* sacrifices on the part of these fond enthusiasts. Though, in truth, no more members of the English church than they are Muezzins of the grand Mosque, they cannot prevail on themselves to give up fellowships or livings for conscience' sake. The author of the life of 'Stephen Harding, Founder of the Cistercian Order,' commences with a sort of whining lamentation, that 'we cannot give up all for Christ, if we would; and while other portions of the Church can suffer for His sake, we must find our cross in sitting still, to watch in patience the struggle which is going on about us.' If we may believe these men, they envy the privations of ancient solitaries, and sigh for the sufferings of ancient confessors. Now, why cannot they 'suffer,' except for the very sufficient reason, that they do not *like* suffering? For any thing we can see, they can at least surrender the emoluments of the church in which they are giving so much scandal; can give honest effect to their convictions, by acknowledging allegiance to the Church of Rome; if they so please, can even build log-huts with their own hands, live in woods, and play all the pranks of asceticism, as well as any of their spiritual ancestors. But with all their admiration of martyrs and martyrdom, we never knew men more ignominiously exempt from the martyr spirit. They seem to be of Uncle Toby's opinion, as expressed before the tomb of St Maxima, (who, it seems, had been buried two centuries before her canonization,)—" 'Tis but a slow rise, brother Toby,' quoth my father, 'in this self-same army of martyrs.' 'A desperate slow one, an' please your honour,' said Trim, 'unless one could purchase.' 'I should rather sell out entirely,' quoth my uncle Toby.

We would forewarn the young and the ardent, that they will no more be likely to attain a correct view of mediæval religion from such publications as the *Lives of the Saints*, than they will gain a knowledge of history by reading romances. It is possible to relate even *facts* in such a way as to produce all the effects of fiction, by habitual suppression of *other facts* vitally

related to them, and essential to any just inferences from them. It is easy to draw elegant pictures of quiet monastic solitudes in the depth of forests, and romantic hermitages on mountain cliffs; to make sweet music of the matin and the vesper-bells; to vary and vivify the scene with processions and pilgrimages; to strew the page which describes them with flowers of rhetoric and pious sentimentalities; and to diffuse over the whole the awe of a 'Divine presence,' and its attendant miracles. But if the reader would attain a fuller and a more accurate knowledge, he must consult some of the living pictures drawn by contemporaneous hands, and these, we will venture to say, will quickly dispel the illusion. One document of this kind, easily obtained, very brief, and deeply instructive, we have much pleasure in recommending to their attention. We refer to the *Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda*, originally printed in the valuable publications of the 'Camden Society;' of which a well-executed translation, in a very cheap form, has been published, under the title, 'Monastic and Social Life in the Twelfth Century, as exemplified in the Chronicles of Jocelin of Brakelond, Monk of St Edmundsbury, from A.D. 1173 to A.D. 1202.' Abbot Sampson, the hero of the *Chronicles*, was, in his way, a reformer of the abuses of his monastery, and, so far as regards its revenues and economy, a very effective one; but, though it is obvious that the writer is partial and lenient—in fact, a panegyrist, rather than an historian—and though he evidently conceals the more gross abuses which this Luther of the Middle Ages was to reform, there is absolutely nothing, even after those reforms are effected, which brings the narrative within a thousand leagues of the sympathies and sentiments of any man familiar with the pages of the New Testament. It is difficult to conceive, without reading the work, the totally foreign air which every thing wears. In relating the transactions of one of the wealthiest and most powerful religious houses in Christendom, there is scarcely an approach, however transient or incidental, to a Christian truth, or a Christian sentiment. The very name of the blessed Founder of Christianity does not once occur; and Scripture, though often cited, is constantly cited in some eccentric, often absolutely grotesque, application. 'Through-out the whole of Jocelin's Chronicle,' says the translator, in his Preface, 'the name of our Saviour is never once mentioned; God and St Edmund, and the Abbot and St Edmund, are phrases of common occurrence: indeed nothing short of a narrative of this description could fully develop the depravation of the Christian religion by the means of saint worship.'

Mr Carlyle, in his 'Past and Present,' speaking of Abbot Sampson, remarks, that he was 'no sham'—and so far forth as

he was a man deeply in earnest in increasing the wealth and power of his monastery, and in asserting its secular privileges, he certainly was none; but of the *religious* system with which he stood connected, and part of which he administered, we must profess our unfeigned belief, that a more thorough 'sham' the sun never shone upon.

We have expressed our conviction that the attempts to resuscitate the effete system of the Middle Ages, to renew its decrepit superstitions, must be futile. It by no means, follows however, that the efforts of the party whose original principles have legitimately led to these extreme views, can be safely neglected. They have done much mischief; and are daily doing more. In spite of the present symptoms of disorganization—in spite of a certain amount of reaction, they are still exerting a most pernicious influence. It is undeniable that their principles have taken a strong hold on the clergy, particularly the younger part of the body, and through them on thousands of the people. During the ten years in which those principles have been promulgated, an entire generation of the clergy have passed from the halls of the university to the scenes of active life, where they are, in different ways, endeavouring to realize their 'Catholic ideal.' Even if Dr Pusey and Mr Newman stand rebuked for extravagance, or have been visited with censure, they have in a good measure effected their object. They will survive in their disciples; the flower will not have faded till the capsule shall have burst, and scattered its deleterious dust to every wind of heaven.

It is impossible adequately to describe the various distractions with which the Oxford School has managed to tear the church and nation in pieces, in its Quixotic search for Catholic unity. Not a few, as we have seen, openly declare for a surrender to Rome, though they are still members of the English church, and avowedly explain away the Articles to which they have solemnly sworn assent. By many more, who do not go quite so far, we find the more pernicious parts of the Romish system eagerly insisted upon—for example, clerical celibacy, monastic institutions, and the practices of a paltry asceticism.* A still greater number are busy in introducing superstitious innovations into public worship,

* It is true, indeed, that from that absence of the heroic spirit of which we have already spoken, these last practices are of a very moderate kind—humble imitations, at which the ancient heroes of asceticism would have smiled in contempt even in their noviciate. Mr Froude records that he was never so confirmed in celestial virtue as to be absolutely impregnable to the temptations of 'roast goose and buttered toast.'

which fully proclaim the Romanist tendency of the system. There are many whose consciences are so tender, that they *must* act in compliance with every obsolete rubric; and yet so accommodating, that they can approve of all the latitude of Tract No. 90; and there are as many more who are zealous for rites and symbols which no rubric sanctions. Amidst crosses, crucifixes, triangles, anchors, doves, fishes, and garlands, theology promises, like algebra, to be entirely a science of symbols; but, unlike algebra, to have nothing to do with demonstration. Then there are controversies as insignificant as the quadragesiman, carried on with all the bitterness of those which originated in the Arian or Pelagian heresies. There is the great 'surplice' question, in which it is disputed whether white or black be the most orthodox colour to preach in; there is the great 'wax-candle' question, which again is divided into two momentous branches—first, whether there shall be lights at all, and secondly, whether they shall be lighted. To these may be added the great 'offertory' question, and the equally momentous 'pew and gallery' question.

Nor are the results of the present movement, to the extent in which they may prevail, more degrading to enlightened piety, than they are destructive of all mutual charity. Within the Church, it leads to all sorts of unseemly squabbles between bishops and priests, and between priests and their congregations; without the Church, to the exhibition of principles and conduct absolutely fatal, if fairly carried out, to social unity. Not only are there instances of maidens sent unmarried from the altar, because bride or bridegroom is found to be not baptismally regenerated—not only are alliances advised to be broken off, though hearts may be broken at the same time, because one of the parties is only a Christian and not a churchman—not only is innocent childhood refused a place in consecrated earth, because it has never been sprinkled with the waters of life, by the only fingers that can insure them vitality—not only is the repose of the sepulchre invaded, and humanity itself insulted, under the name of scruples of conscience—not only may we sometimes hear bigotry opposing a project of a public cemetery, because, horrible incongruity! an orthodox corpse and a schismatical corpse may perchance lie side by side—but we have read pamphlets systematically advocating principles which would involve the complete disruption of all social ties. Kindred in spirit with these polemical inanities is the more dangerous nonsense of a widely diffused popular literature, in which the worst animosities of the past are revived, only to aggravate the worst animosities of the present; and in which it is hard to say whether the perversions of historic truth, or the violations of common charity, are the most extravagant. Lastly, in the

'ballads' of such men as Mr Neale, that worthy Pindar of Puseyism, we find a bigotry of which contempt itself could say nothing more bitter, than that it is perfectly worthy of the doggerel which embodies it.

That there must be some curious oppugnancies in the public documents and formularies of the Church of England, may be inferred, not only from the circumstances under which the church was founded, and the delicate difficulties which required adjustment, but from the present extraordinary diversities which are discovered within her pale. If, however, the articles and formularies will really warrant all who are now in the church to *continue* in it—the men who denounce 'church principles' as fatal corruptions, and those who defend them as vital truths—those who affirm that the Reformation was a great blessing, and those who, with Mr Ward, think it was a great crime—those who have sworn to certain articles in two opposite senses, and some, it appears, who aver that they assent to them in a 'non-natural sense'—that is, no sense at all—all that can be said is, that the articles are indeed 'articles of comprehension,' (to use a favourite phrase of the seventeenth century,) but assuredly they are not 'comprehensible.'

In what way men in the peculiar predicament of Mr Ward, Mr Newman, and many others, ought to be treated by the authorities of the Church, it does not become us to say. We gladly leave it to the consideration of those whom it concerns.* The author

* The Archbishop of Dublin, lamenting the want of all internal government in the church, and scandalized at the 'dangerous, disgraceful, and ruinous' spectacle, of men subscribing to the same documents in different senses, and in no determinate sense at all; charging each other with being 'unsound churchmen,' and reciprocally desiring each other to leave the Anglican communion, loudly calls for a *Convocation*. The Bishop of Ossory, on the score of expediency, as loudly deprecates it. In the present excited state of parties, he fears that it would be rather a struggle for ascendancy than a remedy for strife. He looks in vain for some *Æolus* who shall appease the anger of the *luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras* of present controversy.

'*Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis
Circum claustra fremunt*'—

and as he listens to the ominous mutterings even of their imprisoned wrath, he feels that such an aperture for their outbreak as a Convocation would afford, would involve every thing in ungovernable uproar. It must be confessed that his terrors are by no means chimerical; that, in the present temper of parties, 'any thing like a calm consideration and satisfactory settlement of religious differences,' is out of the ques-

of the oft-cited article in the *Foreign and Colonial Review*, has touched on this subject, and his mode of reasoning is most extraordinary. 'What course,' he asks, 'will be pursued, what course ought to be pursued, towards those propagators of Catholic tenets and usages, who do not scruple to denounce Protestantism as a principle of unmixed evil, . . . who do not dissemble that, in their view, Rome, if not a true normal pattern of Christianity, is yet the best existing standard, and one to which we ought to seek to conform?'—(Pp. 594, 5.) Strange to say, he not merely thinks the authorities of the Church excusable in 'permitting their continuance' in it, but urges the malecontents themselves to remain. And the castuistry by which he supports it is not a little curious. He feels 'confident that their position in the Church of England is securely stayed upon the great Catholic principle of allegiance to her, as the ordinance of God for the government of their souls (!); that they reject with abhorrence the temptation to apostatize, and that in their case the discharge of the obligation of obedience will not be less, but rather more, resolute, because it entails another duty of crossing and mortifying their own tastes, and in some degree their own affections!' He adds with engaging piety, 'If their frame of mind and opinion, taken together with their circumstances, thus constrain them, by practical tests, to concentrate themselves with few extrinsic supports upon the single and simple will of God, (!) this at least cannot be denied, that they are pupils in a school of perfection.'—(P. 596.) This is, indeed, a view of the case worthy of Tract Ninety itself; perfectly novel and original. If Mr Newman, Dr Pusey, and others, can satisfy their own consciences of the propriety of remaining in the

tion, and that the object would rather be 'to determine which is to be the dominant, and which the subordinate party, if not, which is to remain in the church, and which is to be excluded from it.'

Meantime something ought to be done, and must be done, or equally effectual ruin will visit the Church in another form. The worn-out sophisms by which the clergy have hitherto been satisfied to defend Subscription; by which they have maintained that they are consistent in believing inconsistencies; that they receive, 'in the plain grammatical meaning,' things, some or other of which, *all* of them explain away in a 'non-natural sense;' and that they believe, *ex animo*, what they do not believe at all—cannot be any longer tolerated. The very flagrancy of such conduct as that vindicated in Tract 90, and consistently exemplified by Mr Ward, has tended to disclose the full enormities of the system, and to show the perils to public faith, morality, and decency which it involves.

Church, all we can do is to wonder at it. 'To their own master 'they stand or fall;' but to *urge* them to remain in a community in which their acts and opinions have given universal scandal—with whose articles and formularies sundry of their writings (not one of which has been retracted, but every one of which has been defended) have been condemned by competent authority as hopelessly inconsistent—in which Protestants and Romanists alike tell them that they cannot remain with honour, and implore them, if only for public decency's sake, either to retract, if they can, or to separate, if they cannot—to urge such men, we say, to remain, and on the ground that they are thereby 'mortifying and 'crossing their tastes,' that is, mortifying and crossing their convictions that the Romish and not the English church is the true exponent of Catholic Christianity—is indeed an extraordinary piece of jesuitry. It sounds in our ears almost as if one were to advise a man to mortify the inordinate love of truth by now and then telling a falsehood; or to crucify a passion for extreme sobriety, by throwing in the corrective of occasional intoxication. This is indeed a new species of spiritual discipline, by which a sensitive conscientiousness may be repressed, and individual convictions of truth stifled, in obedience to the will of God! We hope that this new asceticism will not spread, and that Mr Newman and Mr Ward, and their friends, may long be the only 'pupils in this new school of perfection.'

Mr Gladstone, if he be the author of the Article alluded to, must be acquitted of all evil intention; but we do not think the sentiments, however piously expressed, otherwise than most pernicious. This gentleman has had so much to say of that curious thing, a 'state conscience'—of the existence of which as a real entity, he seems to be as fully persuaded as was an ancient Realist of universal ideas—that he is too apt to forget the claims of the individual in the community; and sadly to abate what we cannot but think the sacred claims of the only Oracle to which man, in the last resort, can safely listen. His laxity in this respect we had occasion to remark, in connexion with a passage in his *Church Principles*, in which he sanctions the individual in acquiescing in doctrines and practices which the church enjoins, though his conscience may suspect or believe them wrong. For our parts, we want words to express our abhorrence of this doctrine. The only secure principle is that of Luther, as so energetically expressed before the Diet of Worms—'It is not safe to do any thing against 'conscience;' or that of a greater than Luther—'To him that 'doubteth,' an act 'is sin.' Once abandon—once loosen this keystone of practical morals, and the whole arch will fall in.

Whatever the repugnancies between some parts of the formu-

laries of the English church—and no candid mind can deny them—as little can such a mind deny that its prevailing spirit is essentially Protestant. It is so in its Articles—in any but Mr Ward's 'non-natural sense' of them; and throughout almost the whole Book of Homilies, it is even fiercely Protestant. Nay, of the fact of its Protestantism, its very existence as a *separate* church—made what it is by men, many of whom would have gone further if they could, many of whom would not have gone so far, and none of whom had any reason for doing the one or the other, except their 'private judgment'—is, and ever will be, an unanswerable argument. The writer, indeed, on whom we have commented, tells us, that 'they [the Reformers] are 'not authors or builders of the Church; they are men whose 'honour, be it what it may, must arise wholly from this, that 'they handed down, in better disclosed proportions, that which 'had been handed down to them.' * But then, what determined the measure of their 'disclosures,' and their notion of the said 'proportions,' but their own judgment? As well might an ancient Greek have denied that Phidias was the fabricator of the statue of Jupiter, on the ground that he only chiseled out, 'in well-disclosed proportions,' what had previously existed in the marble.

At the same time, it must be admitted, that the founders of the Church of England—for so we must call them—frequently indulged in language respecting the authority of the Fathers, antiquity, and tradition, which gives but too plausible a handle to the divines of the Oxford School;—language which was in fact inconsistent with what they were at the very moment doing. It is certain that they were as far from adopting, either in its letter or spirit, the model of the church of the fourth century—the church of Chrysostom, Ambrose, Jerome, or Basil—as that of Luther; and yet they profess to be solicitous to follow the pattern of the 'ancient church,' and glibly appeal to the above Fathers of the fourth century among the rest! To account for the misquotations, false references, and irrelevant extracts, with which the 'Book of Homilies' abounds, Mr Taylor propounds an ingenious theory, which we have no doubt has some truth in it.† He conjectures that the Reformers, having read the Fathers in early life, very often cited the passages which would most plausibly countenance their doctrines in the hour of need, from their commonplace books, without a special reperusal of the originals, or much solicitude to examine the drift and connexion of passages.

* *Foreign Quarterly*, Oct. 1843, p. 577.

† *Ancient Christianity*.

That there is some truth in this we have no doubt ; indeed, it is not possible to attempt to verify the citations of the much more accurate controvertists of the next century—for example, Jeremy Taylor or Hall—without discovering, to our cost, in what a very loose way they often quoted the Fathers, and how much may be produced to confront such quotations, often even from the immediate context. But this is by no means the whole of the mystery. The simple fact is, that the Fathers contain insulated passages, which may be cited, with the utmost degree of plausibility, on both sides—the earlier ones yielding a greater number for Protestants, and the later for Romanists ; and though we firmly believe that upon the whole—especially if we go as far as the end of the fourth century—the Romanists will ever have the best of the argument in this precarious appeal to Patristic authority, there are unquestionably insulated passages, not a few, which will enable a Protestant to give some probable colouring to his views. These passages are of course more numerous the further we go back, and gradually desert us as we advance. Still the great ‘development’ or ‘corruption’ (whichever it be called) was continuous ; and the contest may be maintained by both sides at each point of this long frontier. Those gradual changes were from the very first in progress, which issued in what we call the gross delusions of the fourth century ; but which the Oxford divines would call the mature and full-blown system of Christianity. ‘If, in the beginning,’ as Gibbon truly observes, ‘of the fifth century, Tertullian or Lactantius had been suddenly raised from the dead, to assist at the festival of some popular saint or martyr ; they would have gazed with astonishment and indignation on the profane spectacle, which had succeeded to the pure and spiritual worship of a Christian congregation.’ It is nevertheless quite as true, that in the age of Tertullian and Cyprian, the church was lavishing those exaggerated honours on martyrs and confessors, which naturally and successively paved the way for the superstitious worship of saints and veneration of relics. The ratio of change was not greater between the beginning of the third century and the end of the fourth, than between the end of the first and the middle of the third ; and the change was continuous all the way.

The present conflict of opinion must terminate either in a vigorous reaction—the symptoms of which we think we can already see—which will give the doctrines and principles of the Reformation a revived hold on the public mind, and the Biblical and Protestant elements in the Church of England their legitimate expansion ; or we shall be led back, step by step, to the darkness and superstitions of the Middle Ages. The ground of ‘church

'principles'—of authoritative tradition, of the Fathers, of antiquity—is seen, by the progress of the Oxford school itself, and its present distractions, to be the most untenable of all; indeed, the whole theory is, and can be, only an indefinitely enlarged appeal to the exercise of 'private judgment,' conjoined with the pleasant condition that there shall be none; and an infallible method of multiplying diversities of opinion, with an assertion at the same time of the absolute necessity of Catholic unity.

We may confidently predict in what way the conflict will terminate, of which indeed it were almost treason to truth to entertain a doubt. Nor is it unfair, if we consult history, to draw even from the very extravagance of the pretensions and theories on which we have commented, an omen of brighter days. Many of the most memorable advances which the human mind has ever made in the direction of truth and freedom, have been made after a period of apparent retrocession; as if error and delusion must attain a certain degree of intensity, and be presented with a certain measure of grossness, before the indolence of the human mind can be adequately roused to vindicate its rights, and with these the claims of truth and of God. The darkest hour has ever preceded the dawn. It was the last insufferable insult of a Tetzels that roused the energies of Luther, and led to the Reformation. It was the attempt to neutralize concessions which had been already granted, that sealed the fate of the first Charles. It was the retrograde movement of James the Second that secured the Revolution. In like manner we predict, that the very progress of high church principles will precipitate their doom, by rousing the human mind, after a period of temporary delusion, to re-examine them. The present retrogression is but the recoil with which truth is preparing herself for a more energetic spring. It is the reflux, not of the ebbing, but of the advancing wave.

ART. II.—*The Life, Voyages, and Exploits of Admiral Sir Francis Drake, Knight.* By JOHN BARROW, Esq. 8vo. London: 1843.

THERE are some historical figures which seem to gain, and others to lose, in dignity and importance, when the achievements by which they have acquired a right to remembrance are collected from the pages of general history, into the form of biographical narrative. To the last class belong many of the favourites of fortune, and of those whose reputation is more owing to the happy conjunctures which brought out their energies, than to talent of that order which makes a way for itself; those, also, who are signalized by great but irregular actions, standing prominently forth in the course of an unequal life. The first comprehends especially those whose lives present marked features of unity of purpose and steadiness of action—whose performances are not merely great as insulated facts, but as developments of character—the men who abide in remembrance as substantive personages, not as mere names which serve as an index to the several interesting occurrences with which they are connected: Such a man, in an eminent degree, was the old maritime hero, whose life forms the subject of the interesting and instructive volume with which Mr Barrow has enriched our biographical literature.

The name of Drake is familiar enough to our imaginations in conjunction with many memorable accidents of his position—as the earliest of English sea-captains—the first freebooter who showed the way to the ‘treasure-house of the Indies’—the first circumnavigator of the globe—the conqueror of the Armada. But it is not until we have read his personal history that we are aware how much he really performed and underwent, and how much more he discovered and indicated to others—how much he influenced, in his own turn, that prevailing spirit of his age which made him what he was—and what a complete heroic narrative, in its degree, his career presents, when its circumstances are brought before the reader in continuous story.

As long as the old bucaniering spirit survived, Drake’s life was a popular manual with all who took an interest in exploits of that character—in whose estimation he ranked as a superior kind of Captain Morgan or Blackbeard. His early adventures on the Spanish Main and Islands, when those regions, as yet untouched and defenceless, were ransacked by his handfuls of men, as they had been by Cortez and Pizarro, were the favourite portion of the narrative, and remained longest part of our popular

literature. The original authority for great part of these, was the curious old tract entitled, 'Sir Francis Drake revived—calling 'upon a dull and effeminate age to follow his noble steps for gold 'and silver'—published by his nephew in 1626, and copied, with more or less variation, into all the early compilations of voyages. It was even versified by Davenant, in one of his most trumpery operas, which is only curious as having been acted by an evasion of the law before the Restoration. Another principal source, is the relation of his voyage round the world, entitled the 'World Encompassed,'—also compiled by his nephew—seemingly in great measure from materials afforded by the Admiral himself;—especially if we are to judge by the test by which Dugald Dalgetty ascertained the identity of the Earl of Argyle, viz., that no one else would have spoken so well of him—for some important circumstances and transactions are evidently coloured in a remarkable manner. Most of the romantic history of Drake, if such we may call it, is to be found in these two publications; but, in process of time, the romance of bucaniering went out of date, and, though that of maritime discovery remains always popular, yet the story of the 'Golden Hind,' and her fortunes, was superseded by newer and more exciting narratives of sea-adventure. Sir Francis Drake, therefore, gradually shared the fate which ultimately befalls most mere men of action, and retired from the catalogue of popular heroes into that of bare names appended to great events. The last popular Memoir of his life, in as far as we are aware, is that written by Dr Johnson for the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' which presents nothing of particular importance, except that parts of it are well written, in the sage's nearest approach to an ordinary style. Among the critical and antiquarian writers who have resuscitated the old hero in modern times, he who has performed the task with the greatest love and zeal is Dr Southey; who has devoted many chapters to him in his 'Maritime History of England.' Allowing something for the sermonizing fashion in which the late Laureate was apt to treat all events and personages, he has done full justice to his materials; and not the least interesting part of his account of Drake's expeditions consists in his selections from Spanish authorities; which show how completely England and Drake were identified in the imagination of the enemies whom he fought, and bring his figure into bold relief from among the multitude of brother warriors who were engaged in the same illustrious service with himself. But the present author has added a new feature to the portrait of Drake, and which was wanting to its completion, by bringing together, from the national archives, many of his despatches and other writings, when employed in the public service. Some of these, it is true,

have been printed before—a fact which Mr Barrow should have mentioned ; but the bulk of them are wholly new to the public. We shall have occasion to refer frequently to these documents, not only on account of the facts which they disclose, but from the light which they throw on the character of the writer.

Drake was born on the borders of Devonshire and Cornwall, near Tavistock, in a cottage which remained entire until within the last thirty or forty years. The common account of his birth and parentage has been disputed, apparently from mere love of dispute. According to that account, his father was forced to fly his home shortly after the birth of his eminent son, (who was one of nine brothers,) in the persecution of the ‘ Six Articles.’ It is added that he settled at Upnore, on the Medway, in Kent, where he ‘ got a place among the seamen in the King’s navy, to ‘ read prayers to them.’ Whether he was in orders before his removal from Devonshire, does not appear. To this story, (which Camden says he had from Drake himself,) Mr Barrow takes two objections : The first, (following, as he says, ‘ the able editors ‘ of the *Biographia Britannica*,’) that ‘ if Drake was in his ‘ tender years, or childhood, when his father was persecuted on ‘ the score of the Six Articles, he must have been born a good ‘ while before the year 1539,’ (which appears from other evidence to have been that of his birth :) the other, that ‘ there is not ‘ now, nor ever was, either church or chapel at Upnore, but a ‘ small castle was built there to protect the anchorage.’ ‘ These ‘ points,’ he adds, ‘ are of no further importance than as matters ‘ of fact.’ Now, to biographers, such matters ought to be of some consequence, however lightly others may esteem them ; and therefore we conceive that the censure, *tantum rem tam negliger*, applies to Mr Barrow, when, having taken some pains to show that others were wrong, he does not take a little more to set himself right. The Six Articles’ Act, ‘ for abolishing diversity ‘ of opinion in certain articles,’ &c., was passed in the very year of Drake’s birth, 1539 ; and the persecution under it was hottest in 1545 and 1546, the two last years of Henry VIII.’s life, which accords perfectly well with the received story. And although it is true that Upnore is not a parish, and therefore that the term vicar is incorrect, yet since Queen Elizabeth built and garrisoned a fort there, in the first year of her reign, as a station of importance to command the anchorage, it is surely in accordance with the custom of the age to suppose that a chaplain formed part of the establishment.

At all events, the education which Drake must have received at home, is very strong presumptive proof that his father was of a learned profession, and not a Devonshire yeoman, as some scep-

tics insist. One of a large and poor family, thrust into the merchant service when a mere child, he can have had no opportunity out of the domestic circle for the study of letters. Yet we find him mentioned not only as being remarkable for eloquence—‘speaking much and arrogantly, but well,’ according to Sir William Monson—but, what is more, unusually expert in the use of the pen. The book before us derives, as we have before stated, much of its value from the letters and despatches which Mr Barrow has printed—some of them from the manuscript collections of the State Paper Office. Until these appeared, we are not aware that any compositions by Drake had been made public; with the exception of one well known and spirited letter on the defeat of the Armada, to be found in Stowe. They are, in many points of view, remarkable performances. Careless and hasty, they are nevertheless above the average style of those days, especially that of men of business and action. They will not, indeed, bear comparison in this respect with those of Essex; but they are decidedly above those of most of his associates—of Lord Howard of Effingham, for instance, or Lord Thomas Seymour, his fellow-commanders against the Armada;—we might almost add, above those of Burleigh or Walsingham. But they possess a merit exceeding that of mere style, in the remarkable spirit and fire which animate them throughout. He evidently wrote, as he spoke, readily, and not without ostentation: his letters have nothing of maritime laconism—nothing of the ‘taken or sunk as per margin.’ ‘He was,’ as Dr Lingard satirically observes, ‘a good hand at making up a bulletin.’ He dwells with much complacency on his own performances; but it is that frank and open humour of vain-glory, which seems almost graceful in the mouths of those who have approved themselves able to do greater things than they vaunt of.

Drake’s fortune commenced, humbly enough, with the acquisition of a little coasting Bark, left him by its master, to whom he had been put apprentice. How early he became acquainted with the coasts of the Spanish Main, where he was to lay the foundation of his fame and wealth, does not appear; but before the voyage, called his first, in the ordinary compilations—that with Hawkins in 1567, he had been once if not twice in those quarters. The particulars of these expeditions are, however, unknown. The chief part of Hawkins’s cargo consisted of negro slaves caught in Africa, and carried for sale to the Spanish Main. ‘So far was this traffic then considered from being infamous, that every encouragement was given to it by Queen Elizabeth, who took Hawkins into her service, made him paymaster of the navy, and, to mark her sense of obligation and favour, gave

‘him a coat of arms, whose crest was a demi-Moor, properly coloured, bound by a cord.’ Mr Barrow thinks that ‘the unsophisticated mind of young Drake must have seen the slave-trade with abhorrence; for, through the whole course of his future life, he had no concern in this kind of traffic.’ So a partial biographer may reason; but ordinary readers will hardly think that Drake gave much evidence of any scrupulousness beyond his age; and in his later voyages he had much higher game to fly at. However this may be, it was this very slave-trade—as if it were in a peculiar manner accursed from its commencement—which proved the immediate occasion of the desolating war between Elizabeth and Philip; as it a second time embroiled England and Spain in the reign of George II. Hawkins carried his slaves to the Spanish Main, and sold them there, trading under the protection of a treaty between Henry VIII. and Charles V. At Rio de la Hacha, where there seems to have been some grudge against the English, he found his trade prohibited. He forthwith stormed the town; and, having read this lesson to the authorities, proceeded to carry on his business with the inhabitants; which, reading opium for negroes, and Chinese for Spaniards, seems not unlike the history of transactions of recent years. This proceeding was not altogether relished by the Spaniards. Hawkins continued to profess his desire of a free trade; but the Viceroy of Mexico, having entrapped the squadron into the port of San Juan de Ulloa by means of a sealed agreement, attacked it, burnt or destroyed most of the ships, massacred great numbers of the men, captured others, and utterly ruined the hopes of the adventurers.

No one can doubt that Hawkins and his party had been guilty of a gross violation of national law, and that the Spaniards had a just right to seize and punish them. Unhappily, in that atrocious code of public morals which Spain then adopted, the fact of their being pirates, and still more of their being *heretics*, justified not only violence, but the grossest treachery, towards them. The Spanish account of the transaction gives a still blacker dye to the falsehood by which the Viceroy Henriquez decoyed the English, and boasts of it, as good service to God and the State. The prisoners were frightfully tortured—less, as it should seem, to make them discover the ulterior designs of the expedition, than in the spirit of sheer cruelty. And when revenge and national hatred had done their worst, the Inquisition added its unutterable barbarities. Two of Hawkins’s seamen were burnt alive at Mexico; one at Seville.

It is no wonder that the recital of such horrors stirred up an English and Protestant feeling throughout the kingdom of Eliza-

beth. Probably the Bull of deposition itself, which issued against the Queen just at the same period, excited less of deep abhorrence against the Pope's Spanish allies, than the cruelties exercised by that merciless people against the poor sailors who fell into their hands. Piracy became not only lawful, but as honourable as in the days of Telemachus, when exercised against so hateful an enemy. It should seem that Drake lost the greater part of the little he had to lose, in this unfortunate enterprise. Smarting under this infliction, he took the resolution, which he long afterwards recorded with pride, to right himself, by his own hand, on the King of Spain and his people. His determination is thus reported by his nephew, in the 'Introduction to Sir Francis Drake's third voyage to the West Indies'—really, as Mr Barrow remarks, his fifth or sixth.

'As there is a general vengeance which secretlie pursueth the doers of wrong, and suffereth them not to prosper, albeit no man of purpose impeach them; soe there is a particular indignation ingrafted in the bosome of all that are wronged, which ceaseth not seeking by all meanes possible to redresse or remedie the wrong received, in so much that these great and mighty men, in whom their prosperous estate hath bredde such an overweening of themselves that they do not onlie wronge their inferiours, but despise them, being injured, seeme to take a verie unfit course for their own safety, and farre unfitter for their rest. For as Æsop teacheth, even ye fly hath her sphere, and the emmet is not without her choller; and both together many tymes finde meanes, whereby though the eagle lay her eggs in Jupiter's lappe, yet by one way or other she escapeth not requital of her wrong done to the emmet.

'Among the manifold examples hereof which former ages have committed to memorie, or our tyme yealded to sight, I suppose there hath not bin any more notable than this in hand, either in respect of the greatness of the person by whom the first injurie was offered, or the meaneness of him who righteth himself; the one being (in his own conceit) the mightiest monarch of all the world, the other an English captaine, a meane subject of her Majesties, who, (besides the wrongs received at Rio da Hacha with Captaine John Lovell in the years 65 and 66 :) having been grievously indamaged at St John de Ulloa in the Bay of Mexico with Captaine John Hawkins in the years 67 and 68; not only in the losse of his goods of some value, but also of his kinmen and friends, and that by the falsehood of Don Martin Henriquez, then the Vice Roy of Mexico, and finding that no recompense could be recovered out of Spaine by any of his owne meanes, or by her Majesties letters, he used such help as he might by two severall voyages into the West Indies; the first with two ships, the one called the Dragon, the other the Swanne, in the yeare 71, to gaine such intelligence as might farther him to get some amende for his losse; and having in these two voyages gotten such certaine notice of the persons and places aymed at, as he thought requisite, and thereupon with good deliberation resolved on a

third voyage, (the description whereof wee have now in hand,) he accordingly prepared his ships and companie, and then taking the first opportunity of a goode winde had such successe in his proceedings as now follows farther to be declared.'

The narrative of this famous voyage (1572-3) long remained the most popular of the many stories of Drake's exploits. He set sail with one bark of seventy tons, and another of twenty-five, to make war on the Spanish Empire. He scoured the whole coast of Terra Firma and Mexico. He took Nombre de Dios and Vera Cruz, (at that time the depots of the treasure brought from Peru, as Portobello and Panama were in later times,) and captured vessels without number. He crossed the Isthmus of Darien, and was the first Englishman who saw the Pacific; which, with less of bravado, but more of real energy, than its romantic Spanish discoverer, Balboa, he then determined to explore. The demeanour of the two adventurers might serve as a symbol of the destinies of their respective nations. Balboa 'walked up to his middle in the water, in the presence of many Indians and Spaniards, with his sword and target, and called upon them to bear testimony that he took possession of the South Sea, and all which appertained to it, for the King of Castile and Leon.' Drake, says Camden, 'was so vehemently transported with desire to navigate that sea, that falling down there on his knees, he implored the Divine assistance that he might, at some time or other, sail thither, and make a perfect discovery of the same; and hereunto he bound himself with a vow. From that time forward, his mind was pricked on continually, night and day, to perform this vow.' He saw, though he could not carry off, the mass of gold and silver collected at Nombre de Dios—that arch-treasure of which so many fables were reported:—'A vast heap of silver in the lower room, consisting of bars of silver, piled up against the wall, as nearly as they could guess, seventy feet in length, ten in breadth, and twelve in height, each bar between thirty-five and forty pounds weight.' If this eye measurement of silver be nearly the truth, says Mr Barrow, the heap must have been about the value of a million sterling. But he brought to England treasure enough to satisfy the boldest avarice—spices, silks, pearls, bars and wedges of gold. *Soli Deo Gloria*, adds the Chronicler of the expedition. Thus, in the less edifying language of Mazeppa—

Time at last sets all things even :
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.'

Drake had not only acquired vengeance and wealth for himself; he had opened a road for thousands of spirits as daring as his own. He had shown them the real El Dorado. As he told his men at Nombre de Dios, 'he had now brought them to the 'mouth of the treasure-house of the world; which, if they did 'not gain, none but themselves were to be blamed.'

Drake was a Cornishman, or next door to it. There is a vein of imagination which runs through the character of that old Celtic race;—not, however, poetic imagination, for Cornwall has not a single poetical tradition, nor ever produced a versifier of a higher order than Peter Pindar; but rather that which displays itself in a warm belief in the marvellous, so often the companion of great and flexible talents; and when so united, enabling its possessor to sway the imaginations of others. Something may be ascribed to the peculiar industry of that corner of the world, in mines and fisheries, which makes every man a speculator, and a dreamer of day-dreams. There is scarcely, we have heard it said, a farmer or tradesman in the west of Cornwall, who has not a most potent belief in two things;—one, that he is heir to some great property, if he could only prove his pedigree; the other, that he will some day or other make his fortune by mining. Sometimes the temperament thus engendered is combined with genius; sometimes with shrewdness and thriftiness: sometimes it runs out into a wild and contagious enthusiasm; and the false Sir William Courtenay, Thom the Cornish prophet, who led the credulous peasants of Kent against the musketry of the soldiers, was only a somewhat extravagant type of a not uncommon class among his countrymen. It is, and always has been, a land of practical visionaries—inventors, projectors, natural philosophers, and founders of sects. In Elizabeth's age of golden dreams, the sanguine disposition of a projector was almost a necessary ingredient in the character of those who were to cut their way to eminence. The adventurer had to create the materials of his own expedition, not to assume the command of a force ready made. In this way the somewhat vaunting and hyperbolical tendency of Drake's disposition, which has been often made a reproach to him, was not only serviceable, but essential to his position. A man of less ostentatious courage might have overrun the Indies, and circumnavigated the world; but could not have called together as easily, and inspired with the like enthusiasm, the spirits who were to be his ministers.

The first follower and victim of Drake's example, was a gallant seaman of the name of Oxenham, of Plymouth. He waited two years after Drake's return, being anxious to accompany him wherever he might lead; but finding that the designs of his chief

were impenetrable, he set out to conquer fortune for himself; anticipated his leader by performing the first English cruise on the South Sea; but, falling into the hands of the Spaniards, was hanged, it must be owned justly, as a pirate.

Drake, meanwhile, was preparing in secret for the fulfilment of his cherished scheme of visiting the shores of the Pacific. But there occurs just at this period a *hiatus* in the accounts of his life, which Mr Barrow has, we must presume, found himself unable to fill up; for certainly the attempt ought to have been made. We know that about 1573, Drake served in Ireland, under the first Devereux, Earl of Essex. But what connexion he had with that nobleman, or what cause led him as a volunteer—for he held at that time no post in the Queen's service—into an engagement so remote from his ordinary pursuits, and which would seem at first sight to interfere so seriously with the prospects of his great undertaking, it seems difficult to conjecture. In the absence of all authentic information, perhaps it may be worth while to have recourse to what we admit to be a very questionable source—the recitals of Thomas Doughty—the officer whom Drake afterwards executed at Port St Julian's, on his voyage round the world—a very noted and mysterious passage in his life. There is, in the British Museum, a fragment of a Manuscript, purporting to contain part of the Evidence adduced against Doughty on that occasion. Strange to say, it has escaped the researches of Mr Barrow, as well as all former writers, though very important towards elucidating that transaction. Doughty's story, according to this Evidence, was, that Drake, after his return from the West Indies, fell under the displeasure of the Crown—a thing exceedingly likely in itself, from the ambiguous policy of Elizabeth at that period, who, still at peace with Spain, professed high disapproval of the piratical proceedings of her subjects—(but Doughty hints darkly at more mysterious causes of disgrace;)—that Drake, in consequence, 'fled into Ireland,' and sought to acquire the protection of Essex, by serving under him until the cloud had passed over; that while in Ireland Drake made acquaintance with him, Doughty, also a volunteer under Essex, and high in his favour;—disclosed to him his scheme for an expedition to the South Sea, and prevailed on him to engage for an advance of £1000 for the purpose; and that, long afterwards, when the Irish service was at an end, Drake called on him unexpectedly at his lodgings in the Temple, and claimed performance of his promise. Doughty goes on to say, that he thereupon mentioned the project to Walsingham, introduced Drake to Hatton and the Council, and laid the foundation of that change of favour with the Queen, which ended in her taking Drake into her service.

Of course this remarkable story labours under a double suspicion. Doughty may have invented it, or the witnesses who speak to his conversations may have misreported it. Yet, in its main outlines (and especially when read, as we have read it, in the details of the original Manuscript) it bears to our minds a semblance of truth, when compared with what we know respecting Doughty from other quarters. At all events, it seems much more probable to us than Mr Barrow's belief, that Drake's sudden appearance and success at court in 1577, was simply owing to Elizabeth being 'apprized of his adventurous expedition and 'success against her bitterest enemy;' with whom at that period she was still at peace. However this may be, the ever-famous voyage commenced in that year was certainly undertaken under her protection.

This was the expedition, commenced with several ships, but accomplished singly by the Pelican, afterwards called the *Golden Hind*, in which Drake passed through the Straits of Magellan, coasted America to the fortieth degree of north latitude—plundering at sea and on the mainland as he passed—discovered that questionable region which the Americans call Oregon, and which the English even now claim by virtue of the title he acquired for them; and thereafter, with his single vessel, deeply laden with treasure, boldly struck out across the Pacific, and returned home by the East Indies and the Cape—having thus achieved the glory of being the first commander who 'turned up a furrow round the circumference of the earth,' and that in a Cock-Boat of 100 tons! It may be true, as Mr Barrow remarks, that a vessel, 'however small her size, with a flush deck, and hatches well battened down, will cross the Atlantic or any other sea with 'safety.' If it were otherwise, not one of the naval worthies of Elizabeth's age would have returned home to recount his adventures. But this insignificant Bark had not only to encounter the dangers of unknown seas, in the infancy of modern navigation, but to run alongside of the stoutest vessels, and dash into the best guarded harbours of the Spanish Indies. And rich as the annals of England are in maritime adventure, not one of her seamen ever surpassed Sir Francis Drake in the daring, coolness, and conduct, displayed in this most memorable undertaking.

We are sorry to notice Mr Barrow's carelessness as to authorities, in this part of the narrative. The popular history of the voyage is to be found in a well-known book, *The World Encompassed*, published by Sir Francis Drake the nephew; 'carefully collected,' as the preface tells us, 'out of the notes of 'Master Francis Fletcher, Preacher in this employment, and 'divers others, his followers in the same.' Besides this book,

Mr Barrow has made good use of a MS. narrative by Francis Fletcher himself,* in the Sloane Collection, in the British Museum. Of this narrative, there is only the first part remaining, transcribed by one John Conyers, 'pharmacoplist, citizen, and 'apothecary of London.' It ends with the arrival of the *Golden Hind* in latitude 38° south, off the coast of Chili. Yet, throughout the rest of the voyage, we find Mr Barrow, in his foot-notes, citing Fletcher's MS. as a *joint* authority for the passages which he has incorporated in his text from the *World Encompassed*. Still more strangely, he copies (p. 139) from this book a passage about the extreme cold experienced by Drake's crew at midsummer, on the coast of California; calling it 'the absurd and 'utterly incredible account of the Rev. Mr Fletcher, of whose 'intellect,' says he, 'some delusion must unquestionably have 'taken possession, or he would not have recorded such nonsense, 'in direct contradiction to the usual ordination of nature, in 'such a latitude, and at such a period of the year: it may, 'therefore, be fearlessly pronounced impossible. But, *as the 'World Encompassed* is avowedly taken from Fletcher's MS., 'it cannot be wondered at that they should be identically the same.' It is a painful alternative; but some delusion must, we fear, have taken possession either of Mr Barrow's intellect, or our own. We cannot find any MS. of Fletcher's at all relating to this part of the voyage, and we do not think that Mr Barrow has found more than ourselves; because, several pages back (p. 123,) he had already spoken of arriving at 'the conclusion of the MS. of Fletcher.' *The World Encompassed* is not avowedly taken from this MS. of Fletcher, as we have seen; nor is it substantially taken from it. They are exceedingly different in many respects; nay, as Mr Barrow himself remarks, even inconsistent. It is rather hard that the poor Preacher should be charged with nonsense not his own. He has sins enough to answer for, as we shall see presently.

In discussing that untoward subject, the execution of Doughty at Port St Julian, above alluded to, Mr Barrow compares the received narrative with that of Fletcher. In the common stories of the voyage, it is represented that Drake made known at this place, that he had long suspected, and finally discovered, a deep-laid scheme of mutiny, planned by Doughty, against his authority and life. The author of the *World Encompassed*

* This MS. had, however, been already referred to, but this is not mentioned by Mr Barrow, in Admiral Burney's *History of Discoveries in the South Seas*.

adds, that Doughty, on being confronted with the evidence of his own declarations, confessed the fact laid to his charge; that he was found guilty by a kind of irregular tribunal, empanelled by Drake, of the officers of his expedition; that the choice was offered him of being brought home to England to take his trial, of being left ashore on a desolate island, or of being forthwith put to death; that he chose the latter; that he received this self-imposed sentence with deep penitence and humility; partook of the communion with Drake himself, in token of mutual forgiveness; was beheaded, and buried close to the remains of a wooden frame, supposed to have been the gibbet whereon Magellan had executed certain mutineers fifty years before, when coasting the same inhospitable island; whence it was called by the Spaniards, 'The Island of True Judgment and Justice.'

Such, no doubt, was the account held orthodox by Drake's personal friends, if not propagated by himself. Fletcher's story is very different indeed, and so singular, as to be worth copying in his own words.

'This bloody Tragedie being ended, another more grievous ensueth. I call it more grievous, because it was among ourselves begun, contrived, and ended; for now Thomas Doughty, our countryman, is called in question, not by giants but by Christians, even ourselves. The original of dislike against him you may read in the storye off the Iland of Cape Verde, upon the coast of Affrick, at the taking of the Portugal prize, by whom he was accused—and for what? But now more dangerous matter, and of greater weight, is layed to his charge, and that by the same persons, namely, for words spoken by him to them, being in England, in the General's garden in Plymouth, long before our departure thence, which had been their parts and duties to have discovered them at that tyme, and not to have concealed them for a tyme and place not so fitting; but how true it was wherewith they charged him upon their oathe, I know not; but he utterly denied it, upon his salvation, at the hour of communicating the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ, at the hour and moment of his death, affirming that he was innocent of such things whereof he was accused, judged, and suffered death for. Of whom I must needs testifye the truth for the good things of God I found in him, in the tyme we were conversant, and especially in the time of his afflictions and trouble, till he yielded up the spirit to God—I doubt not to immortality: he feared God, he loved his Word, and was always desirous to edify others, and conforme himselfe in the faith of Christ. For his qualities, in a man of his tyme, they were rare, and his gifts very excellent for his age—a sweet orator, a pregnant philosopher, a good gift for the Greek tongue, and a reasonable taste for Hebrew; a sufficient secretary to a noble personage of great place, and, in Yorland, an approved soldier, and not behind many in the study of the law for his tyme; and that with it a sufficient argument to prove a good Christian, and of all other things, a most manifest witness of a child of God

to men, that he was delighted in the study, hearing, and practice of the Word of God; daily exercising himself therein by reading, meditating to himself, conferring with others, instructing of the ignorant, as if he had been a minister of Christ, wherein he profitted so much, that long before his death he seemed to be mortified, and to be ravished with the desire of God's kingdom, yea, to be dissolved, and to be with Christ, in whose death so many virtues were cutt off as dropps of blood new shedd—who being dead was buried near the sepulchre of those which went before him, upon whose graves I set up a stone, whereon I engraved their names, the day of their buriall, and the month and the yeare, for a monument to them which shall fall with that place in tyme to come.—(P. 104.)

No wonder that so strange an event, and told with such variations, excited grievous suspicion in England—suspicion which has not been dispelled to the present day. That an officer should be suddenly tried and executed on board a ship, not under the regular control of articles of war, and that on the charge of framing a conspiracy wherein no single individual was charged as partaking, was in itself a very suspicious circumstance; not to mention the other odd peculiarities of the recital—especially the choice said to have been offered to the culprit. Party, moreover, long connected it with the many dark accusations against Leicester. It was insinuated that Doughty was in possession of secrets which made that accomplished villain uneasy; and was, therefore, handed over by him to Drake, to be quietly disposed of, after the precedent of Uriah the Hittite. The report, or the complaints of Doughty's friends in England, even reached the royal ears. Long afterwards, when Carder, a seaman of Drake's ship, who had strayed on the coast of America, reached England, Elizabeth sent for him and questioned him concerning Doughty's death. Dr Johnson and Mr Southey have both laboured zealously to rescue the hero's memory from the terrible stain of foul practice against this unfortunate man. Mr Barrow takes the same view, and compares the case to that of Captain Slidell Mackenzie, of the American ship Somers, when he hanged three of his crew without trial. 'In the necessity of my position,' he said, 'I found my law.' But, as the proverb says, 'necessity has no law—*ergo*, these men were hanged not by any law. He might have had recourse to a court-martial. In Drake's time no such court existed.' The defence, after all, leaves an unsatisfactory impression on the mind; and is ill calculated to efface the interest excited by Fletcher's story in favour of the accomplished and generous victim. But there is, as we have said, evidence behind, of which none of these biographers seem to have been at all aware. We have already alluded to a fragment of a MS. in the Harleian Collection, in the British Museum, containing the Depo-

sitions used on the trial. It has to our eyes the appearance of an original, or copy of rough notes, made on the occasion. On one leaf of it is a list of twenty-nine names, including those of several officers of the expedition, which we strongly suspect to be that of the jury which condemned Doughty. The depositions contain many rash, foolish, and offensive speeches, to say the least of them, uttered by Doughty to different partners in the adventure;—some ‘in a captain’s garden at Plymouth,’ before sailing; others ‘on board the fly-boat,’ (apparently on an occasion, detailed by Fletcher, when Drake had offended Doughty by taking away from him the command of a prize, and putting him into the said ‘fly-boat,’) and at other times. He seems to have talked largely and loosely for his own exaltation, and to the disparagement of the commander. He tells the story of his original connexion with Drake, as we have given it above. He speaks openly, even to common sailors, about his own influence and importance in the expedition;—that he is in reality commissioned with powers, equal to Drake himself, to reward and punish; that he can protect them against Drake’s displeasure; that he can promote whom he pleases, sure of all his appointments being ratified at home; and will ‘make choyse of twelve men who shold carrye the bell away.’ The evidence contains also much idle gossip. Even sorcery plays its part in the charges, according to the fashion of that age, which usually tacked it by way of aggravation to all other crimes whatever. ‘John Doughtie told me and John Deane,’ says a witness, ‘that he and his brother, Thomas Doughtie, could conjure as well as any men; and that they could rayse the devill, and make him to meet any man in the likeness of a beare, a lyon, or a man in harness.’ There is nothing in that portion of these depositions which has been preserved, that directly countenances the charge of conspiracy to mutiny or to murder. They leave it doubtful, after all, whether Drake did or did not exceed the just limits of the duty of self-preservation, in sacrificing a very dangerous inmate for so long and lonely a navigation, fraught with real and imaginary perils; but they place at once out of the question the notion of deliberate and treacherous assassination on the part of Drake, unless we are to adopt the horrible supposition that he packed a host of false witnesses.

But what will the reader say when he is told, that among the informers who retailed these dangerous declarations to the Court, appears the name of Francis Fletcher, the denouncer of spies, the conscientious and intimate friend of the accused—his attendant in his last moments, and his only mourner! Unless there were two of this name in the expedition—and no other than the

Chaplain is any where mentioned—this is a strange complication of the story. Had Fletcher any reason for making a martyr of Doughty after his death, against whom he had himself informed? Had he any quarrel with Drake? We cannot tell. But there is another very odd circumstance mentioned, in another fragment of manuscript Notes on this voyage, also preserved in the Harleian Collection: it has similarly escaped Mr Barrow's enquiries, and it seems to us to have some external marks of authenticity.

'*Mem*: That Drake *excommunicated* Fletcher shortly after we were come off the rock in this manner, viz., he caused him to be made fast by one of the legs, and a staple knocked fast into the hatches in the fore-castle of his ship; he called all the company together, and putt a booke round one of his legs, and Drake, sitting cross-legged on a chest, and a paire of pantoffles in his hand, he said—"Francis Fletcher, I doe here excommunicate thee out of the Church of God, and from all the benefits and graces thereof, and denounce thee to the divell and all his angells." And then he charged him, uppon payne of deth, not to come before the mast, for yf he dyd, he swore he should be hanged; and Drake caused a posy to be written and bounde about Fletcher's arme, with charge that, if he took it off, he should then be hanged—the posy was, *Francis Fletcher, the falsest knave that liveth*.'

Excommunication is a singular addition to Sir William Monson's catalogue of the naval punishments in use in the time of Elizabeth; but to excommunicate the only Parson in the squadron seems a very original proceeding!

Drake's voyage round the world was one of the most profitable, as well as glorious, adventures ever accomplished. The *Golden Hind* was said to have brought back treasure to the amount of a million sterling. 'This voyage,' says Lewis Roberts, 'made profit to himself (Drake) and merchants of London, his partners and fellow-adventurers, according to an account made up at his return, all charges paid and discharged, which I have seen subscribed under his own hand, L.47 for L.1, so that he who adventured with him in this voyage L.100, had L.4700 for the same.*' It was some time before the scruples of her Majesty, concerning the mode in which this vast treasure was acquired, were fairly overborne by the brilliancy of the acquisition. Probably means were found to soften them of which we have now no record. Drake's arrival in England took place on the 26th September 1580: five months afterwards, the Queen bestowed upon him the honour of Knighthood, on board the

* *The Merchant's Mappe of Commerce*, quoted by Mr Barrow, p. 177.

Golden Hind at Deptford, and gave him the well known coat-of-arms; to which is attached the equally well known but ridiculous story of his quarrel with Sir Bernard Drake, the head of the clan Drake in the west of England.

In 1585, Queen Elizabeth concluded her treaty with the Netherlands, which brought England, for the first time, in open collision with the power of Spain. Philip retorted by an embargo on English ships and merchandise; and, in the same year, the Queen dispatched Sir Francis Drake with a large squadron to strike a blow in the West Indies. For the first time, Sir Francis now found himself at the head of a division of the royal navy. This was any thing but unmixed good fortune for a sea-commander in Elizabeth's time. So inveterate were the scruples of the Council against hazarding her Majesty's precious timber and cordage in close conflict, that the Earl of Cumberland, in one of his voyages, actually declined the offer of a Queen's ship, and preferred taking his vessels from the merchant service only—so strict were the injunctions with which he was fettered, against laying the valuable property rashly alongside of the enemy! What was probably still less to Drake's taste, he was burdened with the co-operation of an officer of the land service—Lieutenant-General Carlisle, with power equal to his own. It is worth observing, however, as a remarkable feature in the character of an officer of so sanguine and self-relying a disposition as Drake, that he seems always to have been eminently successful in keeping on good terms with his associates in command. Between him and Rouse, Carlisle, Lord Effingham, and Hawkins—his colleagues in various of his boldest adventures—the most perfect cordiality seems to have subsisted; and the reported disagreements between him and Sir John Norris in the Lisbon expedition, of which more presently, have no support in the official despatches, or in the recorded facts of the narrative. This voyage, however, was less distinguished than any of its forerunners in point of success; and we are bound to add, that it was carried on in a still more marauding fashion. At St Domingo, 'the ransom of the city was demanded; and, as the inhabitants were very slow in coming to terms, every morning the setting fire to the suburbs was practised for several days together; but the invaders found it no small travail to ruin them, they being magnificently built of stone, with high lofts.' At Carthagena, the same ingenious process was adopted; the English burning the place, house by house, until the ransom was forthcoming;—much as King John extracted his daily tooth from the captive Israelite. But that terrible *calenture*, the yellow fever of modern times, took a full

revenge on the assailants. The most remarkable service which they performed was to bring home, on their return, Governor Lane and the remnant of the first unsuccessful colony planted in Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh; and with them 'that Indian plant called tobacco and nicotia,'—destined ever after materially to affect and to modify the habits of social existence throughout the civilized world.

His next service was of a more distinguished character. In April 1587, on the rumour of the Spanish King's preparations to invade England, Drake was dispatched with a squadron to 'ascertain, by personal inspection, the actual state of the enemy's preparations in the ports on the coasts of Spain and Portugal; to intercept any supplies of men, stores, or ammunition, that the Duke of Parma might dispatch from the Low Countries; to lay waste the harbours of Spain and Portugal on the western coast; and destroy all the shipping that could be met with at sea conveying stores and provisions, or to attack them in port.' The squadron was composed of five ships of her Majesty, with some twenty more furnished by London adventurers; whose object being simply to turn war into a profitable speculation, must have been a grievous impediment to an expedition peculiarly requiring activity and dispatch. The great things which Drake accomplished with this motley force are matters of European history. His achievements furnished the earliest instance, perhaps, of those wonders wrought by the union of perfect skill, presence of mind, and unequalled daring, which have since so greatly distinguished the British navy in similar attempts. He made a dash at the harbour of Cadiz. In a single day, he took, burned, and destroyed, from sixty to a hundred sail of ships, and became master of the road, in defiance of the superior force of the Spaniards at sea, and the co-operation of the batteries on shore. Six or seven ships of a thousand tons or upwards, an extraordinary size in those days, were among those destroyed, and all laden with provision of different kinds for the use of the intended Armada. After this gallant exploit, he coasted Algarve and Alentejo, taking and destroying every thing that fell in his way; and had the good fortune to conclude his voyage by a stroke as much to the satisfaction of the adventurers, as the destruction of the Cadiz fleet was to that of the Queen—the taking the Portuguese Carrack the *St Philip*, the first prize from the East Indies which had been brought into an English harbour, and one of the most valuable ever captured.

The first letters of Sir Francis Drake, discovered by Mr Barrow in the State Paper Office, were composed on this voyage; and none give a better idea of his ordinary exulting and boast-

ful style of correspondence than the following, written after his triumph at Cadiz. It must be confessed that it bears a little the air of a *Carmagnole* of the sixteenth century. But it, nevertheless, conveys some information as to the spirit in which this war was carried on, and curiously exemplifies that strange phraseology, tinged alike with pedantry and impiety, in which its actions were narrated. In endeavouring to render the Portuguese disaffected to Spain, Elizabeth was but retaliating the mode of warfare which her enemy waged through the partisans of the Queen of Scots, and the seminary Priests. But the wanton destruction of the property of the poorest class of people, and the threat of selling Spanish prisoners to the Moors—which, we sincerely hope, was never carried into execution, notwithstanding the hypocritical pretence of employing the money for the redemption of Englishmen)—form no trifling additions to the long catalogue of sins of which our gallant protectors had rendered the nation guilty against Spain; and for which no retribution which the Armada might have exacted could be justly deemed excessive.

Sir Francis Drake to Sir Francis Walsingham.

‘May 17, 1587.

‘Sence the departyng of Captayne Crosse, Right Honorable, ther hath happened betweene the Spanyards, Porttyngalls, and ourselves, dyvers combatts, in the which it hathe pleased God that we have taken forty shipes, barks, carvelles, and dyvers other vesselles, more than a hundreth, most laden; som with coorse for gallyes, planke, and tymber for shippes and penaces, howpes and pype-staves for casks, with many other provycons for this great armye. I assuer your honor, the howpes and pype-staves were above 16 or 17 C tonn (1600 or 1700) in wayght, which cannot be lesse than 25 or 30 thousand tonn, if it had bynn made in caske redy for lyqwyer; all which I comaunded to be consumed into smoke and asshes by fyer, which will be unto the king no small waste of his provvycons, besyds the want of his barks. The netts which we have consumed will cause the people to curse their governors to ther face.

‘The Porttyngalles I have alwayes comaunded to be used well, and sent them ashoore without the wantyng of any ther aparrell, and have made them to know that it was unto me a great greffe that I was dryven to hurtt of these to the vallew of one ryall of platt, but that I found them employed for the Spanyards servesses, which we hold to be our morttall enemyes, and gave some Porttyngallers som mony in their purses, and put them aland in dyvers places; upon which usage, yf we staye here any tyme, the Spanyards which are here in Porttyngall, yf they com under our hands, will become all Porttyngalles, and play as Peter dyd, forswear ther master, rather then to be sold as slaves. I asssure your honor, this hath breed a great fear in the Spaynard.

‘I spake with the Marquyes of Santa Cruse, at Cast Calles (Cascayes) nere Lysbona, by messenger, wher he was abourd his gallyes, to know whether he would redeme any of his Master’s subjectts, which I had

som fear of, for suche of my Mystries' people as he had under his government. The Marqwes sent me word, that as he was a gentleman he had nonne, and that I should assuuer myselfe that yf he had had any he would shurly have sent them me; which I knew was not so, for that I had trew intelligence by Ynglyshemen and Porttyngalles that the Marqwes had dyvers Ynglyshemen bothe in his gallyes and prysons; but in trewth I think the Marqwes durst not release our Ynglyshmen before he have order from his King, and liberttye from the persecutting clergy.

'I sent lykwyse to the Generall of the K. gallyes, at Calles, and to all such Governors as I conveniently myght for the redemyng of ther Spaniards—they all aunsered me kyndly, but some had bought a plow of oxen, others had taken a farme, and the rest had married wyffes; the former preyed to be held excused, and the latter could send us no Ynglyshmen,—whereupon it is agreed by us all, her Majestie's captaynes and masters, that all such Spaniards as yt shall please God to send under our hands, that they shall be sold unto the Mowres, and the mony reserved for the redemyng of such of our contryemen as may be redemed therwith.

'For the reveng of these things, what forces the country is abell to make, we shall be suer to have browght upon us, as ffar as they may, with all the devyces and trappes they cann devyse; I thancke them much they have stayed so long, and when they com they shall be but the sonnes of morttall men, and for the most part enemyes to the truthe, and upholders of balles to Dagon's imag, which hath alredye ffallen before the arke of our God, with his hands, arms, and head stroken off.

'As long as it shall please God to geve us provcyons to eat and drinke, and that our shipes and wynd and wether will permitt us, you shall surly hyer of us nere this Cape of St Vincent; where we doo and will expecte daylly what her majestie and your honors will farther comaund.

'God make us all thanckfull that her Majestie sent out these ffewe shipes in tyme.

'If ther were here six more of her Majestie's good shippes of the second sort, we should be the better abell to kepe ther forces from joynnyng, and happelly take or impeache his fletts from all places in the next monthe, and so after which is the chefest terms of their retornes home; which I judge, in my power opynyon, will bring this great monarchye to those condycions which ar meett. There must be a begynnyng of any great matter, but the conteneuing unto the end untill it be thoroughly ffynished yeldes the trew glory. Yf Hanybull had ffollowed his victoryes, it is thought of many he had never byne taken by Sepyo.

'God mak us all thanckfull agayne and agayne that we have, althowghe it be lettell, mad a begynnyng upon the cost of Spayne. If we can thorowghly beleve that this which we dow is in the defence of our re-lygyon and contrye, no doubt but our mercyfull God for his Christ, our Savyour's sake, is abell, and will geve us victory, althowghe our sennes be reed. God geve us grace we may feare hym, and daylly to call upon hym, so shall nether Sattan nor his menesters prevayell agaynst us; although God permitt you to be towched in bodye, yeat the Lord will hold his mynd pure. Lett me be pardoned of your honor agayne

and agayne for my over myche boldness, it is the confecyon of my owne conceyence, my ditty in all humbellnes to your honor, my good lady your yocke partener and all yours, beseeching you all to pray unto God hartelly for us, as we dow daylly for all you. Hast, from her Majestie's good shipe the Ellyzabethe Bonaventure, now rydyng at Cape Saker, this 17th May, 1587. Your honor's most ready to be comanded,

'FRA: DRAKE.' *

The religious expressions of this despatch fall in, no doubt, with the common official style of the time—no less than the classical allusions to Hannibal and Scipio. Such language was in accordance with the general feeling; the use of it was a custom which did that age at once honour and discredit;—honour, on account of the testimony it bore to the sincerity of the zeal which pervaded the community; discredit, by reason of the gross encouragement to hypocrisy which the fashion no doubt afforded in particular instances. The contest between Philip and Elizabeth was, in the eyes of the subjects of both, a warfare between the angels of light and the prince of darkness; each proclaimed in the strongest language the convictions with which they were penetrated; and each regarded their own violence as an outbreak of godly zeal, that of their enemies as rank fanaticism. So calm philosophy may pronounce at the present day. But we must observe, that Mr Barrow sometimes so far forgets himself as to write in the style of the age which he describes. 'The following lines, the translation of part of an infamous ode on the intended Armada, show,' he says, 'to what a pitch of bitterness and of bigotry, of *hellish superstition* and national hatred, a Spanish Roman Catholic could work himself up.' And he then quotes certain lines of the poet Gonzaga, in which Elizabeth is termed a 'she-wolf' with the addition of a very ungentlemanly epithet, and Heaven is requested to pour down its 'lightning vengeance' on her head. Bad language, no doubt; but considering that Dagon and Antichrist were the civillest names which Elizabeth's subjects were then in the habit of applying to her great antagonist, perhaps the charge of '*hellish superstition*' might as well be spared on both sides.

Expressions of this kind (there is scarcely a letter of Drake's without them) are not to be taken altogether as matters of form on his part. Freebooter though he was, he won the character, in his own day, of a pious and God-fearing man; one who could really have worked himself up to believe, that in spoiling Spanish treasuries and burning cities, he was inflicting a heavy discouragement on Antichrist. 'He was a religious

'man towards God and his Houses,' says Fuller in his *Worthies*, concisely enough—'generally sparing churches.' A stronger testimony of the character which he bore in this respect is to be found in the fact of the same writer having selected him, in his *Holy State*, as the popular example of the 'pious Sea-Captain.' We suspect that his divinity was a good deal leavened with that Puritan doctrine which was then in its vigorous infancy in England. But he might perhaps have derived this tinge from his father, the old sacramentary preacher. There are many scattered circumstances in his life which seem to favour this notion—such as Fuller's often-repeated story, that he took counsel of a sea-chaplain whether he was justified in making his first reprisals on the Spaniard; possibly, as Southey suggests, his own father. We have seen that he took the communion with his victim Doughty in his last moments. The strange story of his excommunicating Fletcher, if true, is a good deal in accordance with Puritan ideas of church authority. There is an anecdote confusedly told in Hakluyt, about his rebuking an Indian for eating an 'otter with the 'blood in it,' which savours of the same school: for which Dr Johnson—the believer in the Cock-lane ghost, and second-sight—gently reproves the old heroic seaman for superstition. One of his correspondents was 'Master John Fox, the preacher'—we are inclined to think the *Martyrologist*. Drake writes to him on the eve of the expedition to Lisbon, to solicit his prayers. All these things incline us to think that his mind had been drawn into the same dismal vortex which was to attract so many of the manliest spirits of the succeeding age. Be this as it may, his religion displayed itself in a serious and regular life; he was temperate in all his personal habits, as well as steady in his discipline; and his followers were no less bound to him by his careful attention to their welfare, than inspired by the contagion of his enthusiastic temper.

The principal result of this gallant expedition was, to put off for one year the threatened invasion by Spain, and to give Elizabeth and England time to prepare for it. In the summer of 1588, the invincible Armada put to sea. It was Drake's proposal (seconded by the brave Admiral Lord Charles Howard, who, though nominally at the head of the fleet, seems to have acted in all things in concert with his illustrious officers) to attack the Armada on the coast of Spain, or while in port at Lisbon. The attempt was rendered fruitless by the same storm which crippled, and for a time dispersed, the Armada itself; but it is a striking proof to what a degree of boldness long success had raised the English spirit, that the four most experienced commanders in the fleet were unanimous in favour of striking the first blow, and attacking the Armada on its own shores, and with half its force.

Mr Barrow has not added much from the stores of the State Paper Office and other Archives to our acquaintance with that eventful week during which the Armada coasted the southern shores of England—the most spirit-stirring crisis she has ever known since the Norman invasion. As far as fighting was concerned, never was any thing so unwieldy, or so utterly helpless, as the huge tortured monster which made its way up the Channel amidst the light squadrons of assailants—like a whale attacked by the harpoons of a flotilla of boats. Drake was the hero of the week; and Lope de Vega (who was on board the Armada, composing *La Hermosura de Angelica* in the intervals of the cannonade) there acquired that hatred and dread of his name which found vent afterwards in his monstrous production, *La Dragon-tea*, perhaps the only epic lampoon in existence. It is difficult to comprehend, considering the enormous superiority of the Spaniards in weight and metal, (60,000 tons to 30,000, 3000 guns to 800,) how the light vessels of England were not blown out of the water by the fire of the invaders; much more, how it happened that not an English ship was sunk, and scarcely an Englishman killed (as it should seem) in all the encounters of that ever-memorable week. But for purposes of maritime warfare, the Armada was altogether innocuous.

‘Cervi, luporum præda rapacium,
Sectamur ultro.

Its commanders, however, held to their ultimate object steadily and well; namely, to keep the body of the fleet together until off the Flemish coast. They adopted measures which seem to show that they scarcely calculated on their officers as Elizabeth did on hers. ‘The Duke of Medina Sidonia,’ (says the Spanish Manuscript Narrative of the invasion, which Mr Barrow quotes in a provoking manner, not giving any satisfactory account of its authenticity, or informing us *what* or *where* it is,) summoned ‘to him all the serjentes-mayores, and ordered them to proceed in a *patache*, so that each ship should keep the position assigned to her in the new order of sailing; and he further gave them written orders, directing that in case any ship did not show the order, and quitted her post, the captain *should forthwith be hanged*, the serjentes-mayores taking the provosts with them for that purpose; and for the better execution of the order, they were distributed three in the van and three in the rear division.’

On the 27th July, the Armada anchored off Calais; harassed, but unbroken. On the 28th, the English made on it that bold and desperate night attack, which was within an ace of destroy-

ing it, by means of fireships.* ' God hathe geven us ' (writes Drake) ' so good a daye in forcyng the enemy so far leeward, as ' I hope in God the Prince of Parma and the Duke of Sedonya ' shall not shake hands these four dayes; and whenever they ' meet, I believe neither of them will greatly rejoyce of this ' daye's servise. The tounne of Callys hathe scene some parte ' thereof, whose mayor her majestie is beholding unto. Busynes ' commands me to end. God help her majestie our gracious sove- ' reygne, and give us all grace to live in his feare.'†

This indeed was the critical moment for England. The Duke of Parma was at Bruges. Thirty thousand more of the old Spanish troops, under the most distinguished commander of the age, might well have turned the scale. Where then was Farnese at this conjuncture? Nothing can be more wretched than the defences of his apologists: leaky boats—sailors not to be depended on—want of vessels of the right draught of water—such are the pretences alleged for breaking his engagements to Philip, and disappointing the magnificent hopes entertained of his co-operation. He had had months, nay years, to provide himself against all these contingencies. While the Armada was struggling up the Channel, and while, during three anxious days, it lay off the coast of Flanders, he remained all the time quiet at Bruges: not until it was in full sail to the northward, did he come to the coast at all. It suited the policy of Philip to exonerate him of all blame; and thus he has escaped more easily at the hands of posterity than could otherwise have happened. It is certainly difficult to believe, but that he was either actuated by personal motives, in thus wavering at the important moment, or that he abandoned, from sheer irresolution, as promising a chance for immortal honour as ever was offered to any leader.

From the moment that the Armada, scarcely rescued from the sands of Flanders by a sudden change of wind, and despairing of Parma's assistance, pursued her course to the northward, closely followed by the fleet of Elizabeth, the crisis in the destinies of England was over. From that day to the present, her

* We do not know on what authority Sir James Mackintosh (*History of England*) calls this the first instance of the use of fireships in modern war. The same instrument of annoyance had been tried against Drake's squadron in the bay of Cadiz only the year before, and against the Spaniards at Antwerp.

† P. 300. Why does Mr Barrow say that the date of this letter (29th July) is incorrect, and should be 27th? The night attack was clearly on the night of the 28th.

navies have ridden fearless in every sea, her cannon has been heard on every shore—she alone has remained untouched and impregnable: *quousque tandem?*

It seems that many in England were disappointed at the escape of the Armada from its perilous position at Calais, without further damage: Drake, who could judge better the amount of danger from which his country had been delivered, felt very differently. 'There never was any thing pleased me better,' he writes to Walsingham, with a natural burst of exultation, 'than seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northward! God grant you have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for with the grace of God, yf we live, I doubt it not but ere it be long so to handell the matter with the Duke of Sedonya, as he shall wish hymself at Saint Marie Port, among his orynges trees.' These pugnacious intentions, however, were frustrated by the rapidity of the Armada's retreat. The winds and waves, as they had commenced, so were left to finish the ruin of this fated expedition. There is a long and amusing letter of Drake's, dated the 10th August, full of conjectures as to their further proceedings; and another of the 11th, 'which seems to have been written for no other purpose than to certify to the Queen that the Lord High Admiral had bravely done his duty, and become a very apt scholar:' which letter closes this eventful period of Drake's correspondence.

There is something very striking in the contrast between Lord Effingham's letters on this great occasion, and Drake's, compared with the perfect unanimity which seems to have prevailed between them;—the Admiral, high-born and chivalrous, foremost in every action of danger, yet never in any instance assuming the direction to himself, and seeming to value his superior position only as it enabled him to follow out more zealously the plans of his experienced subordinates. Drake, again, evidently the real manager of the defence, and selected as the champion of England in her danger; yet never presuming on his real superiority, giving all glory to the Queen, his men, and the ministry, and holding himself out merely as the zealous instrument of the will of others. Such harmony between officers so circumstanced, moving in spheres so likely to come into collision, is rare indeed, as all history testifies; and nothing more highly proves the strength of that common enthusiasm which their incomparable mistress had succeeded in infusing alike into the bosom of the nobleman and the adventurer. And yet if loyalty could be tried by niggardly treatment, theirs assuredly was. Effingham and his men, who had just saved England, were left in a few weeks, it should seem, almost in utter destitution. Before the month of August, the very next after that

in which they had performed their immortal services, was over, we find the Lord Admiral fain to borrow a trifling sum for the necessities of the fleet, out of the money which Drake, with a keener eye to the main chance, had contrived to seize on board Don Pedro Valdez's ship—the only valuable capture of the campaign.*

'Sir,' (he writes to Walsingham on the 27th August,) 'I send you here inclosed a note of the money that Sir F. Drake had aboard Don Pedro. I did take now at my coming down 3000 pistolets, as I told you I wolde; for by Jesns I had not three pounds left in the world, and had not any thinge (?) could get money in London. *And I dow assure you, my plat has gone before*; but I will repay it within few days after my comyng home. I pray you let her Majestie know so; and by the Lord God of hevne I had not one crown mor, and had it not byne mere nesessite I would not have touched one: but if I had not sum to have bestowed upon sum pour and myserable men, I should have wysshed myself out of the world. Sir, let me not lyve longer then I shall be most wylling to dow all sarvys, and to take any paynse I can for her Majesties sarvis. I thynk Sir F. Drake will say I have lyttell rest, day or night.'—(P. 330.)

At the very time when the poor sailors were left thus unprovided, it appears that an infectious complaint was committing daily ravages in the fleet. 'It is a thyng,' as Lord Howard truly observes, 'that ever followeth such great sarvyses.' Ingratitude follows them almost as certainly. In September, however, the fleet was paid off; and no doubt the thanks of their magnanimous Queen were received in full quittance by the survivors of the gallant men who had saved her and her kingdom. Such, in Hume's language, was the spirit of Elizabeth's reign. No service was too great to require; no payment too slight for a requital, when accompanied with her commendations and favour. There was pride, as well as the gratification of a very excusable parsimony, in receiving the *tales* of bricks, made without treasury straw, which her officers laid at her feet. In fact her Majesty's navy, at this period, was managed much on the principle on which, in modern days, Henri Christophe,

* Drake took 55,000 ducats from this ship, (besides many prisoners worth a large sum,) some of whom were kept eighteen months in Plymouth, until their ransoms were paid. Drake seems, from one of his letters, to have been very uneasy about these prisoners, whom he was obliged to send to the Queen, lest her Majesty should either appropriate them, or make them over to some hungry courtier. 'Yf they shoulde be geven from me unto any other, it would be some grief to my friends. Yf her Majestie will have them, God defend but I should think myself happy.'

King of Hayti, conducted his cavalry establishment. No remounts were ever allowed; but every cavalier, receiving his horse and arms when he first joined the service, was expected ever afterwards to appear on parade well mounted and equipped, on penalty of the royal displeasure; and the story adds that the cavalry always looked remarkably well. His sable majesty used to point them out with pride to his visitors, and remark—‘The King’s horses never die; but they change their skins now and then.’ Instead of making fortunes in the public service, Elizabeth’s great men esteemed it the highest honour to waste theirs in obtaining her smiles. Even with the common men who swelled her army in 1588, it was less the enthusiasm of self-defence than devotion to her person, which inspired every sacrifice; and it is recorded that a regiment of Dorsetshire men, raised to protect their own coast, offered five hundred pounds for the privilege of leaving their homes unguarded, and serving under her at Tilbury.

According to the ordinary theory, which assumes that good and regular pay is the necessary condition of all military virtue, Elizabeth’s was a strange method of defending an empire against the hostile strength of half Europe, and dangerous disaffection at home; yet the result spoke for itself. Compare the unbought service which Elizabeth could command, with all that James I. or Catharine II. could purchase with their insane prodigalities! Mere love of honour—without some strong and stirring popular cause—may be an insufficient motive, without good *rations*, to keep up the valour of the common sailor or soldier: so, at least thought Drake of his own countrymen. ‘An Englyshman, being farre from his country, and seeing a present want of vittual to insew, and perceiving no benefyt to be looked for, but only blowes, will hardly be brought to stay.’ Nor will he appreciate, in ordinary times, the argument of one of Trissino’s heroes in favour of putting off dinner until after a Council of War—

‘Poi ch’ è meglio

Senza cibo restar che senz’ onore.’

We speak rather of the Leaders—civil and military alike. Who was ever better served than Gustavus Adolphus, Frederic the Great, the Convention, and the Directory? and in whose service was there ever greater glory, with scantier pay? The higher energies of man are no mercenary qualities after all; he may be decently grateful to the government which feeds him well, but his heart belongs to that which stimulates his faculties, and rouses his self-esteem.

The year of the Armada was the culminating point in the career of Drake. From this period, though his own energies never slackened, fortune seems to have slighted him, in favour of

younger candidates for her good graces. In 1589 he was placed at the head of the naval part of the greatest armament which issued from the ports of England during Elizabeth's reign. It was destined to further his own cherished object, a descent on the Spanish coast. His personal influence, fortune, and zealous entreaties at court, were directed for months towards the equipment of it. The Queen contributed about L.60,000 towards it, together with six ships; and the Dutch assisted both with ships and men. But by far the greatest part of the risk was undertaken by private adventurers. The nation was possessed with an absolute passion for bearding the Don on his own territory. Of some 20,000 soldiers and sailors in the expedition, 1100 were said to be gentlemen; scarcely a family in Devon and Cornwall, the nurseries of foreign adventure, which did not send out its member. 'But these mixed expeditions of war and traffic,' says Mr Barrow, 'so common in those days, how well soever conducted, were rarely successful; and the fitting out of the present one was not auspicious. It was detained a whole month at Plymouth; it was disappointed in its promised forces and equipments: of six hundred English horses; of seven old companies of the Low Countries; of four Dutch companies—besides other matters; and it suffered by the consumption and expense of provisions for a whole month, laid wind-bound at Plymouth.' Besides these ordinary miseries, and the extreme difficulty of squeezing a few hundred pounds by way of relief from Lord Burleigh, Drake, who, in an earlier expedition, had been plagued with the chivalry of Sir Philip Sidney, was now troubled by a similar exhibition of valour on the part of the young Earl of Essex. That adventurous nobleman had signified his resolution to join the armament as a volunteer, less from chivalrous motives than a desire to retrieve his pecuniary fortunes. His mistress immediately directed that, as soon as he made his appearance, he should be sent back to the court. 'This cause of the Earl of Essex,' writes Sir Francis Drake to Hatton, 'hath been and is a very great trouble unto us, for that we heare contyneually that his lordship's abyding is uncertain in any particular place. We have sent both by sea and land, and now dayly expect to hear from his lordship.' Essex succeeded in getting away from the royal apron-string, and aided much, by his gallantry and spirit, in keeping up the courage of his fellow adventurers. The history of the expedition is briefly told; though, short as it is, it has been made the subject of great misrepresentations, with regard to Drake. Dr Lingard—with whom a true subject of Elizabeth, and a successful scourger of Spain, has little chance of justice—volunteers the statement, that 'Drake refused to be shackled with official instructions, and sailed directly to the harbour of Corunna.'

Now, the narratives even of Drake's enemies, who dwell on the supposed disagreement between him and Norris, the Commander of the troops, make the cause of the difference to be, that Norris proposed landing at Corunna, and Drake opposed it. At Corunna, however, they wasted many days in hard fighting, with very little object, except to learn, for the first time apparently, that the Spaniards could defend themselves on occasion. They next landed at Peniche, marched with little resistance to Lisbon, and occupied the suburbs. The old walls of the city were its only defence; but they had no artillery—not even a field-piece by which they could throw down one of the gates—and 'it was not then known,' says Mr Barrow, 'that a bag of gun-powder, attached to the gates, would effect that object.' This seems strange: the 'Petard' at least was in constant use for that purpose in the French and Dutch wars of Elizabeth's reign. And what was probably a worse disappointment to the soldiers, and certainly to the 'adventurers,' the presence of the unlucky pretender to the throne of Portugal, Don Antonio, prior of Crato, with the expedition, rendered it impossible, with common decency, to sack the suburbs. 'Had we marched through the country,' says the author of the contemporary account, 'as enemies, our soldiers had been well supplied with all their wants. Had we made enemies of the suburbs of Lisbon, we had been the richest armie that ever went out of England!' As it was, seeing that there was neither fighting nor pillage to be had, Norris and Essex retreated on Drake's squadron at Cascaes. Sir Francis is said to have promised to go up the Tagus to fetch them, but to have failed of his word, finding his plan impracticable. It is not unlikely that his eager and confident disposition may have led him to undertake more than he could effect; but to blame him, as his many enviers at home sagaciously did, at once for promising impossibilities, and then for not performing them, seems rather malicious. But, according to the 'True Discourse,' his undertaking was only 'if the weather did not hinder him.*' At Cascaes he performed the only valuable service of the expedition; seizing a squadron of corn ships, intended for the equipment of a new armada. After a few insignificant adventures off the Azores, the armament returned to Plymouth. Six thousand men had fallen, the remainder were discharged, receiving five shillings a-piece; which, says Hakluyt,

* Essex, in a petulant letter written after the second expedition to Cadiz, attributes the failure of this attempt on Lisbon to Drake's not daring to carry his vessels past Fort St Julian's. Even Essex would scarcely have ventured on such an imputation in the veteran's lifetime.

'was believed to be more than by any means could be due to 'them.' Yet the public seem fully to have believed that Drake returned (as Camden expressly asserts he did) with a large booty.

In 1595, Drake set sail on the last cruise of his adventurous life. His associate in this enterprise was the veteran Sir John Hawkins, then nearly eighty years of age. Mr Barrow attributes the old seaman's joining in this adventure to anxiety for the fate of his son, then a prisoner in South America. Perhaps a more immediate motive was the inexhaustible spirit of the unsuccessful gambler—the fire which burns fiercest under the ashes of old age. The ill-omened fleet reached the West Indies in September 1595. One of its vessels was taken off Porto Rico by the Spaniards; which, according to Hakluyt, broke the heart of old Hawkins. Attacks were made on the chief Spanish ports in the Gulf of Mexico with the usual spirit and daring; but the Spaniards were every where on the alert, and cannon-balls were more plentiful than pieces of eight had been on former occasions. At St Juan de Puerto Rico, a shot killed two of Drake's officers in his cabin, and struck the stool on which he sat, 'drinking a cup of beer,' from under him. Every place that he looked in upon was now armed to the teeth, and welcomed him grimly back to the scene of his former exploits. In Fuller's phrase, 'whilst the king of 'Spain guarded the head and heart of his dominions in Europe, 'he left his long legs in America open to blows; till finding 'them to smart, being beaten black and blue by the English, he 'learned to arm them at last.' What little was to be got was now only won with hard blows, or by dexterous surprises. An attempt to perform the march to Panama, so happily accomplished twenty years before, was repulsed with loss and disgrace; and the scourge of the climate, always aggravated by disappointment, was upon them. It soon attacked the General, whose constitution seems never to have failed before. The 'flux' pursued its course with its ordinary rapidity. An hour before his death 'he 'rose and dressed himself,' muttered some incoherent speeches, was carried back to bed, and straightway died. He was buried in the sea, in the same bay of Puerto-Bello which rolls over the bones of so many of our countrymen, who perished an hundred and forty years afterward in the fatal expedition of Hosjer—

'All o'erspent with toil and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.'

Drake is perhaps the earliest of our distinguished warriors whose character bears the true professional stamp—of a man rising to eminence in 'the service,' living by it and for it, and devoting to it the entire energies of his life; and, both in its excellences and defects, as far as we know them, it might almost stand as the type of a class: he was framed on a model which

has been often since repeated in the annals of British heroism. His valour, as we have said, was ostentatious, as is common in men fond of popularity, conscious of great powers, and proud of having risen from obscurity by the exercise of them : his humour of bravado, the point on which his detractors were ever ready to seize, was such as men are apt to indulge in, who have chained fortune to their car until they are tempted to believe the tie inseparable. But if success sometimes made Drake arrogant, misfortune never clouded his judgment nor abated his spirit. He was accused of being intolerant of opposition : but we have already mentioned the remarkable cordiality which subsisted between him and his associates in command; and with respect to inferiors, it must be remembered that the discipline of that day was so lax, particularly in the service of 'adventurers,' where most officers were sharers in profit and risk, that every attempt to enforce authority was apt to be viewed as an insult. But it seems rather to be the fact that, among other talents of a popular leader, he possessed the peculiar secret of combining a seeming deference to the opinion of others, with self-dependence and decision. He was, says Prince, 'a willing hearer of every man's opinion, but commonly a follower of his own.' His friends, says even Sir William Monson—a detractor from his and most other men's fame—urged in excuse of his vain-glory, 'that it was not inherent to him alone, but to most men of his profession and rank. It is true he would speak much and arrogantly, but eloquently ; which bred a wonder in many, that his education could yield him those helps of nature. Indeed he had four properties to further his gift of speaking, (*viz.*) his boldness of speech, his understanding in what he spoke, his inclination to speak, and his use in speaking ; and, though misdoing is a vice not to be excused, yet he obtained that fame by his actions, that facility in speaking, and that wisdom by his experience, that I can say no more but that we are all the children of Adam.'

The researches of Mr Barrow have not added any thing material to the mere outline which we already possessed of his private life. He was twice married, but left no issue : his second wife is said to have been an heiress of the family of Sydenham of Combe Sydenham, and to have married after his death into that of Courtenay of Powderham. He made a good fortune, and managed it thriftily. His nephew, Francis Drake, inherited from him the beautiful Abbey and lands of Buckland Monachorum, between Tavistock and Plymouth, which the Admiral purchased of the Grenvilles with that Spanish gold to which a curse was long supposed to cling ; for his own sophistry, and that of his fanatical friends, about the spoiling of Antichrist, never went

down with the common people. However, in spite of the double malediction attaching to Abbey lands, and Bucanier's gold, Buckland remained in his collateral line—a family of prosperous gentlemen, enjoying one of James I.'s Baronetcies—until 1794, when the last Sir Thomas Drake died. It was brought by a female descendant to another hero—Lord Heathfield—from whom it passed to females again.

Drake founded other two more permanent memorials of himself, in two important contributions to the public welfare;—one, the 'Chest at Chatham,'—a fund for the relief of worn-out seamen, established by him and Hawkins, and now consolidated with Greenwich Hospital. More than 30,000 persons received pensions from it in 1814, its amount having greatly accumulated. The other was the famous 'Leat,' or Aqueduct, which conveys water to Plymouth—a remarkable piece of English engineering in that time; which, however, was not altogether a free gift, being partly undertaken with a view to profit. It was so rapidly executed as to give rise to the tradition, that the water followed the Admiral's horse's heels as he galloped from its spring to Plymouth, by virtue of a compact with the Devil; which Southey recounts along with many other legendary tales of the 'old warrior,' as he is still called in his native county. It was in the regular course of events, that the first of the early naval heroes of England, and first circumnavigator of the globe, like the first printer, and the first natural philosopher, should be remembered by the multitude as a Wizard or Conjuror.

In taking leave of this work, we would beg to advise the author to consult the Manuscript documents, unknown to him, to which we have referred, with any others that may have been overlooked, and (before it is reprinted, as it is likely we should think to be) to make such alterations as a careful examination of them may suggest; and, generally, to bestow upon it such a revision as may help more and more to obtain for it a permanent place in historical literature, as the approved account of the life and actions of the energetic founder of our Naval glory.

ART. III.—*Erpétologie Générale, ou Histoire Naturelle complète des Reptiles.* Par A. M. C. DUMERIL, Membre de l'Institut, et G. BIBRON, Aide Naturaliste au Muséum d'Histoire Naturelle. 6 tom. 8vo. Paris: 1834-41. (Still in course of publication.)

OF all departments of the animal kingdom, the class *Reptilia* is the most varied and extraordinary, whether viewed in relation to general organic structure, or the instinctive habits of particular tribes. The sluggish turtle, with its broad and massive proportions, presents a singular contrast to the agile bright-eyed lizard and the slender snake; while the lurid toad, the changeful chameleon, the winged dragon, the fierce crocodile, the gigantic boa, and the poisonous cobra, exhibit a vast diversity of form and character. Their local habitations are also as varied as their name and nature. The wooded swamps of America, the burning and unscreened deserts of Africa, the jungles of Asia, the heaths of Europe, and the plains of New Holland, all produce their reptile tribes; and even the sea-encircled mariner, who voyages among the Indian Isles, beholds with wonder the aquatic species gliding serenely on the surface of the ocean, or submerging their radiant panoply amid the glittering waves, at a vast distance from any known land. Yet was the vision of the Ancient Mariner supernatural, as it behoved to be; for *no*

‘Slimy thing does crawl *with legs*
Upon the slimy sea.’

All marine reptiles are either *apodal*—that is, footless—or provided merely with fin-like members.

Although thus extensively distributed over earth and ocean—

‘Whatever clime the sun’s bright circle warms,’—

the reptile race may nevertheless be said to be chiefly characteristic of the southern regions of the globe: as we find the species become less abundant in the temperate zone; while such as are native to northern countries are few in number, small in size, feeble in constitution, and of such slow and sluggish habits, as to fall into a state of deathlike torpidity during the severer season of the year. It is chiefly such as partake of a semi-aquatic nature, of which frogs and newts are familiar examples, that occur in rigorous climates,—their power of supporting a languid life of hybernation in holes of the earth, the crevices of rocks and trees, or beneath the frozen surface of morasses, enabling

them to avoid the destructive influence of cold. But in such ice-bound latitudes, snakes and lizards are of comparatively rare occurrence; while turtles, tortoises, crocodiles, and chameleons, are nearly, if not quite, unknown. As usual, however, in the ongoings of nature, there is a beautiful gradation from group to group, rather than a sudden change of kinds. Thus the chameleon, so common along the African shores of the Mediterranean, is also found, as a connecting link, in the most southern parts of Spain; while the tortoises, which, as a great natural group, may be regarded as characteristic of the warmest regions of Asia and Africa, are still represented in our own continent by the Calabrian and other species. But it is in the torrid zone that we meet not only with the greatest number, but the most gigantic development, of the reptile race. The largest crocodiles and caymans, the hugest boas, the heaviest turtles, as well as the most varied and plentiful supply of venomous serpents, all occur in the warmest regions of the earth.

Although it was only in recent times that the exact nature of reptiles, and their true relation to the other great divisions of the animal kingdom, came to be clearly apprehended, it cannot be supposed that creatures of such singular and sometimes fearful aspect, should not have excited an early interest in the minds of men. To make no mention of the most ancient Hebrew writers, both Herodotus and Athenæus convey to us several insulated notices of various reptiles; but it is in the works of Aristotle that we first find a knowledge of the subject, not more extensive than profound. Under the title of 'Oviparous quadrupeds and 'serpents,' he treats of those great groups which Linnæus, two thousand years afterwards, combined under the unhappy name of *Amphibia*,—a term so inapplicable not only to the fabled basilisk, in *vacua arena*, but to a vast majority of authentic species,—dwellers in dry and desert lands, which know not the dew of the morning. The appellation of reptile (from the Latin *repo*, to crawl or creep) seems to have been first bestowed upon the present class, with systematic signification, about the middle of last century, in the works of Lyonet and Brisson, while the term *Erpetology*, (from *ἑρπετὸν*—*λόγος*,) by which the science itself is now distinguished, is of still more modern application.

From the days of Aristotle almost until the eighteenth century, this science may be said to have rather retrograded than progressed, so far at least as concerns the true and simple annals of its subjects. Conrad Gesner, the German Pliny, (*monstrum eruditionis*, as he is styled by Boerhaave,) overlaid the matter with all kinds of cumbrous lore; while Aldrovandi, the great Italian compiler, whose work on reptiles was published posthu-

mously by Ambrosini in 1640, is still more diffuse and disorderly. He gives not only the actual history of reptiles, (according at least to his own views of truth and nature,) but adds every thing that can be made to bear upon that history, whether symbolic, medallie, hieroglyphical, or imaginary. During the eighteenth century a considerable variety of writers contributed in different degrees towards the improvement of the subject; but the excellent arrangement now so generally adopted by naturalists, corresponds in all its leading features with that communicated to the Academy of Sciences by M. Alexandre Brogniart in 1799.

In accordance with that system, all reptiles are arranged into four primary groups or orders, as follows:—

I. *Chelonian Reptiles*, (from *χελών*, a tortoise.)—This division contains the tortoises and turtles. The heart, in all the species, is furnished with two auricles, and the body, supported on four legs, is contained within an osseous case, composed as it were of an upper and an under buckler, formed by a peculiarly expanded structure of the ribs and sternum.

II. *Saurian Reptiles*, (from *σαῦρος*, a lizard.)—These consist of crocodiles, lizards, chameleons, guanos, and other analogously constructed creatures. Their heart has likewise two auricles, and the legs are four in number, but the body, with rare exceptions, is covered with scales.

III. *Ophidian Reptiles*, (from *ὄφις*, a serpent.)—This group contains the various kinds of snakes, whether terrestrial or aquatic, innocuous or endowed with poisonous qualities. The heart is furnished with two auricles, but the body is destitute of legs.

IV. *Batrachian Reptiles*, (from *βατραχός*, a frog.)—In these (which include frogs, toads, newts, salamanders, syrens, &c.) the heart has only a single auricle,* the body is naked or without scales, and the majority of the species, as they approach maturity, undergo a transition from a fishlike form with gills, to a quadrupedal state with lungs. A few, however, never lose their gills, and certain species have only a pair of legs.

We do not here propose to enter into any technical details of the subject, but shall rather endeavour to illustrate the general

* The more recent observations of Dr Davy seem to have demonstrated, that the apparently simple auricle of the heart in certain *Batrachian* reptiles, is in fact divided into two by a complete, though transparent, partition.—See *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*. Vol. v. p. 160. We understand that the discovery has been since confirmed by MM. Webert, Martin Saint-Ange, and others.

nature of the preceding great groups, by describing the prevailing character and attributes of a few of the more remarkable species contained in each. At present, however, we must confine our observations to the first and second orders,—reserving to some after opportunity an exposition of the truly singular history of the *Ophidians* and *Batrachians*. We commence with the turtle tribes.

The great sea-turtles belong to the genus *Chelonia* of modern naturalists, and differ from the tortoises, whether terrestrial or aquatic, in having long, flat, finlike feet, the united toes being covered by a membrane. Of all reptiles these are the most useful to the human race. Both the flesh and fat of more than one species, not only supply the epicure with a favourite luxury, but frequently afford a healthful change of diet to seafaring men. The eggs are also nutritious, although of unpleasant aspect, from the *green* colour of the *white*, (if we may so express it,) and the uncoagulable nature of that albumen. But the yolk is excellent, although, when much boiled, it becomes oily and translucent. It has been remarked that the eggs of all turtles are good; even of those more carnivorous kinds, of which the flesh is uneatable from its strong and musky odour. Indeed, a similar observation may be made regarding birds. The eggs of the guillemot and other sea-fowl, afford excellent eating, although their bodies are distinguished by a rank and fishy flavour.

Portions of the shell of these reptiles are also useful for various ornamental purposes, and the entire covering has been made to serve as the roof of a dwelling, or even as a means of transport over the great waters. Both Strabo and Pliny have recorded its multifarious uses among the *Chelonophagi*, who dwelt by the shores of the Red Sea, and whose name implies that they fed habitually on turtles.* It is related in Dampier's voyages how the youthful son of a sea captain—

‘Launch’d from the margin of a bay
Among the Indian Isles, where lay
His father’s ship, and had sail’d far,
To join that gallant ship of war,
In his delightful shell :’

while the poet Wordsworth, discarding his ‘Tale of a Tub,’ has

* ‘Tantæ enim magnitudinis apud eos proveniunt testudines, ut singulæ, singulis casis tegendis sufficiunt, et navigantibus Chelonophagis scapharum usum præbeant.’—Plin. *Hist. Anim.* Lib. VI. cap. xxv.

substituted a similar shell for the more soapy associations of the 'chosen vessel,' in which he had formerly embarked his Highland boy :—

'And, as a coracle that braves
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,
This shell upon the deep would swim,
And gaily lift its fearless brim
Above the tossing surge.'

Although turtles are of various kinds, (naturalists are now acquainted with seven or eight species,) and differ considerably in their structure and character, they agree in this, that they rarely venture on shore except during the periodical deposition of their eggs. On desert and unpeopled coasts, and the lonely shores of uninhabited islands, they more frequently seek the land; but an innate knowledge of their own defective movements upon *terra firma*, seems to deter them from leaving the salubrious sea. 'All the species,' says Mr Audubon, 'move through the water with surprising speed; but the green and hawk-billed in particular remind you, by the celerity and ease of their motions, of the progress of birds through the air.' With the exception of the cetaceous tribes, and a few marine serpents, they are probably the most aquatic of all animals not belonging to the class of fishes; being frequently seen floating, as if in a familiar and accustomed home, seven or eight hundred miles from land. Turtles are very prolific. Above three thousand eggs, in various degrees of development, have been counted in the body of a female; of these, however, only a few hundred are laid, after certain intervals, in the course of a single season. Their form is nearly spherical, and they are usually hatched in from fifteen to twenty days. The young, immediately after exclusion, are soft in texture, and pale in colour; the compartments of the shell being only indicated by certain star-like marks. They instinctively make their way towards the water side, where they are said to experience some difficulty in so adjusting their specific gravity as to admit of an immediate submergence; and many find the journey, though short, disastrous; being carried off by birds and beasts of prey, or picked up by an ambuscade of insidious alligators. Youth and innocence are ever beset by perils, and there is little rest for turtles on this side the tureen. These great reptiles are most abundantly distributed over the seas of the torrid zone; and such as are met with in the more temperate parts of the Atlantic ocean, and in the Mediterranean waters, may be said to have pushed their way beyond the usual limits of their kind.

One of the most noted species is *Chelonia mydas*, commonly called the green turtle, not on account of its external colour, but because its fat assumes, when the creature is in high condition, a peculiar greenish hue. When the face of an alderman, 'celestial rosy red,' is glowing benignly with the prospect of the far-famed soup, do his thoughts ever wander to the Bahama islands, or to the far Tortugas, where his undecapitated victims are floating tranquilly on the blue profound, or paddling peacefully towards the sandy shores? Let an eyewitness describe the scenes of turtle life. 'A blaze,' says Mr Audubon, 'of refulgent glory streams through the portals of the west, and the masses of vapour assume the semblance of mountains of molten gold. But the sun has now disappeared, and from the east slowly advances the grey curtain which night draws over the world. . . . Slowly advancing landward, their heads alone above water, are observed the heavily-laden turtles, anxious to deposit their eggs in the well-known sands. On the surface of the gently rippling streams, I dimly see their broad forms as they toil along, while at intervals may be heard their hurried breathings, indicative of suspicion and fear. The moon with her silvery light now illumines the scene, and the turtle having landed, slowly and laboriously drags her heavy body over the sand, her *flappers* being better adapted for motion in the water than on shore. Up the slope, however, she works her way, and see how industriously she removes the sand beneath her, casting it out on either side. Layer after layer she deposits her eggs, arranging them in the most careful manner, and with her hind paddles brings the sand over them. The business being accomplished, the spot is covered over, and with a joyful heart she returns towards the shore, and launches into the deep.' *

These maternal duties are rapidly accomplished. Although the eggs are dropped singly, and ranged in layers, to the number of one hundred and fifty and upwards at a time, the entire period occupied does not exceed twenty minutes. The newly hatched young, according to the financial phraseology of the Americans, are at first no bigger 'than a dollar.' In the adult state, however, they attain to a gigantic size, sometimes measuring above six feet in length, with a weight of eight hundred pounds. The food of the green turtle consists chiefly of that long grass-like sea-weed, called *Zostera marina*, and the

* *Ornithological Biography*. Vol. ii. p. 370.

greenish hue of the fat has been by some attributed to that peculiar diet.

The logger-headed turtle (*Chelonia caretta*) is a still more magnificent monster; but he is of no value, either in a commercial or culinary point of view—his shell being useless, and his flesh extremely coarse and rank in flavour. He is bold and voracious in his habits, preying upon shellfish and other animal productions, which he crunches with his powerful beak. This species is not uncommon in the Mediterranean, and has been occasionally carried by currents or other causes to the British shores. It is widely spread along the Atlantic coasts of America.

But the largest of all these marine reptiles is the coriaceous turtle, (*Chelonia coriacea*), so called on account of the softer and more impressible nature of its external covering, which is rather of the texture of leather than of horn.* It may be regarded as a rare species, although it occurs occasionally both in the Mediterranean sea and the Atlantic ocean. A specimen taken about three leagues from Nantes, near the mouth of the Loire, measured above seven feet in length, and when captured is said to have uttered a loud and hideous cry,† while its mouth ‘foamed with rage, and exhaled a noisome vapour.’ Though sometimes found extremely fat, and otherwise in fine condition, the flesh of the coriaceous turtle forms a most indifferent article of food. It is, however, eaten by the Carthusians. The species was formerly known to the Greeks, and is regarded by Lacedæ as *classical*, in respect to the formation of the ancient harp or lyre—an instrument originally constructed by stringing the carapace of a turtle. It is still called *luth* or lyre by the French. About ninety years ago, two specimens of great size were taken in the mackerel nets off the coast of Cornwall soon after midsummer. One of these was described by Dr Borlase as measuring ‘six feet nine inches ‘ from the tip of the nose to the end of the shell, ten feet four

* The character above named, and others which we need not here detail, have induced modern naturalists to separate the coriaceous turtle from its neighbours. It consequently now forms the genus *Sphargis* of Merrem.—See his *Tentamen Systematis Amphibiorum*.

† Delafont, in *Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences*, Ann. 1729, p. 8. There is probably some exaggeration here; reptiles are habitually silent, although the croaking of frogs is loud and frequent. But the land *Chelonians* are entirely mute, and we have never heard any of the great sea-turtles give utterance to any other sound than that of a prolonged breathing, quite inaudible at a short distance.

'inches from the extremities of the fore fins extended, and was adjudged to weigh eight hundred pounds.*

Another species, called the imbricated turtle, (*Chelonia imbricata*,) on account of the mode in which its dorsal plates overlap, instead of being embedded in each other, is of great value; by reason of the beautiful transparency and elegantly mottled character of its external covering—from which is formed the ornamental article so familiarly known as *tortoise-shell*. This kind is much inferior in size to those already mentioned, and, although its eggs are excellent, its flesh is of no value. It is named the *hawksbill* in books of voyages, and other miscellaneous works, on account of the peculiar form and prolongation of the muzzle; and is known as *la Tuilée* to the French, in reference to the overlapping or tile-like disposition of the scales. These dorsal plates are easily disturbed by the application of heat. In their natural state they are extremely brittle, but on being plunged into boiling water they become soft and pliable, and are then placed between smooth flat plates of metal, or pieces of compact wood, and after cooling they retain the form with which they have been impressed. They admit of a high polish, and are easily joined together, or soldered, by means of heat and pressure.

This beautiful substance was well known and highly prized in ancient times. It was used by both the Greeks and Romans in the 'outward adorning' of pillars and doorways; as well as in the interior decorations of beds and other household articles. It is stated by Velleius Paterculus, that when Alexandria was taken by Julius Cæsar, immense supplies of tortoise-shell were found in the magazines; and it was even proposed that the great Commentator should have made it the principal ornament of his triumph, as at a future period he is known to have done with ivory, on the close of his African war. Mr Schœpf informs us, that unless a turtle of this kind weighs about a hundred and fifty pounds, the shell is of little value.† The quantity yielded varies from five to twenty pounds. The species is widely distributed over the Indian and American seas, and occurs, though rarely, in the Mediterranean. There are several other sea-turtles known to naturalists, of which, however, we cannot here give account.

We shall now repose for a time on *terra firma*, with a view to investigate very briefly the general history of the land species,

* *Natural History of Cornwall*. P. 287. tab. 27.

† *Historia Testudinum iconibus illustrata*.

or tortoises properly so called. Of these, the most peculiar character consists in the form of the feet, which are blunt or truncated, with the toes immoveably massed together beneath the skin, and terminated by shapeless claws. If we may compare small things to great, the feet in question represent not inaptly the feet of elephants, with this additional disadvantage that the soles are soft, which induces these reptiles to walk as it were on the edge of the foot. Their locomotive powers are consequently feeble and defective. We may add that their shells are proportionably higher, or more convex, than those of the aquatic kinds. Of all the *Chelonian* reptiles, they have also the thickest, hardest, heaviest shells, in proportion to their own dimensions; and it has been remarked that their protecting covering is completed, so far as strength and solidity are concerned, before the creature has itself attained the adult state; which is not the case with either the mud or river tortoises, or the great marine turtles. An enormous resisting power results from the structure just referred to,—a small American species, *T. Polyphemus*, for example, being able to sustain without incumbrance the weight of six hundred pounds. All the species of this group speedily perish in the water, as they cannot swim, and their prehensile powers are greatly restricted by the defective, or at least the peculiar structure of the feet, which disenables them from grasping. Indeed they owe their family name of *Chersites*, by which they are now distinguished in our modern system, to a Greek word (*χέρσις*) applied to them by Aristotle, and which signifies *living on land*.

The eggs of tortoises are usually as round as a billiard ball, although in certain species they are elongated and almost cylindrical; that is, without the terminal disparity which predominates in the eggs of birds. They are hard and calcareous, and the included young are provided with a protuberance from the beak, which facilitates the process of exclusion. The majority of the species inhabit either woody situations, or places abounding in herbage. In temperate climates subject to winter's cold, they form or take possession of holes of no great depth, into which they retire during the severe season; and they deposit their eggs, of which they take no further charge, in a somewhat similar excavation. In regard to diet, although they have been seen to eat small shells and insects, their principal food consists of vegetation of various kinds—lettuce being a special favourite. They may be said to tear, rather than cut it, with their mandibles; that is, after placing their fore feet upon a leaf, they take a portion in their mouths, and break it off by means of a backward motion of the head.

The geographical distribution of these land tortoises is very extensive. Only three species occur in Europe,—*T. marginata*, *Mauritanica*, and *Græca*. Nine are found in Africa and its islands; and of these six are peculiar to continental Africa, and one to Madagascar. Some confusion exists regarding the localities of the Asiatic kinds; but India in general, and the eastern islands, produce at least six species. Few are found in either the continental or insular countries of the New World. Including the genus *Cynnixis*, which is peculiar to America, we believe that not more than eight or nine occur in the western world. Among these we are averse at present to include one described by M. D'Orbigny as found in Patagonia, and which corresponds so closely with *T. sulcata*, a well-known African species, (imported long ago by Delalande, and more recently described by Rüppell,) that some mistake may reasonably be apprehended. The existence of any land reptile, common alike to Africa and America, would be a most extraordinary fact in zoological geography, and one of which we have hitherto had no example.*

All the European land tortoises belong to the restricted genus *Testudo*, of modern writers—a group characterised by five toes on each foot, although there are only four claws on the posterior pair. The best and most anciently known species is the Greek tortoise, —*T. Græca*. It appears to be actually limited to the southern portions of Europe; that is, to Greece, Italy, and the principal islands of the Mediterranean. Its natural occurrence as indigenous, in Spain and Portugal, has not been clearly determined; and although it is now common in the south of France, it is known historically to have been imported thither from Italy. That it occurs in all the countries which surround the basin of the Mediterranean, is merely a misconception fallen into by those, and adopted by others, who have not detected the difference between it and the kind which is common to the coast of Barbary. On the other hand, the latter does not occur in Greece. The

* The following tabular view exhibits the distribution of the four generic groups which compose the family of terrestrial tortoises, (*Chersites*), and the amount of species in each:—

Genera.	Asia.	Europe.	Africa.	Common to Europe and Africa.	America.	Total.
<i>Testudo</i> .	5	3	7	1	5	20
<i>Pyxis</i> .	1	...	...	...	...	1
<i>Cynnixis</i> .	...	...	...	...	3	3
<i>Homopus</i> .	...	...	2	...	...	2
Total in each } great region.	6	3	9	1	8	26

Greek tortoise feeds chiefly on herbage. It affects dry and somewhat sandy soils, not destitute of wood. It pairs in summer, and the female lays from four to twelve eggs, white and spherical, of the size of small walnuts. She deposits them in a shallow hole, or hollow, of such depth as not to debar the direct influence of solar heat. The males fight fiercely, cold-blooded though they be, while under the influence of sexual passion. They bite each other's necks, and wrestle and jostle with the greatest determination, the object of each being to turn his neighbour over on his back,—a position from which he cannot easily recover the use of his limbs, and is thereby placed *hors de combat* for all other purposes. Like most land reptiles they delight in warmth and sunshine; and at noonday, during the height of the ardent though delicious Sicilian summer, they are often found by the sides of the highways, with their shells so hot that it is scarcely possible to hold them in an ungloved hand. The extraordinary longevity to which this species sometimes attains is too notorious to be mentioned; as almost every one has read of Archbishop Laud's tortoise, which was introduced to the garden at Lambeth palace about the year 1633, and died, rather from accidental neglect than of a good old age, in 1753. The Greek tortoise is sold as food in the Italian and Sicilian markets; but it is used rather as an ingredient in making broth, than for its flesh.

Another species is the margined tortoise—*T. marginata*, first distinctly characterised, and distinguished from the preceding, by Jean David Schœpf, a Bavarian physician and naturalist, who died about the commencement of the present century. Additional knowledge regarding it was obtained by the recent French scientific mission to the Morea, under M. Bory de St Vincent.* Up to that period it had been regarded as an exclusively African reptile; that is, as occurring only in Egypt and the coast of Barbary, but it is now known to be as common in Greece as the so-called *Testudo Græca*. It is singular, however, that Aristotle and the ancient writers indicate only one land tortoise, under the title of *χιτώνη χερσαία*, as indigenous in that country. But there is now no doubt, that two distinct kinds must have been confounded together under a single name. Indeed, there is a passage in Pausanias, in which that writer states that the beech forests of Arcadia produce tortoises of so large a size, that their shell may be made to serve in the formation of the harmonic lyre, equally with those of India. Now, although the margined

* *Zoologie de la Morée*. Pl. ii. fig. 2.

tortoise is much less than the majority of the Asiatic kinds, it is yet somewhat larger than the Greek one; and so, making some allowance for the exaggeration of the old topographer, he may have actually indicated this recently recognized species.

The third and last of the European kinds is *Testudo Mauritanica*. It derives its name from the frequency of its occurrence along that Mediterranean portion of Africa, anciently called Mauritania, and in the neighbourhood of Algiers it is very abundant. Indeed, since the French occupation of Algeria, it is frequent in the Parisian markets, being imported thither rather as an article of curiosity to be kept in gardens, than to serve as food. Its claim to be regarded as a European species, in the ordinary sense of the term, is very slender; but, according to M. Menestries, it is of frequent occurrence in fruit-gardens in the environs of Bakou, a town on the western shore of the Caspian sea.

The mud or marsh tortoises form a separate family, much more numerous than the preceding. All the species have the phalanges, or divisions of the toes, distinct and perceptible, and the toes themselves possess the power of motion, although usually united by a membrane. The feet are thus formed for walking; but, as they are also webbed, their swimming powers are excellent, and they therefore dwell by the banks of streams, in marshes, and other moist abodes. Hence their family name of *Elodites*, from *ἔλος*, a marsh. They are in some measure intermediate in their character between the aquatic kinds, strictly so called, whether marine or fluviatile, and the terrestrial species already noticed. From the less encumbered structure of the toes, they are much more active in their movements, even on land, than the terrestrial group, while they swim with considerable facility. Like the river kinds, they feed almost exclusively on living animal substances. The family is composed of fourteen genera, containing about seventy-four species. They occur both in the Old and New World, and even in Australia, where no land tortoise has been as yet detected. Their geographical allotment differs in many other respects from that of those just named. For example, while America produces only a few species of land tortoise, we find that of the seventy-four kinds which constitute the *Elodites*, forty-five are peculiar to the western world, while only three are found in Africa, which is rather rich in the terrestrial species.

A very brief consideration of the great distinctive physical features of the various continents of the earth, would suffice to explain these zoological peculiarities; but we dare not here enter into that enquiry. We shall merely call to mind that one

of the most influential physical characters of America is the absence of sandy deserts. Of North America, especially, the natural formation and position preclude the existence of these arid wastes, which result from a surface comparatively low and level, the absence of neighbouring mountains, and the consequent deficiency of moisture. Wherever a continent or country forms an expanded flat for more than a few hundred miles, beneath a generally cloudless sky, it will become a desert. It is thus that a vast extent of central Africa, from a deficiency of elevated ranges, is unable to collect a sufficing store of moisture to fertilize its thirsty plains, and clothe its arid wastes with verdure. No cool and cloud-capped mountains cast their far shadows across those sultry sands,—no upland and refreshing valleys, ‘keeping till June December’s snow,’ give forth rejoicingly the sparkling waters of perennial streams. But America enjoys the advantage not only of being encircled by salubrious seas, but of possessing within itself the loftiest mountains, the mightiest rivers, and the most expanded lakes; while the trade winds, deeply saturated with moisture, enter the great valley of the Mississippi, where they pour down their load of vapours, clothing the lengthened slopes and undulating plains of vast extent, with all the rich luxuriance of a life-sustaining vegetation.* Hence an American wilderness is widely different from a desert region, because (richer than the gold of Ophir) a deep-seated and far-spread power of fertility slumbers unseen even amid its lifeless solitudes.

‘Pure element of waters ! wheresoe’er
Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,
Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,
Rise into life, and in thy train appear ;
And, through the sunny portion of the year,
Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants.
But, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants,
And hart and hind, and hunter with his spear,
Languish and droop together.’

The existence, then, (for we must return to our reptiles,) of vast rivers, lakes, and marshes, in America, suffices to explain the abundance of tortoises belonging to the moist family of the

* See a short paper entitled, ‘The United States exempt from deserts, and all the evils consequent thereon,’ in Featherstonhaugh’s *Monthly American Journal of Geology and Natural Science*. Philadelphia, August 1831.

Elodites; while the contrary character of the African continent affords an equally natural reason for the fact, that scarcely any of that family has been discovered there at all. Thus, of the twenty-nine species already referred to as foreign to America, not more than three occur in continental Africa, although about an equal number is found in the island of Madagascar. Two are natives of New Holland, three are indigenous to Europe, while the remaining eighteen rejoice in the well-watered portions of India and the Eastern Archipelago. Of the South American species there is a noted fishery on an island of the Oronoco, of a kind called *arrau*, of which we know not the scientific name. It weighs from forty to fifty pounds, and is captured chiefly for the oil obtained from its eggs. Of this article it was calculated by M. de Humboldt, that five thousand jars or *botijas* were collected annually; and that, to yield that quantity, three hundred and thirty thousand tortoises must visit the shores in question, and lay thirty-three millions of eggs.

The extent of these general notices must debar our entering into the detailed history of particular kinds. We shall restrict ourselves to those of Europe. Of these, the best known and most extensively distributed, belongs to the genus *Cistudo* of Dr Fleming.* It is usually distinguished by the specific name of *lutaria*, and is very generally known as the mud tortoise, on account of its preferring the soft soil of ponds and marshes to the clearer bed of rivers. However, it swims with celerity, and is consequently enabled to prey on small fishes, as well as on shells and insects. Its own flesh, though by no means agreeable, is frequently used as food. The mud tortoise inhabits Greece, Italy, many of the Mediterranean islands, Spain, Portugal, the south of France, Hungary, and even as far north as the Prussian kingdom. On the approach of winter it leaves the water, and seeks out some subterranean hiding-place, where it lies in a lethargic state till spring. Though itself aquatic, it lays its eggs on land, as in fact do all *Chelonian* reptiles. The two remaining European tortoises belong to the genus *Emys*. Of these the kind called *Caspica*, is not only found, as its name implies, along the coasts of the Caspian sea, but also in Dalmatia and the

* *Philosophy of Zoology*. Vol. ii. p. 270. 'Nous avons conservé,' say MM. Dumeril and Bibron, 'à un genre dont les espèces ont les plastron également mobile devant et derrière, le nom de *cistude*, sous lequel il avait été établi et désigné par M. Fleming, l'Américain, en 1825.' We had always fancied that Professor Fleming of Aberdeen was a Scotsman!

Morea. The other, termed *sigriz*, occurs in Spain. It is also an African species. Many of the American kinds afford excellent eating, especially *Emys concentrica*, which inhabits the salt marshes.

We shall conclude this department of our subject by a brief notice of the fourth and last family of *Chelonian* reptiles,—the river tortoises, or *Potamites*. Of these the majority dwell habitually in running streams, where they swim with great celerity, their shells being broad and flat, and their feet partly webbed. The body is greatly depressed, and the marginal edges of the shell are in general soft and flexible. The edges of the jaws are covered by a kind of reduplication of the skin, fulfilling the office of fleshy lips,—a character unexampled in the reptile kingdom. Both the upper and under shield are covered by a smooth coriaceous naked skin. The feet are flat, and composed of five toes, of which only three are furnished with nails,—from whence the generic name of *Trionyx*, bestowed by Geoffroy.* The species are few in number, and none occurs in Europe. In their habits they are active and voracious, preying upon various other reptiles, fishes, and even birds. Their aspect is peculiar from the lengthened form of the neck, which is contractile, and enables them to dart forward the head with the rapidity of an arrow. They bite severely, and only loose their grasp by carrying away the portion they have seized. The American fishermen consequently hold them in great dread, but contrive to quiet them in some measure by cutting off their heads. They are esteemed as articles of food, and are caught by means of hooks baited with a small fish, and kept in motion to render the lure the more deceptive. We have never ourselves angled any where for tortoises. Naturalists are acquainted with about a dozen of the kind in question, variously distributed over Asia, Africa, and America. The Egyptian species called *tyrse*, or the *soft turtle* of the Nile, is serviceable by destroying young crocodiles the moment they are hatched. Another, *Trionyx ferox*, is well known in various rivers of North America, where it is said to lie in ambuscade among reeds and rushes, from whence it seizes upon inexperienced birds and youthful alligators.

It will be seen from the preceding sketch of the *Chelonian* rep-

* The group has recently been re-arranged in accordance with the exposure or concealment of the limbs; that is, their power of being naturally withdrawn beneath the carapace. Hence the formation of two genera, *Gymnopus* and *Cryptopus*, and the disappearance of the older generic term.

tiles, that the order is alike numerous and diversified.* We have now to present a corresponding exposition of the great *Saurian* order.

It is in the work of Herodotus—an eyewitness to the wonders of the ancient Egyptian world—that we find the earliest and most accurate observations on the crocodile.† His truthful details are of course commingled with statements which later investigations have failed to confirm. Of such is the passages regarding the bird called *Trochilos*, which, whenever the reptile comes ashore, and opens its ponderous jaws, immediately proceeds to pick out certain small creatures called *bdellæ*, found adhering to the interior of the mouth. These *bdellæ* which are suctorial beings of some kind or other, have been usually regarded by commentators as horse-leeches; but a French naturalist, M. Descourtils, having stated that in America gnats have been seen to attach themselves to the mouths of alligators, M. Geoffroy St Hilaire, in a learned dissertation, (in the natural history portion of the great French work on Egypt,) has adopted the opinion that the term *bdellæ* corresponds to *culex*. Now, as it is a matter of everyday observation, that gnats will attack bulls and other large terrestrial animals of the fiercest nature, and that wagtails and other insectivorous birds will peck the former from their muzzles, we have no great objection to go a step further, and suppose that in Egypt there may be some shore-bred bird which ventures to seek its prey in the ‘imminent deadly breach’ even of a crocodile’s jaws; in which case, the statement by Herodotus need be deemed no longer fabulous.

* The student of this branch of natural history will not fail to consult Mr Bell’s beautiful *Monograph of the Testudinata*. Mr Gray’s *Synopsis Reptilium* will also be found a useful summary.

† The derivation of the name of crocodile, according to Cuvier, is from ‘*Κροκοδειλος, qui craint le rivage*,’ at first sight a singular and most inappropriate application to a creature which, so far from fearing shores or marginal banks, is scarcely ever found elsewhere. But it appears that the Greeks had originally applied the term to an indigenous lizard of their own country, which bred in hedges and avoided moisture, and that they merely transferred the title to its gigantic Egyptian representative. The Greek word also literally signifies *fearful of saffron*; but such interpretation, in reference to the creature in question, has no meaning that we know of. According to Herodotus, the ancient Egyptian name of the crocodile was *Chamsees*, an appellation still sufficiently obvious in that of *temsach*, by which it is now known in modern Egypt.

Aristotle's description and remarks are in a great measure borrowed from the old Greek historian; and it is the opinion of Schneider,* (equally eminent as a scholar and naturalist,) that the Stagyrite himself never enjoyed any personal opportunity of observing the habits of this great reptile. Diodorus Siculus refers to the destruction of its eggs by the ichneumon. Strabo narrates the divine honours paid to it by the natives of Arsinoë, (*Crocodilopolis*.) Ælian indicates the existence of the Gangetic or Indian species; but neither he nor Pliny adds to our actual knowledge of the subject, which has only been matured in modern times.

We know that the crocodile was worshipped as a divinity by the ancient Egyptians, who maintained it during life in luxurious splendour, and afterwards gave it embalment and sepulture amid the mysterious gloom of their subterranean chambers. Certain disparities of form in the crania of these animals, have given rise to the opinion that more than one species existed in Egypt; and that it was a kind called *Suchus* or *Souchis* which was consecrated in the religious ceremonies of the people. Thus M. Geoffroy St Hilaire supposes that the more narrow-muzzled sort always continued of less size than the others, were mild and inoffensive in their manners, and that their comparative smallness causing them to keep closer in shore during the periods of inundation, they thus became the familiar precursors and accompaniments of that mighty change. This is conformable to the opinion of Jablonski, that the *Suchis* was a peculiar species, reared by preference for the temple service. But Baron Cuvier combats that idea, and we think successfully; by showing that the sacred crocodile was naturally not less ferocious than its neighbours, and that the narrow-muzzled variety was not exclusively cared for by the priests; the others being equally found embalmed in the ancient catacombs. He thinks that the term *suchus* was applied, not to the species in the abstract, but to whatever individual was, for the time being, the representative of divinity; just as the sacred bull of Memphis was named *Apis*, that of Heliopolis *Mnevis*, and that of Hermonthis *Pacis*,—these various terms signifying, not particular or distinct kinds of cattle, but merely different individuals of the same species.†

* *Hist. Amphibiorum Nat. et Litt.* Fascic. II. p. 6.

† According to Bochart the word *suchus* is derived from the Hebrew, and signifies *swimmer*; an appropriate name for the crocodile of Arsinoë, if, as Diodorus reports, its worship was established by an Egyptian king who was saved from drowning by one of those animals carrying him ashore upon its back.—See *Recherches sur les Animaux Fossiles*. (4th edition.) T. ix. p. 96. M. Champollion has shown that *souk* was the name of an

There is not certainly the slightest direct evidence from ancient writers that more than one species of true crocodile occurred in Egypt; (the *land* crocodile, so-designated by Aristotle and others, is merely a large lizard of the genus *Monitor*;) while we have the clearest proof that that species was naturally of a savage disposition. The sacred individuals being well attended to, and faring sumptuously every day, were tame and familiar, at all events to their priestly attendants, (*χειροθήνης τοῖς ἱερεῦσι*, are the words of Strabo,) just as we now see the most ferocious beasts subdued by the Van Amburghs of the present day: but, far from this docility of disposition being manifested by the species in its natural state, it is expressly referred to by Aristotle, as a proof of the ameliorating influence of an abundant and continuous supply of food, on the habits of predacious animals. We know, moreover, from the report of *Ælian*, that in districts where crocodiles were habitually slaughtered, the inhabitants could bathe and swim securely in the river; whereas at Coptos and Arsinoë, where even the unconsecrated individuals were regarded with feelings of reverence, they scarcely dared to walk by the margin, or draw water from the brink of the stream. Indeed, whatever may have given origin to so uncouth a worship, it was not certainly an admiration of the creature's amenity of life. On the contrary, many have maintained that its ferocity led to its adoration, on account of the useful dread which it inspired in the minds of the Libyan and Arabian robbers. 'Egyptii,' says Cicero, 'nullam belluam nisi ob aliquam utilitatem consecraverunt: crocodilum, quod terrore arceat latrones.'*

It must indeed produce a startling and rather astounding effect, especially upon the timid mind of an invalid, when one of these carnivorous monsters is unexpectedly met with any fine summer morning at a watering-place. Dr Darwin has drawn, as usual, an inflated but not ineffective picture of its general aspect.

Egyptian god who corresponded to Saturn, and is represented on ancient monuments with the head of a crocodile.

* While referring to the knowledge of these animals obtained by the earlier European nations, the authors of the *Erpétologie Générale* (t. iii. p. 49) have observed:—'Les Romains, au rapport de Pline, n'ont commencé à connaître ces animaux que sous l'édilat de Scaurus, et sept années avant l'ère Chrétienne.' Pliny has certainly said many absurd things, but he does not attempt to bring down the Edileship of Scaurus from fifty-eight to seven years before the Christian era. It was the Emperor Augustus, who, during the latter period, filled the Flavianian circus with water, and there exhibited thirty-six living crocodiles, which were afterwards publicly slain by men accustomed to fight with monsters.

‘Erewhile emerging from the brooding sand,
With tiger paw he prints the brineless strand;
High on the flood with speckled bosom swims,
Helm’d with broad tail, and oar’d with giant limbs;
Rolls his fierce eyeballs, clasps his iron claws,
And champs with gnashing teeth his massy jaws :
Old Nilus sighs through all his cane-crown’d shores,
And swarthy Memphis trembles and adores.’

But although the famous valley of the Nile harbours, along its moist alluvial banks, only a single kind of crocodile, the general genus contains a considerable number of species. These constitute the largest, strongest, fiercest, and consequently most formidable, of the reptile race. They inhabit the shores of the great rivers of both the old and new world, and exhibit a considerable diversity in respect to natural temper and disposition, according to the difference of kinds. Thus Mr Audubon informs us, that in North America they are so disinclined to annoy the human race, that he and his companions have often waded up to the waist among hundreds of them; while the cattle-drivers may be seen beating them away with staves before they cross the rivers with their live stock; for it is admitted that they readily attack cattle, and will seize upon such animals as dogs and deer, or even horses. On the other hand, the governor of Angustura informed Mr Waterton, that while he was one fine evening walking by the banks of the Oronoco, he saw a large cayman rush out of the river, seize upon a man, and carry him away in his horrid jaws. ‘The screams of the poor fellow were terrible as the cayman was running off with him. He plunged into the river with his prey: we instantly lost sight of him, and never saw or heard him more.’ So also in regard to the African species, we may, among many other recorded examples of their fierceness, recall to mind the circumstance of Mungo Park’s negro guide Isaaco being twice seized by a crocodile while crossing the Ba Woolima with his asses, and escaping immediate death only by his presence of mind enabling him to gouge the eyes of the insatiate monster with his thumbs. He gained the shore bleeding profusely, with a deep wound in each thigh, and the marks of several teeth upon his back. He was unable to renew the journey for six days. Instead, however, of supposing any inaccuracy or misrepresentation on the part of one or other of these discordant authorities, it is more agreeable to reconcile their differences by bearing in mind, that crocodiles in the abstract form a great generic group, which contains within itself a wide and varied range of animal instincts. That these reptiles

are capable of being tamed and even domesticated, we know historically from the conspicuous rôle performed by the sacred crocodile of the Nile, in the religious ceremonial processions of the ancient Egyptians; and in modern times, (to say nothing of the fine family of thriving alligators raised by Bosc in North America,) Bruce has informed us that the negroes bring up crocodiles, which become, and continue, so mild and docile, that children amuse themselves by riding on their backs.

There is probably a greater disparity in point of bulk between a newly hatched and full grown animal of this group, than between the young and old of any other creature. Indeed Herodotus has remarked, that of all animals produced from an egg, the crocodile attains the greatest size. An adult individual must be two or three hundred times heavier than its offspring, and one of thirty feet in length (the extent of a female mentioned by Hasselquist) must have been about sixty times longer than its youthful progeny.

Although a full grown case-hardened crocodile, with its armature of 'scaly rind,' and formidable jaws beset with bristling teeth, need fear nothing short of a rifle-bullet through the eye, or a volley of slugs in the softer part of the abdomen, the eggs and young fall a frequent prey to many natural enemies. The ichneumons of Egypt, the otters and even ibises of the new world, and the great tortoises belonging to the genus *Trionyx*, attack them greedily in one or other of these defenceless states; while, at least so far as concerns the North American species, the male parent, repudiating all the claims of filial affection, throws, not his arms, but jaws around his unprotected young, and gulps them down in dozens. However, the negroes will attack even the adult animals, and kill them, by separating the tail from the body by blows of their hatchets. The oil (obtained by boiling) is used for machinery; and a practice prevailed at one time of making boots and shoes of alligator leather. The South American Indians eat the tail of these creatures, and they catch the owner of the tail by means of a large hook baited with a bird, or any small quadruped, and fastened to a tree by an iron chain. 'The flesh,' according to Catesby, 'is delicately white, but hath so perfumed a taste and smell that I never could relish it with pleasure.' The eggs of the crocodile are regarded as a luxury by some of the African tribes.

In regard to the geographical distribution of these great reptiles, we need scarcely inform our readers, that no species occurs in Europe. * Neither has any been found in New Holland. The caymans or alligators are peculiar to America; the crocodiles, properly so called, are natives of both the old and new

world; the gavials are confined to Asia, to the verdant banks

‘Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams.’

But of the fourteen species of which the undivided genus is composed, Asia produces three crocodiles, besides the gavial; Africa furnishes at least two crocodiles; while America (including the West Indies as parts of the new world) supplies as many as the two other continents combined, viz., seven in all, of which five are alligators, and two are crocodiles,—the latter being found chiefly in Cuba, Martinique, and St Domingo.*

Our present limits will scarcely admit of our doing more than name the various species of the three divisions of the group, with a few brief notes on their nature and localities.

I. The Crocodiles, properly so called, (genus *Crocodylus*,) are distinguished by a more elongated form of head than the alligators; and the fourth pair of teeth in the lower jaw are the largest of the whole, and are received into a notch or hollow of the upper mandible. The hind-legs are toothed, or dentated, and the feet webbed.

The celebrated Egyptian species (*C. vulgaris*) is by no means confined to the country of the pyramids, but occurs in western and southern Africa,—in the island of Madagascar, the Malabar country, and Bengal. A geographical distribution, of so extensive a nature, of course produces, through the influence of climatic and other physical differences, a marked distinction in the individuals of distant countries; but these distinctions, though obvious to the naturalist, are not specific but local, and are found on the examination of a numerous suite of specimens gradually to blend into each other. As the Nilotic species occurs in India in pools and marshes at some distance from the river shores, M. Lesson, viewing that habit in connexion with certain external characters of no importance, has erroneously bestowed upon it

* The following table exhibits the numerical amount and geographical distribution of the species belonging to the three subdivisions of the old generic group of the crocodiles.

	Peculiar to Asia.	Common to Asia and Africa.	Peculiar to Africa.	Peculiar to America.	Doubtful.
Genus Crocodile,	2	1	1	2	2
Alligator,	0	0	0	5	0
Gavialia,	1	0	0	0	0
	3	1	1	7	2
Total species,					14

the name of *C. palustris*.* We are well assured, however, of the fact that it occurs in the Ganges, and is not distinct from that of Egypt.

But the most common crocodile in India is the double-crested kind, (*C. biporcatus*), so called on account of two rugged ridges which proceed from the anterior angle of the eyes. It is found in Ceylon, Sumatra, and other great islands, as well as in the Carnatic and Bengal. We are not acquainted with its northern limit, but the following extract from a private letter now before us, and which we believe to be applicable to this species, shows its occurrence in western India, at least as far north as the 25th degree. The letter is dated from Kurrachee, in Scinde, on the northern side of the mouths of the Indus.

‘As I have no further news, I may as well give you an account of a most extraordinary scene which I witnessed yesterday. Hearing that there were some warm springs worth seeing at a village about eight miles from hence, I started on foot with a guide, to visit them. On getting close to the village I saw a small swamp, resembling a pool of water left by the rains. It was now half dried up, and quite shallow. The day was intensely hot, and as I had done the distance in a couple of hours, I felt extremely thirsty, and so approached the pool. When I got to the edge, the guide who was with me pointed out something in the water, which I had myself taken to be the stump of a tree; and although I had my glasses on, I looked at it for some time before I found that I was standing within three feet of an immense alligator. I then perceived that the swamp was crowded with them, although they were all lying in the mud, so perfectly motionless that a hundred people might have passed without observing them. The guide laughed at the start I gave, and told me that they were quite harmless, having been tamed by a saint, a man of great piety, whose tomb was to be seen on a hill close by, and that they continued to obey the orders of a number of Fakeers who lived around the tomb. I proceeded there immediately, and got some of the Fakeers to come down to the water with a sheep. One of them then went close to the water, with a long stick, with which he struck the ground, and called to the alligators, which immediately came crawling out of the water, great and small together, and lay down upon the bank all round him. The sheep was then killed and quartered, and while this was going on the alligators continued crawling up till they had made a complete ring around us. The Fakeer kept walking about within the circle, and if any of them attempted to encroach, he rapped it unmercifully over the snout with his stick, and drove it backwards. Not one of them attempted to touch him, although they opened their mouths, and showed rows of teeth that seemed able to snap him in two at a bite. The quarters of the sheep were then thrown to them,

* Bellanger's *Voyage aux Indes Orientales*. (Zool. Report,) p. 305.

and the scene that followed was so indescribable that I shall not attempt it; but I think if you will turn to Milton, and read his account of the transformation of Satan and his crew in Pandemonium, you may form some faint idea "how dreadful was the din." In what manner these monsters were first tamed, I cannot say. The natives of course ascribe it to the piety of the saint, who is called Miegger Peer, or Saint Alligator,—“rather a rum” canonization.

Whatever be the means employed, the coincidence of effect is singular between what we now find to be a modern practice in western India, and the priestly customs of the ancient Egyptians.

According to Mr Haensel, there are two kinds of crocodile in the Nicobar islands—the one small, fierce, and rapacious, the other of larger size, but less obtrusive habits, preying only upon carrion. The Danish missionary was one day walking along the coast of Queda, looking at a group of children sporting in the water, when he suddenly saw a large crocodile proceeding towards them from a creek. He immediately gave the alarm, by calling out loudly, and making signs to some Chinese at no great distance. But the Chinamen only laughed at him, and he ere long saw the great reptile swimming about among the youngers, while the latter amused themselves by affecting to drive it from them.*

Another Eastern species is the Siamese crocodile, (*C. galeatus*, Cuv.,) of which we as yet know nothing more than the figure and description transmitted by the French missionaries to the Academy of Sciences.† When M. Faujas de St Fond was preparing to bring forth his *Histoire de la Montagne de St Pierre de Maestricht*, he was probably not aware that the artist whom he employed to furnish him with the required portrait of the crocodile of the Nile, found it more convenient to copy art than nature; and so, laying his hands on Plate 64 (T. iii.) of the Transactions of the Academy, he produced the Siamese species instead of the Nilotic one.

The cuirassed crocodile (*C. cataphractus*, Cuv.) is a native of the western coasts of Africa. It is the only other species of the Old world, unless Graves's crocodile, and that named after M. Journu,‡ of which the localities are not precisely known, should be afterwards ascertained to be likewise of African birth.

We come now to those of the New world,—not the alligators properly so called, which are peculiar to America,—but to a

* *Letters on the Nicobar Islands.* By John Gottfried Haensel.

† *Hist. Acad. des Sciences*, T. iii., part 2, p. 255.

‡ *C. Gravesii* and *Journii* of Bory St Vincent.

continuance of the true crocodiles, of which species occur there as well as in Asia and Africa. The first of these is the lozenge-scaled crocodile, (*C. rhombifer*, Cuv.), with the habits of which we are not acquainted. This is a native of Cuba, and its resemblance to a rude figure in an old work by Hernandez,* has recently given rise to the belief that it may likewise occur in Mexico. The next is the slender-snouted crocodile, (*C. acutus*, Geoffroy,) an inhabitant of Martinique and St Domingo. It appears from a report by M. Adolphe Barrot, who was French Consul at Carthagena, that it is found in the northern continental parts of South America, although St Domingo may be regarded as its headquarters. As to its habits, M. Descourtils has stated that the female deposits her eggs in April and May, and that the young are hatched in a month. She scoops out a circular hollow in the sand, by means of her feet and muzzle, and lays twenty-eight eggs covered by a viscous liquid. They are placed in layers, separated from each other by a portion of the sandy soil. The mother leads her offspring to the still waters, defends them from threatened danger, and feeds them for three months by disgorging her own half-digested food.† M. Ricord, a gentleman in correspondence with the French Museum, adds, that she deposits her eggs in a somewhat careless and slovenly manner, with but a scanty covering of sand. He has even found them among rubbish by the river side. 'J'en ai rencontré dans de la chaux que des maçons avaient laissée au bord de la rivière.'‡

The obscure species already named as Journu's crocodile, of which we believe only a single specimen (that in the museum of Bordeaux) is known to naturalists, is remarkable for its narrow muzzle and comparatively slender teeth,—characters by which it is made to connect, as it were, its own division with the following more limited generic group.

II. The Gavials, (genus *Gavialis*, Geoffroy.) These are distinguished by their long, slender, sub-cylindrical muzzle. There are four slopes or notches in the upper jaw, to receive the first and fourth pairs of the under-teeth. The margins of the jaws are also straight, rather than sinuous, as among the other groups. The hind-legs are toothed on their outer edge, and the feet palmed to the toes.

There is only a single well authenticated species of this genus,—*G. Gangeticus*. It is usually called the crocodile of the

* *Nova Plant. Animal. et Min. Mex. Hist.* 1648—51.

† This 'process of ejection' seems doubted, if not denied, by Mr Waterton in a recent communication. See Mr Newman's *Zoologist*. Vol. i. p. 152.

‡ *Erpétologie Générale*, T. iii, p. 43.

Ganges; but as that famed river nourishes also the genuine crocodile, the term *gavial*, of Indian origin, is advisably applied to our present reptile. It was the belief of Baron Cuvier that a greater and a less gavial existed in the East; but that illustrious observer was eventually of the opinion, which all recent experience has confirmed, that the one is merely an immature condition of the other. Although the gavial is a giant of its kind, it is said to be merciful as well as strong. We should put but little trust in its tender mercies, if it had another kind of snout. But the cylindrical and attenuated form of the muzzle prevents its preying on the larger quadrupeds, as well as from attacking the human race; and so it considerably adapts itself to circumstances, and feeds on fishes and aquatic reptiles. As Ælian has recorded the existence of two kinds of crocodiles in the Ganges—‘the one innocuous, the other cruel’—it is supposed that the former indication refers to the gavial. We believe that the first renewal of acquaintance with it, in comparatively recent times, was made by Edwards, who about the middle of the preceding century described a young specimen received by Dr Mead from Bengal.* It chanced that the individual specimen had a peculiar aperture in the skin of the abdomen, which, as Dr Shaw observes, was probably nothing more than the passage by which the umbilical vessels were attached, during the creature’s confinement in the egg. But Edwards formed the odd and utterly erroneous opinion, that this was the opening to a ventral pouch, intended by nature (as in the opossum and kangaroo) for the reception of the young, and he described it so accordingly. An adult specimen in the British museum measures nearly eighteen feet in length. The geographical distribution of the gavial is not distinctly known beyond the great basin of the Ganges.

We shall now proceed to a brief consideration of the remaining group, of which the species are peculiar to the Western world.

III. The Alligators, (genus *Alligator*.†) In these, the muzzle is broader, and more obtuse, than in the true crocodiles; and the fourth pair of teeth of the lower jaw are received into perforations of the upper one. The hind-legs are without dentation,

* *Phil. Trans.* Vol. xlix. p. 369. tab. 19.

† The term alligator is probably derived from a corruption of the Portuguese name of the lizard, *el lagarto*,—the great American reptile to which it was applied presenting a gigantic resemblance to that more agile creature. The Portuguese title is, no doubt, itself drawn directly from the Latin *lacerta*. The appellation of *cayman*, though now bestowed upon species of the New World, is of African origin,—being used by the negroes of the coast of Guinea.

and the feet are only half-webbed. The species are peculiar to America.

The North American alligator (*A. lucius*, Cuvier) may certainly be regarded as one of the most singular inhabitants of the United States. 'Cette espèce' say MM. Dumeril and Bibron, 'appartient en propre à l'Amerique Septentrionale, qu'elle semble habiter dans toute son étendue.' We are not ourselves acquainted with the precise extent of its geographical distribution, but we know that the preceding statement is erroneous. It certainly ascends the Mississippi as far as $32\frac{1}{2}$ degrees,—a higher latitude than that now attained to by any species of the ancient world.* But it is equally certain that it is confined to the Southern States. 'Though the largest and greatest number of alligators,' says Catesby, 'inhabit the torrid zone, the continent abounds with them ten degrees more north, particularly as far as the river Neus in North Carolina, in the latitude of about 33° , beyond which I have never heard of any.' It usually inhabits rivers, lakes, and marshes; but leaves those moist abodes as soon as the cool autumnal air gives notice of the approach of frosty weather, and burrows in the earth, or beneath the roots of trees. In this lethargic state it may be almost cut to pieces without manifesting any sign of suffering. But during its more excitable summer life, it makes good use of all its natural endowments, and more especially of its jaws and tail. The ponderous flapping of the latter, while the creature is engaged in catching fish, may be heard at the distance of half a mile. It abounds in Louisiana, and often preys upon pigs at night. When surprised at some distance from water, it immediately squats as flat as possible,

* The distribution of the Egyptian species seems to have become restricted in modern times. Although the Deltaic portions of the Nile extend as far north nearly as $31\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, yet we are not aware that crocodiles are now met near its mouth. During Mr Legh's upward journey, they were first seen between Cafr Saide and Diospolis Parva, the modern How. The traveller just named is of opinion that Girgeh now forms their lower limit; and they appeared to him to be most numerous between that place and the cataracts. (*Narrative of a Journey in Egypt and the Country beyond the Cataracts.*) According to Niebhur, the natives attribute the absence of these reptiles from the lower portions of the river, to the talismanic influence of the *mikkias* or Nilo-meter at Cairo, but that author himself ascribes it to culture and population. We do not know whether crocodiles in any part of Africa are now subject to a winter sleep. Their lethargic state in Egypt, during the four colder months of the year, during which they took no food, is anciently attested by Herodotus.

places its nose upon the ground, and stares around with a rolling motion of the eyes. If closely approached, it neither retreats nor attacks, but merely raises its body for an instant from the ground, swells its already gigantic form, and utters a dull blowing sound resembling that of a blacksmith's bellows. But during the pairing season in Spring, the males become extremely fierce, and in that excited state it would be dangerous to approach them. At this time, they fight violently with each other, and make a noise like the bellowing of bulls. The female forms a kind of nest about the 1st of June, selecting some screened thicket of brake or bramble, where she collects leaves, twigs, and other rubbish of various kinds, carrying these materials in her mouth. Erelong she lays about ten eggs, which she covers with mud and leaves; and then, recommencing her building operations, she deposits another layer, and so on alternately till she has laid about five dozen. These eggs are longer than those of a goose; and the whole are matted as it were together by means of tangled grass. The mother watches warily near the spot, and those who desire to discover her hid treasure have not far to seek, as a conspicuous path usually conducts them towards it from the water side, occasioned by the trailing of the body of the parent, who goes and returns by the same route. But she is at this time very ferocious, and her jaws being worse than any steel trap, the curious enquirer should 'beware.' It is not the heat of the sun which hatches these eggs, but that of the nest itself, which becomes a kind of hot-bed from its peculiar mode of formation. As soon as the young have burst the parchment-like, somewhat transparent, covering which represents the shell, they work their way through their putrescent dwelling, and then the female conducts them for greater security to some detached bayou; for now the old Saturnian fathers are 'ready to smite once, and smite no more.'* This *Alligator lucius* is the only species found in the United States.

The most noted of the South American kinds is the spectacled alligator—(*A. sclerops*, Cuvier.) It is well known in Guiana

* When Saturn, deceived by Rhea, swallowed large stones instead of his own fine children, he would seem to have performed another feat which crocodiles are likewise in the habit of imitating. Numerous stones are found in the stomach of these reptiles. Some suppose that they swallow them of intent, as poultry do gravel, for the mechanical purposes of trituration, while others regard them as internal concretions. An alligator seventeen feet long, shot by Bolivar, the Colombian general, was found to have within it a stony mass weighing upwards of sixty pounds.

and Brazil, and extends over a considerable range of country, occurring in rivers, lagoons, and marshes, as far south as 32°. It attains to a great size, and some have been seen in Surinam upwards of twenty feet in length. It is the *Yacaré* of Azara, the Spanish naturalist, and we believe that it was upon the back of a spectacled alligator that Mr Waterton 'witched the world.'* It feeds on fishes and wild-fowl, which it swallows entire, that is, without any further laceration than is necessary to secure the capture. It dwells during the night in water, and enjoys the warmth of sunshine by dozing on the sand throughout the day. It rarely attacks the human race, unless its eggs are intermeddled with; and then it will defend them with pertinacious courage. According to the generality of authors, it deposits its eggs in the sand, covering them with leaves, the hatching being accomplished by the heat of the sun; but Spix has more recently informed us that it prefers a wooded situation, for the sake of secrecy and shelter, and that it watches close at hand, by the bank of lake or river. Its habits in these respects may probably be in some measure guided by circumstances; although the covering of foliage, which is said to be characteristic in both cases, will of course be more easily obtained amid 'leafy umbrage' than the desert sands. Besides the preceding species, three other kinds occur in South America, viz. *A. palpebrosus*, *cynocephalus*, and *punctulatus*. Our present limits will not admit of any further notice than their names.

We have already briefly alluded to the hybernation, or winter lethargy, of the northern species. A more singular circumstance is the *summer* sleep of some of the South American species. They fall into the lethargic state during the prevalence of dry and sultry weather. 'We were shown,' says Humboldt, 'a hut or rather a kind of shed, in which our host of Calabozo, Don Miguel Cousin, had witnessed a very extraordinary scene. Sleeping with one of his friends on a bench covered with leather, Don Miguel was awakened early in the morning by violent shakes, and a horrible noise; clods of earth were thrown into the middle of the hut. Presently a crocodile issued from under the bed, darted at a dog that lay on the threshold of the door, and missing him in the impetuosity of his spring, ran towards the beach to attain the river. On examining the spot where the bacon, or bedstead, was placed, the cause of this strange adventure was easily discovered. The ground was disturbed to a considerable depth. It was dried mud, that had covered the crocodile

* See *Wanderings in South America*. 3d Edition, p. 242.

‘ in that state of lethargy, or summer sleep, in which many of the
‘ species lie, during the absence of the rains, amid the Llanos. The
‘ noise of men and horses, perhaps the smell of the dogs, had awak-
‘ ened it.’* During the periodical swelling of the Apuré, the
horses which have wandered into the savannahs, and cannot reach
the rising grounds, perish by thousands. The mares are often
seen, followed by their colts, swimming about, and feeding on the
tall grasses, of which the tops alone are waving on the surface.
Such as escape are frequently found to bear the impressions of
the monsters’ jaws upon their thighs. Humboldt was informed
at San Fernando, that scarcely a season passes without several
human beings, especially women, being dragged into the water
and drowned by these carnivorous reptiles. But the gouging
system is as well known in the New world as by the banks of the
Gambia. ‘ They related to us the history of a young girl of
‘ Uritucu, who, by singular intrepidity and presence of mind,
‘ saved herself from the jaws of a crocodile. When she felt her-
‘ self seized, she sought the eyes of the animal, and plunged her
‘ fingers into them with such violence, that the pain forced the
‘ crocodile to let her loose, after having bitten off the lower part of
‘ her left arm. The girl, notwithstanding the enormous quantity
‘ of blood she lost, happily reached the shore, swimming with the
‘ hand which remained. In those desert countries, where man
‘ is ever wrestling with nature, discourse turns daily on the means
‘ that may be employed to escape from a jaguar, a boa, or a cro-
‘ codile, and every one prepares himself in some sort for the dan-
‘ gers that await him. “I knew,” said the young girl of Uri-
‘ tucu coolly, “that the cayman lets go his hold if you push your
‘ fingers into his eyes.”’† So much for crocodiles.

The next family group which we have to consider, is one of
the most remarkable, not only of the *Saurian* order, but within the
entire range of the animal kingdom,—we mean the *Chamæleonidae*.

Chameleons differ in many respects from most other reptiles.
Their external coating is without scales, but is finely chagrined,
or granulated, over the general surface, with numerous small
tubercular points, projecting here and there in a certain syste-
matic order. Their limbs are proportionally longer than those of
any other tribe of reptiles, and the five toes with which each foot
is furnished, are divided, somewhat after the manner of a parrot’s
claws, into two opposing groups, for the sake of grasping. This
character occurs in no other genus of the class. The head is
rather bulky, and from the extreme shortness of the neck, appears

* *Personal Narrative*, &c. Vol. IV, p. 380.

† *Ibid.* p. 223.

to rest upon the shoulders. It is usually surmounted by a crest. There is no appearance of external ear. The tail is prehensile, or furnished with the power of grasping the twigs of trees or other slender bodies; thus rendering an arborial station all the more secure. Their gait, however, is extremely slow and guarded, each successive step being taken with an air of the most deliberate gravity and circumspection. If the right fore-foot is lifted first, it is held for a time irresolutely suspended before being advanced to its new position. When firmly clasped, the left hind-foot is very leisurely brought forward. Then, the left fore-foot ventures on a move, and is finally followed, after a proper interval, by the remaining hind one;—‘E tutto fanno’ says Vallisnieri, ‘con sì sgraziata e ridicole svenevolezza, che allora pajano i più stolidi e più gossi animali del mondo.’*

The structure of the eye in the chameleon presents some peculiarities worthy of observation. Its larger portion projects beyond the orbits, which are very wide, and its greatest diameter is from without inwards. It is almost entirely covered by a single circular lid, which is itself a continuation of the skin of the cranium; but there is a small central perforation in front of the pupil, possessed of the power of contraction and dilatation, by means of certain muscles which can even alter its form, from a nearly circular opening to one of a tranverse or sometimes vertical character. To make amends, moreover, for what might otherwise prove a restriction of the field of vision, each eye possesses a moving power independent of the other; so that when the left is intent upon an insect on a leafy spray above, the right may take an equally steady cognisance of another on a branch below. The protecting lid is attached to the circumference of the sclerotic coat by a sphincter muscle; and obeys both the general and particular movements of the eye itself; which is furnished with six muscles, four direct, and two oblique or rotatory. The globe of the eye is constructed nearly as in other reptiles, but it is furnished with a nictitating membrane, and a strong lachrymal gland. Both Perrault and Vrolick have observed, that the optic nerves cross each other; and the latter has remarked, moreover, that at the place of decussation the one even seems to perforate the other.† This is a curious fact in physiology, when viewed in relation to the peculiar power possessed by the chameleon, of voluntarily directing its two eyes in entirely different directions.‡

* *Istoria del Camaleonte Africana.*

† This peculiar structure was indicated by Soemmering in a letter to Baron Larrey in the year 1806.

‡ *Erpétologie Générale.* T. iii. p. 23.

But the most singularly constructed organ in these creatures is undoubtedly the tongue. It forms, when within the mouth, a thick and fleshy tubercle; but is composed in reality of a long cylindrical hollow tube, which the animal possesses the power of darting with unerring aim, and the rapidity almost of a flash of light, upon any vagrant insect which comes within its reach. It is covered by a glutinous secretion, of so strongly viscous a nature as instantaneously to deprive all small-sized insects of the power of motion. In its extended condition it is not unlike a large earthworm, and its length is fully as great as that of the trunk of the animal's own body. It may be regarded rather as an organ of prehension than of taste, and seems to afford the sole means by which the creature secures its natural prey. The double movement of ejection and retraction, by which its functions are performed, is executed with such marvellous rapidity, that almost all that we can detect of the process is the disappearance of a fly. Bellini describes its action with enthusiasm, as the most wonderful thing which can be conceived:—‘*Pare un fulmine la sua lunghissima lingua, lanciata velocemente alla preda.*’ Yet not the slightest muscular action is perceptible in any other part of the body, all of which remains as still and motionless as if it were a cast in bronze. The anatomical structure of this curious tongue, and the apparatus of its motive powers, have been clearly, and we doubt not accurately, described by Perrault; * at a later period by M. Duvernoy; † and still more recently and completely by Mr Houston. ‡ The observer last named is of opinion that the projectile motion is effected partly by the advancement of the *os hyoides*, but chiefly by the blood rushing suddenly into the numberless vessels of the organ itself, and thus distending and elongating its erectile portion. The chief objection which may be urged against this theory is, the difficulty of conceiving how vascular congestion can effect the elongation with the extreme rapidity ascribed. However, we know of no other explanation nearly so satisfactory, and the swift action of the tongue may be in some measure exaggerated. In our own comparatively cold and cloudy clime, the movement occupies five or six seconds, and can be quite distinctly followed by the eye. The changes of colour are also much slower and less vivid than in the warmer regions of the south. We may add, that the erectile power of the tongue is exercised not only in capturing its natural prey,

* *Mém. de l'Acad. des Sciences.* T. iii. p. 35.

† *Compte Rendu.* Nos. 10 et 14, p. 187 et 349.

‡ *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy.* Vol. xv. p. 177.

but also from time to time in lapping, as it were, a glittering drop of water from any pendant leaf or spray. Its entire action presents, in its almost unexampled rapidity, a singular and striking contrast to all the other movements of the animal, which are peculiarly sluggish and inert.

The habits of the chameleon are entirely insectivorous, and its disposition is otherwise mild and inoffensive. This, at least, is the character assigned to it, by eyewitnesses, in modern times; although it differs considerably from that given in an old work by Edward Topsel, entitled a *History of Four-footed Beasts and Serpents*, compiled chiefly from the writings of Conrad Gesner, and published in 1658. Being desirous to have our own favourable impressions of the creature's character confirmed, by older writers of more experience than ourselves, we turned to the volume in question, and found as follows:—‘A chameleon is a ‘fraudulent, ravening, and gluttonous beast, impure, and unclean ‘by the law of God, and forbidden to be eaten; in his own nature wild, yet counterfeiting meeknesse when he is in the custody of man.’—(P. 676.) It seems, however, that if his life is worse than worthless, he may be turned to essential service after death. ‘If a chameleon be sod in an earthen pot, and consumed ‘till the water be as thick as oyl, then, after such seething, take ‘the bones out, and put them in a place where the sun never ‘cometh; then, if ye see a man in the fit of the falling-sicknesse, ‘turn him upon his belly, and anoint his back from the *os sacrum* ‘to the ridge-bone, and it will presently deliver him from the fit; ‘but after seven times using, it will perfectly cure him.’

The etymology of the term chameleon has occupied the attention of several ‘learned Thebans.’ The ancient Greek writers bestowed upon it the name of *χαμαιλεων*, which simply signifies low or humble lion; and the meaning of the word is much more clear than the reason of its application; for we know of no creature which less resembles any lion, either high or low. It may be that the crested or rugose character of the head, suggested to some one, in early times, an idea associated with the shaggy front of the king of the forest. Isidorus indeed prefers tracing it to two Greek substantives, *καμηλος* and *λεων*—camel-lion, as it were, by reason of ‘the curvature of the spine, the length of the legs, and the conical form of the tail.’ But this does not seem to simplify the subject, and the fact of the Latin writers naming it *chamæleo*, favours the former signification. However, its real character is sufficiently curious, independent of any nominal ambiguities.

The most noted peculiarity of this reptile is undoubtedly its change of colour, and the exposition of this feature in its physi-

ology has exercised both the ingenuity and the imagination of many observers. 'The general or usual colour in the chameleon,' says Dr Shaw, 'so far as I have been able to ascertain, from my own observation of such as have been brought into this country in a living state, is from a bluish-ash colour (its natural tinge) to a green and sometimes yellowish colour, spotted unequally with red. If the animal be exposed to a full sunshine, the unilluminated side generally appears, within the space of some minutes, of a pale yellow, with large rounded patches or spots of red-brown. On reversing the situation of the animal, the same change takes place in an opposite direction, the side which was before in the shade now becoming either brown or ash colour, while the other side becomes yellow and red; but these changes are subject to much variety, both as to intensity of colours and disposition of spots.'* MM. Dumeril and Bibron confirm this statement as to the variable position of the spots:—'Les taches régulières des flancs en particulier ne se produisent pas constamment sur les mêmes points de la peau, quoique les dessins se répètent assez souvent chez le même individu; mais ils ne correspondent pas tout-à-fait à des endroits semblables, comme on s'en est assuré par des indications ou des repères laissés dans ce but sur la peau de l'animal.'† Dr Spittal never observed the change of colour to depend in any degree upon the hue of the substance on or near which the animal was placed.‡ The usual colours of his specimens during the day were various shades of green, in the form of irregular spots and stripes. When seen by candle-light, the tint seemed of a yellower hue, spotted with brown, the spots becoming paler as the light was removed to a distance. Dr Neill's specimen, kept near Edinburgh, was generally greenish during the day, and of a dingy cream-colour in the night.

Although manifested in a stronger degree by chameleons than by any other known creatures, a change of colour is by no means peculiar to this genus; it being distinctly observable in several other Saurian groups, such as *Draco* and *Anolis*, as well as among frogs and toads, and even in many fishes. The change is gradual and transitional, rather than marked or sudden. Authors of all ages have differed regarding its causes, whether remote or immediate. It has certainly nothing to do with the colour of objects placed in juxtaposition, as Pliny maintains;

* *General Zoology*. Vol. iii. p. 256.

† *Erpétologie Générale*. T. iii.-p. 171.

‡ *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*. Vol. vi. p. 292.

nor with the reflection of the sun's rays, as Solinus supposes; but bears a more complex relationship to various circumstances—such as the intensity of light to which the individual is exposed, and the state of its feelings in respect to tranquillity or disquietude. The direct or more immediate cause, however, physiologically considered, seems to be the action of the lungs (which are large, dilatable, and prolonged) upon the circulating system; and the phenomenon itself is always most remarkable among those reptiles in which, the general cutaneous covering not adhering closely or uniformly to the muscular layer beneath, a large portion of air is distributed below the skin. There is therefore much truth in the view maintained by Aristotle, and some other ancient authors, that this change of colour occurs only when the animal is in a state of inflation. 'En effet,' says Cuvier, 'leur poumon les rend plus ou moins transparents, contrainst plus ou moins le sang à refluer vers la peau, colore même ce fluide plus ou moins vivement, selon qu'il se remplit ou se vide d'air.'* According to Mr Houston, the skin is not only very thin, but highly vascular; and he thinks that the colour of the blood appearing through that semi-transparent covering, and variously modified by its more permanent hues, is of itself sufficient to account for every diversity of tint which the chameleon can assume. He maintains the opinion that these effects are produced by vascular turgescence, 'just as the increased redness in blushing is caused by a rush of blood to the cheeks.'

Olaus Wormius ('*Museum*,' 1655) seems to have been among the first to maintain that the alteration of colour was regulated by internal feelings; and Kircher (1678) supports a corresponding theory of emotion and volition. The majority of modern authors, however, seek to explain the fact in question somewhat variously,—by the modifying action of a peculiar respiratory system,—by that action in union with the state of the pulmonary circulation,—or by the variable functions of the different layers of which the *pigmentum* is presumed to be composed. It may be that the very multiplicity of these explanations ought to be regarded as a proof that something is yet wanting to complete our knowledge of the subject. We agree, however, with Mr Houston, that the proximate cause is closely connected with the circulating system.

In connexion with the preceding portion of our enquiries, we must briefly advert to the extraordinary construction of the organs of respiration in these animals. The lungs are double,

* *Règne Animal*. T. ii. p. 59.

symmetrically formed, and, when empty, present the appearance of two small fleshy masses beneath the heart; but, when filled with air, they become so inflated as to cover the whole intestines, and even exceed in size the ordinary dimensions of the entire cavity of the abdomen. The pulmonary cells in general are very large, but their mass is lobate, or divided on either side into seven or eight appendages, with pointed terminations. Of these slender portions, which are themselves excessively prolonged, some penetrate the numerous cells which as it were divide the abdomen into regular compartments, thus forming reservoirs of air; while others stretch between the muscles and beneath the skin, which is itself so free as to envelope the body rather in a loose sack than in the fixed form of a cutaneous covering. Thus the lungs in the chameleon may be regarded as proportionally larger and more prolonged than those of any other vertebrated animal. But besides this unexampled extension, a singular supplementary organ was long ago discovered by Vallisnieri. This is a loose membranous sack or vesicule, somewhat in the form of a goitre, which is placed in a cavity beneath the base of the hyoid bone, and is capable of being filled with air, or emptied, at the creature's pleasure. It may be likened to the air-vessel of fishes, just as the glottis and trachea greatly resemble those of birds. It is in these remarkable peculiarities, according to MM. Dumeril and Bibron, that we ought to seek the explanation of several of the most singular circumstances in the life and actions of the chameleon,—such as its power of continuing for many hours in an inflated state, during which not the slightest respiratory movement is perceptible, the frequent changes in the form and bulk of body to which it is subject, as well as the rapid motion of the tongue, and even the superficial change of colour.

Zoologists are by no means well instructed regarding the general habits of the chameleon in the natural state; at least, we are not ourselves aware that much additional knowledge has been gained regarding them since the days of Cestoni—an apothecary of Leghorn, who corresponded largely on these subjects with Vallisnieri; as we find in the works of the latter, published in 1696. The sexes do not habitually consort together, but seek each other's society only for a brief period. The female deposits about thirty eggs in a hole of a few inches deep, which she excavates in the earth with her hind-feet.* She then covers them with the loose

* 'Servendosi,' says the Italian author, 'a questo lavoro delle sole zampe di dietro,'—an expression strangely and most inaccurately trans-

earth, and an additional coating of slender twigs and leaves. The eggs are of a rounded form, and greyish white in colour. Their shell is calcareous, and of a porous texture, which admits the influence of the atmospheric air during the development of the included young.

We shall terminate our account of the chameleon by a note in illustration of the geographical distribution of the genus.* There are no less than fourteen different kinds. Africa may be said to be their characteristic country; as it appears from an analysis of the subjoined note, that naturalists know of none which is not found in some quarter of that continent, or in one or other of the great adjacent islands, although three of the species likewise occur elsewhere. Of those last alluded to as not being exclusively African, one is found in Spain and the East Indies, another in Georgia, and a third in New Holland, and other southern lands. The Spanish species is said by M. Bory de St Vincent to be not uncommon around the Bay of Cadiz, and is sometimes seen in dwelling-houses suspended from the ceiling as an object

lated by the authors of the *Erpétologie Générale*,—‘en se servant uniquement de la patte antérieure droite,’—as if the creature, instead of using both her hind-legs, had recourse merely to the right fore-paw.

* 1. *Chamæleo vulgaris* or *Africanus*. This is the earliest described, and best known species. It occurs all along the southern shores of the Mediterranean from Egypt to the Straits, and is the only species found in Europe. It is not uncommon in the southern parts of Spain, but has not been observed in South Africa, nor in Senegal, or other western regions. The inaccurate Seba represents it under the euphonious name of *Chamæleo Mexicanus seu cuapapalcatl*. We need scarcely observe that none of the genus has ever been found in the New World. A peculiar variety, though not a distinct kind, occurs in India. 2. *C. verrucosus*. Madagascar. 3. *C. Tigris*. Seychelle Islands. 4. *C. nasutus*. This, the smallest of the species, occurs in Madagascar. 5. *C. pumilus*. Cape of Good Hope, and Seychelle Islands. 6. *C. lateralis*. Madagascar and the Mauritius. 7. *C. Senegalensis*. From Senegal. This species is represented by Shaw under the name of common chameleon. His figure seems copied from a plate in Miller's *Cymelia Physica*. 8. *C. dilepis*. The distribution of this species must be very extensive, if, as is alleged, the specimens sent to Paris from Tiflis, are identical in kind with those captured by Mr Bowdich on the coast of Guinea. 9. *C. cucullatus*. Madagascar. 10. *C. tricornis*. Island of Fernando Po. 11. *C. pardalis*; and 12. *C. Parsonii*. Madagascar and the Isle of France. 13. *C. bifidus*. Of this species the geographical distribution is singularly extensive. It is said to occur in the Moluccas, the Isles of Sunda, Bourbon, Continental India, and New Holland. 14. *C. Brookeii*. Madagascar.

of curiosity. These domestic specimens are often killed by cats, of which they seem a favourite food.*

We must now conclude the present article, although the multifarious groups of lizards, guanos, geckos, flying dragons, and many more besides, are still unnoticed. The history of serpents and *batrachian* reptiles must form the subject of a future essay. Few departments of zoology are of deeper interest, or more curious import, than that with which we have here been partially engaged; and there is none more likely to reward an assiduous cultivation of its fields, especially in foreign regions, by rendering an abundant harvest of discovery. Much is already known to naturalists, but far more remains to be ascertained, regarding the haunts and habits of many extraordinary creatures, of which we are as yet scarcely acquainted even with the external form.

* A point of interest in the geographical distribution of the chameleon relates to its occurrence in Sicily. We were not aware of its being an inhabitant of that island; as the fact is not mentioned in any work which we have seen. But a German naturalist, of the name of Grohman, has recently published a *Nuova descrizione del Cameleonte Siciliano*, and we infer from the title that he at least believes it to inhabit the island. We have not yet received the work, and so cannot say whether the author states the fact from personal observation, or merely inferentially, from collections transmitted to his care. If in the latter case, we conceive his specimens were probably from the coast of Algiers, and were accidentally intermingled with the insular products. We are confirmed in this view by the opinion of M. Bibron, who resided for a length of time in Sicily, exclusively with a view to the study of its reptile tribes, and would scarcely have allowed the most curious creature in Europe to escape his notice. 'Nous 'avouons,' he informs us, 'ne l'y avoir pas trouvée, malgré les recherches 'que nous fîmes dans ce pays pendant dix-huit mois, ni même avoir entendu dire qu'elle y existait par aucune des personnes auxquelles nous 'nous en sommes informés.' We have, moreover, applied for information on the subject to another distinguished naturalist, a native of Geneva, now in this country, and his answer is as follows—'With respect to 'your enquiry, I should be inclined to believe that the chameleon is not 'found in Sicily, not only because I have never seen or heard of that reptile in the island, but because Dr Otto of Breslau, with whom I collected during many weeks at Messina, and who attended particularly to reptiles, never alluded to its being found in Sicily, although he put me in the way of finding many other genera of reptiles at Catania, Syracuse, Segeste, &c.; and I think that the very intelligent men I employed in collecting for me, would have mentioned so singular an animal. I have 'besides seen all the native naturalists of the country, and from none of 'them have I ever heard of the chameleon.'

How many live in caves and dens of the earth, in lone savannahs, and in wooded wildernesses, on which the eye of man has never rested! True it may be, as Solomon says, that of 'making many 'books there is no end;' but the accurate observance of the works of nature is calculated to furnish an inexhaustible stock of materials for books unhacknied in subject, and unfading in interest; and which may be perused without that 'weariness of the 'flesh' that made the Wise Man deprecate the too great multiplication of the instruments of study.

The work named at the head of this article contains the most ample and precise descriptions of the Reptile race which have appeared in recent times, and will form, when completed, a series of volumes indispensable to the library of the Naturalist.

ART. IV.—*On the Nature of Thunderstorms, and on the Means of Protecting Buildings and Shipping against the Destructive Effects of Lightning.* By W. SNOW HARRIS, F.R.S. 8vo. London: 1843.

WHEN, in a day calm and serene, we look upwards to and around the region of the sky, the eye encounters no obstacle in its survey, and freely penetrates the depths of space to the remotest limits of its range. No terrestrial element dims the transparency of the pure ether,—no veil hides the face of the God of Day; and the tremulous ray of the minutest and most distant star finds an easy path across the unfathomable void. The blue vault which enwraps us alone indicates the diffusion of attenuated matter; but its cool and spotless azure, like the breast of the dove, embosoms only innocence and peace. Even the sounds of the material and the busy world are thrown back in subdued murmurs from the sky; and in this general repose of nature, and throughout 'the abyss where sparkle distant worlds,' the sharpest scrutiny can descry no element of change or of mischief. While the verdant earth, indeed, remains firm beneath his feet, man anticipates no descending danger, and the upturned eye looks but for blessings from above.

This pure and peaceful character of the firmament we contemplate, is but the normal condition which marks the rest and equilibrium of the elements. Unseen and unfelt there encompasses our globe a girdle of air, as translucent as empty space, and so thin and impalpable, that we neither feel its pressure nor experience its resistance. Even when we inhale it, and live by

its inhalation, we are not sensible that we have drawn into our system any thing that is material. Yet is this invisible, and almost intangible element, instinct with mysterious properties, and charged with superhuman powers. The green and fermenting earth projects into it its noxious exhalations; the decaying structures of organic life let loose their poisonous ingredients; and even living beings, while appropriating its finer elements, ungratefully return the adulterated residue into the ethereal granary. Thus does the pabulum of life become a polluted and deleterious compound. The noble organizations of living nature languish under its perilous inspiration; while disease and pestilence either decimate the people, or pursue their epidemic round, demanding at every stage their hecatomb of victims.

When the earth, revolving round its axis, has received from the sun its daily measure of light and of heat, different zones on its surface, and different portions of its mass—the aqueous expanse, the sandy desert, the rankly luxuriant jungle, the rocky mountain crest—all give out their hoarded caloric in unequal and commingling streams. The homogeneity and equilibrium of the elastic medium is thus speedily destroyed; the cold and dense air rushes into the more heated and rarefied regions; and the whole atmosphere around us becomes agitated with coinciding or conflicting currents. Here the zephyr breathes its softest murmurs, awakening the Eolian lyre to its most plaintive strains, and scarcely turning the twittering aspen leaf on its stalk; there the gale sweeps along, howling amidst the darkened forests, bending the majestic pines in its path, and hurrying the freighted bark to its port; and yonder the tornado cuts its way through the mightiest forests, making sport of the dwellings and strongholds of man, and dashing to the bottom of the deep the proudest of his floating bulwarks.

But while the heated air thus sweeps, in gale or in tempest, over the waters of the ocean, or rests in peace on its glassy breast, it carries upwards, by its ascending currents, the aqueous vapours it has exhaled. The denser element reflects in all directions the light that falls upon it, and diffused in mists, or accumulated in clouds, the atmosphere teems with opaque masses, which conceal the azure vault, and obstruct even the fiercest rays of a meridian sun. Here they float in majestic dignity, the aerial leviathans of the sky, veiling and unveiling the luminary which gave them birth. There they marshal their rounded fleeces, or arrange their woolly ringlets, or extend their tapering locks—now shining like the new-fallen snow—now flushed with the red of the setting sun; but ever in pleasing harmony with the blue expanse which they adorn, and the purple landscape which they crown.

Over this lovely portrait of aërial nature, the curtain of night falls—and rises but to exhibit scenes of varied terror and desolation. While the solar heat is converting into vapour the water and moisture of the earth, electricity is freely disengaged during the process. The clouds which this vapour forms exhibit different electrical conditions, though the electricity of the atmosphere, when serene, is invariably the same. Hence the descent of clouds towards the earth, their mutual approach, the force of atmospheric currents, and the ever-varying agencies of heat and cold, convert the aërial envelope of our globe into a complex electrical apparatus, spontaneously exhibiting, in a variety of forms, the play and the conflict of its antagonist powers. As St Elmo's fire, the slightly liberated electricity tips the yard-arms and mast-tops of ships with its brilliant star, its ball of fire, or its lambent flame. At the close of a sultry day, and above level plains, the opposite electricities of the earth and the air effect their reunion in noiseless flashes of lightning,—illuminating as it were, in far-spread sheets, the whole circuit of the horizon, and the entire canopy of its clouds. At other times the same elements light up the Arctic constellations with their restless wild-fires—now diffusing their phosphoric flame, and flitting around in fitful gleams, as if keeping time to the music of the spheres—and now shooting up their auroral columns, advancing, retreating, and contending, as if in mimicry of mortal strife.

But these various displays of the power of electricity, however much they may startle ignorance and alarm superstition, are always unattended with danger; and form a striking contrast with the full development of its unbridled and unbalanced fury. When, after a long drought, the moisture of an overloaded atmosphere is accumulated in massive clouds, animated by opposite electricities and driven by antagonist currents, the reunited elements compress, as it were, in their fiery embrace their tenements of sponge;—and cataracts of rain, and showers of hail, and volleys of stony meteors are thrown down upon the earth, desolating its valleys with floods, and crushing its vegetation by their fall. Even in our temperate zone, but especially under the raging heats of a tropical sun, this ferment and explosion of the elements is more terrific still. As if launched from an omnipotent arm, the red lightning-bolt cuts its way to the earth, now transfixing man and beast in its course; now rending the smitten oak with its wedges of livid fire; now shivering or consuming the storm-tossed vessel; now shattering cloud-capt towers and gorgeous dwellings—nor even sparing the holy sanctuary, the hallowed dome, or the consecrated spire. And no sooner has the bolt crushed its victim, and the forked messenger secured his prey, than the peals of its rattling artillery rebound from cloud to

cloud, and from hill to hill, as if the God of Nature were pronouncing the perdition of ungodly men, and as if the Heavens, 'waxed old as a garment,' were about to be wrapped up in the fervent heat of the elements. During this rehearsal of the day which is to come 'as a thief in the night,' heaven seems to be in fierce conflict with earth—man the sufferer—and God the avenger. The warrior turns pale;—the priest stands appalled at his altar;—the prince trembles on his throne. Even dumb life, sharing the perils of its tyrant, is stricken with fear. The war-horse shakes under his rider;—the eagle cowers in his cleft of rock;—the sea-bird screams in its flight, and universal life travails with one common dread of the giant arm which thus wields the omnipotence of the elements.

That phenomena such as these, so destructive of life and property, should have been imperfectly studied and described by the ancients, cannot fail to surprise us; but our surprise becomes somewhat abated, when we consider how little has been done in modern times, after electricity became a science, either in studying its destructive agencies, or in providing against their aggressions. The carelessness of individuals in protecting their property against lightning has doubtless arisen, in many cases, from a distrust in the resources of science; but it may have originated also in a suspicion, that some unwise minister might tax this species of protection as an insurance against fire; or, perchance, punish it as an insidious invasion of the window duty, through a light borrowed from above.* But however plausibly we may account for the scepticism and improvidence of individuals, we cannot make the same apology for the ignorance and negligence of public men, entrusted with the property and wielding the powers of the state. If we must not expect to have, like the Romans, our *Ædiles plebeii minores*, and still less their *Ædiles cereales*,† to keep the poor from starvation, why should we be deprived of *Ædiles majores*, who, in their curule-chairs on chariots, might look after our palaces, our temples, and our public monuments? Rather than that the obelisks of our heroes and sages should be dislocated or thrown

* A hundred years hence, it will, perhaps, be scarcely believed, that a government existed in the *nineteenth* century which prevented, by taxation, the light of heaven from entering our dwellings, and the free air from ventilating and cleansing them; and which also prohibited by impost the possessors of property from insuring it against destruction by fire!

† *Hibernice*, 'keepers of corn in bond.'

down, and our towers and spires shivered by the thunderbolt, we would tolerate any Edile from the Treasury or the Home-office, any Verres, even though he might insist upon forcing into the perpendicular the elegantly sloping columns of the Temple of Vesta,* or effecting an equitable adjustment, *à plomb*, of the pillars and buttresses of the state.

After Britain had become a great naval power, covering the ocean with her ships of commerce and of war, we might have expected some energetic measures for protecting the adventurous mariner and his far-floated cargo, when fire and tempest simultaneously assailed them;—but when great interests on shore were committed to inefficient hands, it was scarcely to be expected that great interests at sea would be better managed. If boards of longitude consisted of rear-admirals who had forgotten their Lunars, and politicians who had visited only one side of the Asses' Bridge;—if fishery boards consisted of notables who ate fish, but could not catch them;—if trustees for manufactures had no knowledge of what was entrusted to them;—and if lighthouse boards were composed of lawyers and burgh bailies, who could hardly choose a pair of spectacles—we need not wonder that the hapless seaman was allowed to perish at his mast-foot, and our 'hearts of oak' to be rent by the lightning, or consumed by its fires.

Under such circumstances, we ought to congratulate the public on the appearance of Mr Harris's work; or rather, perhaps, on Mr Harris's success in compelling a reluctant government to take up the subject, as a national question demanding national encouragement and support. As in all other great improvements, some previous steps had been taken for the protection of ships and buildings, and officers of scientific acquirements had pointed out the necessity of a more perfect system of protection. Even the ancients themselves, who had no knowledge of electricity, seem to have exercised some ingenuity in warding off the thunderbolt; and, though it may not be admitted by those who are accustomed to underrate their scientific achievements, we are persuaded that they not only used metallic conductors, but employed in some of their temples a more efficacious system of protection than we ourselves have yet introduced.

It is not very creditable to the scientific literature of our own country, that so little has been done in collecting and examining the notices and opinions of the ancients respecting the more

* CICERO, *Orat. in Verrem*. Act II. cap. li. See also this Journal, Vol. LXXVIII. p. 321, note.

remarkable phenomena of the atmosphere. Dr Watson, indeed, has gathered from Pliny, Seneca, Cæsar, and Livy, several passages descriptive of the electrical light which often tipped the masts of vessels, and the spears and lances of soldiers; but nothing worthy of notice has been gleaned respecting the destructive effects of thunderstorms, and the precautions which were taken for the protection of life and property.

In his commentaries on Virgil's sixth Eclogue, Servius,* a writer in the time of the younger Theodosius, observes that Prometheus *discovered*, and revealed to men the method of bringing down lightning from above, and that it was from this that he was said to have stolen fire from heaven. Among the possessors of the art he enumerates Numa, who had used it with impunity because he had employed it only in the service of the Gods; and Tullus Hostilius, who, in consequence of having made an improper use of it, was struck dead with lightning, and all his property destroyed. The mythological history of Numa, as given by Ovid in his *Fasti*, has some analogy with the theft of fire by Prometheus. Aided by Mercury, Prometheus is said to have stolen fire from the chariot of the sun; but, what is more interesting, the theft was effected by *bringing down the celestial fire at the end of a ferula or rod*. In like manner, Numa, prompted by his wife, the goddess Egeria, succeeded in obtaining the same prize; by a species of robbery perpetrated on the sylvan deities Faunus and Martius Picus. Having placed in their way cups of perfumed wine, the thoughtless Gods partook too freely of the beverage, and, when in a state of inebriety, were bound hand and foot by the Roman king. While struggling in vain to free themselves from their chains, Numa apologises for the liberty he has taken—tells them he meant to do them no harm, and hints at the condition of their deliverance—

‘Quoque modo possit fulmen monstrate piari.’

To this bold request to know the method of expiating, or bringing down, or carrying off the impending lightning, Faunus gives a favourable answer:—

* ‘Deprehendit præterea rationem fulminum eliciendorum, et hominibus indicavit; unde celestem ignem dicitur esse furatus: nam quadam arte ab eodem monstratâ supernus ignis eliciebatur, qui mortalibus profuit, donec eo bene usi sunt: nam postea malo hominum usu in perniciem eorum versi sunt.’—SERVIUS in *Virgil*, Ecl. vi. line 42. Edit. Burman, tom. i. p. 99.

'Di sumus agrestes, et qui dominemur in altis
Montibus : arbitrium est in sua tela Jovi.
Hunc tu non poteris per te deducere cœlo :
At poteris nostrâ forsitan usus ope.'

Picus also admits their possession of the *valida ars*, and their willingness to communicate it. The bargain is completed—the secret is conveyed—and a day fixed for putting it in practice. Numa and his attendants assemble in state. The sun's upper limb had just touched the horizon, when Numa, with his head veiled with a white covering, lifts up his hands and demands the fulfilment of the heavenly promise.

'Dum loquitur, totum jam Sol emerserat orbem :
Et gravis etherio venit ab axe fragor.
Ter tonuit sine nube Deus, tria fulgura misit.'

The sun threw his light over the whole earth—a tremendous crash was heard through the heavens. In a sky without a cloud, Jupiter sent forth three peals of thunder and three flashes of lightning. The heavens opened, and the sacred shield fell from above.

On the authority of Lucius Piso, an ancient annalist, both Livy and Pliny have given an account of the transmission to Tullus Hostilius of Numa's secret of bringing down lightning from heaven. Pliny says, that Tullus learned the art from the books of Numa, but having practised it incorrectly (*parum rite*) he was struck with lightning.* Pliny repeats nearly the same words in another place ; but he there states also, on the authority of ancient annals, that *lightning could be forced from heaven by certain sacred rites*, or obtained by prayer ; and he adds, that lightning had been thus *evoked* by Porsenna, king of the Volsci, and before his time repeatedly by Numa.† Livy makes a similar, but a fuller statement. ‡

* 'L. Piso primo annalium auctor est, Tullum Hostilium regem ex Numæ libris eodem, quo illum sacrificio Jovem cœlo devocare conatum, quoniam parum rite quædam fecisset, fulmine ictum.'—PLIN. lib. xxviii. cap. 2.

† Extat annalium memoria, sacris quibusdam, et precationibus, vel *cogi fulmina*, vel impetrari. Vetus fama Etruriæ est, impetratum Volscinios urbem, agris depopulatis subeunte monstro, quod vocavere Voltam. Evocatum et a Porsenna suo rege. Et ante eum a Numa sæpius hoc factitatum, in primo annalium suorum tradit L. Piso, gravis auctor, quod imitatum parum rite Tullum Hostilium ictum fulmine.—PLIN. *Hist. Nat.* lib. ii. cap. 54.

‡ Ipsum regem (Tullum Hostilium) tradunt, volventem commentarios

It is evident, from various passages in ancient authors, that sovereigns who were ambitious of receiving divine honours, attempted to deceive their subjects by pretending to bring down lightning from heaven. According to Ovid and Dionysius Halicarnassus, Romulus, the eleventh king of Alba, invented a method of counterfeiting thunder and lightning. According to Eusebius, he effected this deception by making his soldiers strike their bucklers with their swords. The gods, however, were affronted at this usurpation of their weapons, and Romulus fell by a stroke of lightning.

‘Fulmineo periit imitator fulminis ictu.’

‘He mock’d the lightning,—and by lightning fell.’

Salmonius, king of Elis, is said to have imitated thunder by driving his chariot over a bridge of brass, and to have darted burning torches on every side, in imitation of lightning; and, as a punishment of his impiety, Jupiter slew him by a thunderbolt. Eustathius, in his commentaries on the Odyssey, regards Salmonius as a philosopher who was killed while carrying on experiments for the purpose of bringing down or imitating lightning; and M. Salverte believes that the king of Elis was actually bringing down lightning from the clouds, and that the process he employed was the *coactive* one referred to by Pliny. According to Dion Cassius and John of Antioch, Caligula employed a machine for imitating thunder and lightning, and for that purpose discharged a stone upwards to the sky during the time of a thunderstorm.

The earliest indication of a method of protecting houses from lightning, is referred to by Columella.* He distinctly states that Tarchon, who was the disciple of the magician Tages, and the founder of the Theurgy of the Etruscans, protected his house by surrounding it with white vines.

‘Utque Jovis magni prohiberet fulmina Tarchon,
Sæpe suas sedes percinxit vitibus albis.’

With the same view, the Temple of Apollo was surrounded

Numæ, quum ibi quædam occulta sollempnia sacrificia Jovi Elicio facta invenisset, operatum his sacris se abdidisse: sed non rite initum aut curatum id sacrum esse: nec solum nullam ei oblatam celestium speciem, sed ira Jovis, sollicitati prava religione, fulmine ictum cum domo confra-
grasse.—Liv. lib. i. cap. 31.

* *De Re Rusticâ*, lib. x.

with laurels,* which were supposed to have the property of keeping off lightning; and in Hindostan, fat or succulent plants were planted round houses, in order to defend them from lightning. M. Salverte† ridicules these methods as inefficacious, and considers them as put forward by their authors, in order to conceal the true method which they possessed of protecting their temples and dwellings from the effects of lightning; but we are disposed to take a different view of the subject. If the trees which surround a house or a temple are sufficiently high, there can be no doubt that they will exercise a protective power not inferior to a regular system of conductors; but even if the temple exceeds them in height, they will operate as so many points or conductors in discharging silently the free electricity of the atmosphere. If a house covered with succulent creepers were struck with lightning, we are persuaded that the electricity would be carried off by the conducting juices of the plant, and would not force its way into the walls of the building.

Pliny informs us, that in consequence of all the high towers between Terracina and the Temple of Feronia having been destroyed by lightning, the inhabitants ceased to build them in times of war. He states also that the lightning never descends into the ground deeper than five feet; and that, on this account, timid persons either seek for shelter in deep caverns, or *cover their houses with the skins of seals*, the only marine animal which the lightning does not strike!‡

Without referring to the practices in Esthonia, of placing two knives upon a window to turn away the lightning—of putting a piece of iron into nests where eggs are hatching; or to a practice in the fifteenth century, of protecting ships by fixing a drawn sword on the mast,—we may adduce the historical fact mentioned by Ktesias, that iron collected in a particular manner, and shaped like a sword or pointed rod, had the property, when stuck in the ground, of turning away clouds, hail, and lightning. Ktesias|| informs us, that he saw the experiment per-

* It is a curious fact that Pliny mentions the *laurel* as the only earthly production which lightning does not strike. ‘Ex iis quæ terra gignuntur lauri fruticem non icit.’—PLIN. *Hist. Nat.* lib. ii. cap. 56.

† *Des Sciences Occultes*, tom. ii. p. 151.

‡ Ideo pavidiores specus tutissimos putant; aut tabernacula e pel-libus belluarum quas vitulos apellant: quoniam hoc solum animal ex marinis non percutiat.—PLIN. *Hist. Nat.* lib. i. cap. 56. See also Josephus, *Antiq. Jud.* lib. iii. cap. vi. § 4, ad fin.

|| KTESIAS in Indic. apud Photium, *Bibl. Cod.* lxxii., quoted by Salverte.

formed twice in the presence of the King of Persia. Imperati, a writer of the seventeenth century, states, that 'at the castle of Duino it was an ancient practice, in the time of a storm, to *sound the lightning*. The sentinel touched with his iron pike *a bar of iron raised upon a wall*, and when he obtained a spark at the instant of contact, he immediately gave the alarm, and warned the shepherds of their danger.'

Striking as these facts are, we have still more unequivocal evidence that the ancients were acquainted with the use of thunder-rods. M. La Boissiere,* quoted by Salverte, discusses this subject in a learned Memoir, 'on the knowledge of the ancients in the art of evoking and absorbing lightning.' He mentions a medal described by Duchoul,† on which the temple of Juno, the goddess of air, *has its roof armed with pointed rods*; and other medals are referred to by the same author, with the inscription, 'XV. Viri sacris faciundis,' and representing a fish covered with spines, and placed on a globe or on a patera. M. La Boissiere conceives that a fish on a globe armed with points, was the conductor employed by Numa to bring down lightning from the clouds.‡

In a correspondence with M. Lichtenberg, 'on the effect of points placed on the temple of Solomon,' Michaelis§ observes, that during the lapse of a thousand years, the temple of Jerusalem *seems* never to have been struck by lightning;|| that a forest

* *Notice sur les Travaux de L'Académie du Gard*, de 1812-1821. Nîmes, 1822.

† *Sur la Religion des Romains*.

‡ M. La Boissiere mentions another medal of doubtful authenticity, described and engraven by Pellerin, which bore the legend, *Jupiter Elicius*. Jupiter held the lightning in his hand, and below was represented a man directing a flying kite!

§ *Magazin Scientifique de Gottingue*, 1783, III. Année; 5 cah., edited by M. Lichtenberg.

|| This statement, of course, does not admit of being proved. M. Arago justly observes, that if we consider how carefully ancient authors recorded the cases in which their public buildings were injured by lightning, it would be difficult to account for the silence of historians on this point, unless by admitting that Solomon's Temple never suffered from lightning.

A case of protection of an analogous nature has been exhibited in the cathedral of Geneva. Although the most elevated in the city, its great central tower has never been damaged by lightning for three hundred years, although the bell-tower of St Gervaise, situated on a much lower level, has been frequently injured. Saussure, in 1771, discovered the

of spikes gilt, or pointed with gold, and very acute, covered the roof of this temple; and that this roof must have communicated with the cisterns and subterraneous excavations in the hill on which the temple stood, by means of metallic water-pipes placed in connexion with the thick gilding, iron spikes, and lead which covered the exterior of the roof. Independently, therefore, of the gilding of the roofs, walls, beams, floors, and doors of every apartment, we have here a system of conductors not only more complete than those on the temple of Juno, but more complete than any system that has been employed in modern times. In his description of the exterior of the temple, Josephus * says that it was every where covered with very heavy plates of gold—πλαξι γαρ χρυσε στιβαραις κεκαλυμμενος παντοθεν; and that there rose upon the roof very sharp golden or gilt spikes or rods, to prevent the birds from defiling it—κατα κορυφην δε χρυσευς οβελος ανισχε τιθηγμενος, ως μη τινι προσκαθεζομενω μολυνοιτο των ορνων. In describing the attack made by the priests upon the Romans, after the burning of the temple, Josephus says that they tore up the sharp spikes of the temple, and also their foundations (τας ιδρας αυτων,) which were made of lead, and threw them as missiles against the enemy; and Reland, in his annotations on the passage, says, that these were the iron spikes (*obelos ferreos*) placed on the roof of the temple to keep off birds.†

It is, we think, impossible to read the preceding details without a strong conviction, that the ancients possessed the secret of bringing down fire from heaven; and were acquainted with the general principles of protecting buildings from lightning, by metallic or other conductors. This knowledge, however, whatever may have been its amount, was possessed only by kings and priests, who never scrupled to wield it in support of despotism and superstition. The secret of the thunder-rod, like that of the other machinery of heathen worship, was completely concealed from the vulgar; and when, after the introduction of Christianity, it had lost its power as an instrument for deceiving the people, it seems also to have lost its value as an instrument for their protection. When the system of religious imposture which consecrated the Pagan temples fell to the ground, many

cause of this. The tower in question, which was built of wood, was entirely covered from its highest point with tinned iron plates, which were connected at the base of the tower with different masses of metal on the roof, and these again communicated with the ground by means of metallic pipes, as in the case of the temple at Jerusalem.

* De Bell. Jud., Lib. V. cap. v. § 6. † Ib., Lib. VI. cap. v. § 1.

of its secrets perished with the priests to whom they had been entrusted; and the few which modern ingenuity has been able to trace during their traditional disappearance, had been either appropriated by the magician, or formed the germ of those unhallowed illusions by which a Christian priesthood sought to sustain and extend its power.

It is a singular fact, that even when electricity had assumed a scientific aspect, and had, to a certain degree, been identified with lightning, the art of protection by conductors was utterly unknown. It was not till Franklin had demonstrated the identity of these two powerful agents, and had actually brought down lightning from the clouds by the conducting string of his electrical kite, that he conceived the idea of applying a thunder-rod to the protection of buildings. It was in the month of June 1752, that he performed that celebrated experiment, by which he became the Prometheus of modern times, and earned a branch of the double laurel with which the democratic poet has crowned him—

‘ Arripuit fulmen cœlo—sceptrumque tyrannis.’

A kite formed with a silk handkerchief, to enable it to bear the wet and violence of a thunderstorm, was raised in the usual manner with a line of twine, which terminated below in a silk riband, at the junction of which with the twine, a key was suspended. With the non-conducting riband in his hand, Franklin watched with impatience the approach of his kite to the thunder cloud. At last he saw with delight the loose filaments of the twine rising from it in all directions. His knuckle attracted them, and received a spark when applied to the key. When the conducting power of the string was increased by being wetted with rain, the electricity descended in a copious stream; a Leyden jar was charged at the key, and electrical experiments of various kinds performed with the celestial fire.

While the achievement of Prometheus was thus repeated in the New World, the fate of Tullus Hostilius was about to be suffered in the Old. The fame of Franklin's sublime experiment passed rapidly through Europe, and various philosophers had the courage to repeat it,—some with kites, and some with thunder-rods. In 1753, M. Romas received a severe shock from the string of his kite; and two French philosophers were struck down by the lightning, when they were drawing sparks from their apparatus. In the same year, Professor Richman of St Petersburg erected a metallic rod for the purpose of measuring the strength of the electricity which it might bring down in a thunderstorm. When he was stooping to observe the effect of the electricity thus

obtained, M. Sokolof, his companion, observed a globe of blue fire leap, with a report like that of a pistol, from the iron rod, and strike the head of the Professor, who was then about a foot distant from it. The Professor was instantly killed, and M. Sokolof fell upon the ground stifled and benumbed with a sort of steam or vapour which accompanied the fiery globe. There was a red spot on the forehead of Professor Richman, where the lightning seems to have entered, and a blue mark on the foot, from which it seemed to have made its escape.

No sooner had Franklin performed his experiment, than he applied conductors to the protection of public and private buildings. An apparatus, constructed according to his directions, was placed in the house of Mr West, a merchant in Philadelphia; and it is a remarkable circumstance, that this conductor was actually struck with lightning, as if to display the value of the invention. An iron rod, more than half an inch in diameter, and tapering to its upper end, was raised about nine and a half feet above the chimneys of the house. Its upper end terminated in a sharp pointed brass wire about ten inches long, and a quarter of an inch thick; and its lower end was connected with an iron stake, which was driven into the ground to the depth of four or five feet. After being struck with lightning, Mr West found that the top of the pointed rod was melted, and the brass wire reduced from ten to seven and a half inches in length; and, what was interesting and instructive, the iron stake did not carry off the electricity with sufficient quickness, for in this and in other thunderstorms, the lightning was seen diffused near the stake, covering two or three yards of the pavement even when it was wet with rain.

The subject of protecting public buildings from lightning now excited a general interest throughout Europe; and nowhere more intensely than in England, where the new science was studied with much ardour and success. Dr Watson, one of the most active cultivators of electricity, when consulted by Mr Calandrini respecting the best method of protecting powder magazines, recommended that the conducting apparatus should be detached from the buildings themselves, and connected with the nearest pool or current of water; but it does not appear that this or any other method of protection was adopted, even to a small extent. The ignorant world seldom extends its faith to scientific principles, even when self-interest is their counsellor; and, though at this time the advantages of lightning conductors were publicly discussed in London, and an accident occurred which might have occasioned their general adoption, yet the public and its advisers nevertheless looked on with as much indifference, as if the event had happened

in another hemisphere. In the year 1750, the steeple of St Bride's Church in London had been damaged by lightning; and in June 1764, it was again struck by a powerful shock, which threw about seventy pounds of stone to a distance of fifty yards, and broke in two and bent one of the series of iron bars, about half an inch thick, which bound together the stonework of the spire. Entering the gilded vane at the summit of a vertical bar twenty feet long, the lightning made successive leaps from its extremity to the different horizontal bars which tied the different courses of stones, rending and tearing up the intermediate masonry in its course. So great was the damage, that it was necessary to *re-build EIGHTY-FIVE FEET of the spire*, and yet neither the churchwardens nor the rate-payers ever thought of providing against a similar disaster. 'My readers at a distance from London,' says Dr Priestley,* (writing in 1767,) 'will hardly believe me when I inform them, that the elegant spire which has been the subject of a great part of this section, and which has been twice damaged by lightning, *is now repaired without any metallic conductor* to guard it in case of a third stroke.'

It would not be an easy task, nor would it be a profitable one, to trace the history of the introduction of lightning conductors into different civilized states. Even after the lapse of nearly a century, and in countries where science has made the greatest progress, they have been used to a very limited extent; while in some, the prejudices of the people were roused against them. The first conductor used in England was erected in 1762, at Payne's Hill, by Dr Watson. In the year 1766, a lightning rod was put up in order to protect the fine tower of St Mark's at Venice. This tower, which is above three hundred and sixty feet in altitude, terminates in a pyramid eighty-seven feet high, surmounted with the figure of an angel made of wood, and covered with copper. In 1388, when it was formed of wood, it was severely injured. In 1417, it was consumed by lightning. In 1489, it was again reduced to ashes; and after it was rebuilt in stone, it was injured by lightning in 1548, 1565, and 1653; and in 1745, it was struck with such a tremendous bolt, that the whole tower was rent in thirty-seven places, and almost destroyed. The expense of repairing it amounted to 8000 ducats. In 1761 and 1762, it was again severely injured; but since the erection of the conductor in 1766, it does not seem to have suffered from any of the effects of lightning. In 1768, a committee of the Royal Society was appointed for protecting St Paul's from light-

* *History and Present State of Electricity*, p. 407.

ning; and they recommended iron bars not less than an inch square for securing the lantern. In 1769, a lightning-rod was erected in the great tower of Hamburg; and after the beautiful tower of the Cathedral of Sienna had been repeatedly damaged by lightning, a conductor was raised upon it. The ignorant inhabitants regarded the apparatus with terror and dismay, and gave it the name of the *heretical rod*. On the 10th April 1777, however, a heavy discharge of lightning, which struck the tower, was safely carried downwards by the conductor, without injuring even the gilded ornaments near which it passed; and after this experience of its value, the good Catholics of Sienna became reconciled to the new heresy of science. In the year 1772, Signor Beccaria applied conductors to the principal roofs of the Royal Palace of Turin, which had previously suffered much damage from lightning; and though since that time frequently menaced by thunderstorms, it has never suffered from them.

The attention of the public, in various parts of the Continent, was not practically directed to the subject of conductors till some striking accident made them the subject of general discussion. A remarkable case of this kind occurred in French Flanders in 1774. On the 24th February, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, a portentous cloud passed to the north-west of the city of Arras, and emitted some feeble claps of thunder. On the following day it struck two spires, one at the abbey of Hennin-Lietard and the other at Rouvroi. M. Buissart of Arras, having had occasion some months afterwards to be at Rouvroi, examined minutely the track of the lightning, and the effects which it produced, and he has clearly shown that the spire of Rouvroi was damaged by the *ascending or returning stroke* of the lightning. The two spires, which, according to the testimony of several credible witnesses, it struck at the same instant, were less than a league distant from each other. The weathercock of the spire of Rouvroi was carried away by the stroke and thrown about 260 yards to the east, while that of Hennin-Lietard remained in its place, and no trace of an ascending stroke was observed in this spire. In the case of Rouvroi, the whole pavement under the spire was *lifted up*, and three or four stones of the tower were damaged on that side, which would not have been touched had the progress of the lightning been downwards.

Another very curious and instructive case has been described by M. Lichtenberg, on the authority of Ingenhous.* At the

* *Vermischte Schriften*, p. 160.

country seat of Count Orsini of Rosenberg, in Carinthia, the spire of a church, built on a mountain, had been on many occasions struck with lightning; and so very frequently and with such loss of life, that during summer divine service was not performed in the church. In 1730 the spire was entirely demolished by lightning, and after it was rebuilt it was struck four or five times every year. In the same thunderstorm, the lightning fell upon it no fewer than *ten* times, and afterwards in 1778 it was *five* times struck with lightning. The fifth stroke, on this occasion, was so violent that the spire began to give way, and Count Orsini was obliged to take it down. It was rebuilt a third time, and protected with a pointed conductor; and up to 1783, when Lichtenberg writes, it had received no injury in thunderstorms. The lightning had struck it only once, and its electricity was carried off without even fusing the sharp point of the conductor.

Another interesting example of the value of conductors occurred at Glogau in Silesia, in May 1782. About eight o'clock in the evening of the 8th, a thunderstorm from the west approached the powder magazine established in the Galgnuburg. A brilliant flash of lightning took place, accompanied with such a dreadful crash of thunder that the sentinel was stupified, and was for a while senseless. Some labourers employed at the works of the fortress, and about 250 paces from the magazine, saw the lightning issue from the cloud and strike the point of the conductor. This case of successful protection forms a remarkable contrast with others, in which, from the want of conductors, dreadful explosions and loss of life have ensued. A large quantity of gunpowder, belonging to the Republic of Venice, had been deposited in the vaults of the church of St Nazaire at Brescia. The tower of the church was struck with lightning in August 1767; the electric fluid descended to the vaults and exploded above 207,600 pounds of gunpowder. *About three thousand persons perished by this catastrophe*, and nearly one-sixth of the fine city of Brescia was destroyed. Owing to the same want of protection, a magazine of 400 barrels of gunpowder was blown up in Sumatra in 1782, by an electrical discharge; and at Luxembourg, in 1807, a magazine with twelve tons of gunpowder was exploded by lightning, and the lower part of the town laid in ruins.

But while facts such as these indicated the value of thunder-rods, cases frequently occurred where the thunderbolt fell upon objects in low situations, while higher objects in their immediate vicinity were spared; and in such cases it was always inferred that the theory of conductors was in fault. M. Achard, in a Memoir read to the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, mentions two cases of this kind. In one of them, the two objects

were equally good conductors of electricity. In the other, the elevated object which escaped, was the tower of a church surmounted by a weathercock of iron; while the object which the lightning struck was a cottage very near the tower without any iron on its roof, and thatched with straw. But though cases of this kind, which M. Achard confesses himself unable to reconcile with the theory of conductors, prevented their general introduction, as it does in our own day, yet in almost all the larger cities of Europe and America, thunder-rods were gradually employed for the protection of powder magazines and elevated public buildings.

So early as the year 1762, Dr Watson addressed a letter to Lord Anson, then first lord of the admiralty, recommending the application of lightning conductors to the Royal Navy. These conductors were composed of long links of copper rod, about a quarter of an inch in diameter, joined by small eyes turned in the extremities of each. The chains thus formed were attached to a hempen line, and, being fixed to the head of the mast, passed over the ship's side into the sea. Each of his Majesty's ships was supplied with a conductor of this kind. It was packed up in a box, and was only to be erected on the approach of a storm. These conductors, however, though capable of protecting ships from lightning which falls upon the mast to which they were properly attached, never proved efficacious. The erection of them was often neglected; they were frequently out of order; and many cases occurred in which the sailors were killed by the lightning while in the act of raising the conducting chain to its place. From these causes the conductors introduced by Lord Anson fell into disuse; and the British navy may be considered as having been exposed during the last seventy years to the ravages of the most tremendous of the elements. Its ships have been severely disabled or set on fire, its seamen have been struck dead at the mast foot; and there is reason to believe that many of the ships lost in thunderstorms have suffered from the want of a suitable protection against lightning. The Journals of the East India Company's ships 'furnish appalling statements 'of the damage and loss of life caused by electrical explosions;' and our mercantile marine has suffered to an equal extent; some vessels having been rent to the keel by an electrical discharge, others set on fire and shattered, and some scarcely saved from sinking or from total destruction. 'Within a few years,' as Mr Harris remarks, 'the merchant ships *Tanjore*, *Poland*, *Logan*, *Ruthelia*, *Bolivar*, *Boston*, *Lydia*, and *Sir Walter Scott*, are 'known to have been entirely consumed.' The following facts, drawn from the official Journals deposited at the Admiralty, will

afford a better idea of the damage done by lightning to her Majesty's ships.

'In one hundred and fifty cases,' says Mr Harris, 'the majority of which occurred between 1799 and 1815, nearly one hundred lower masts of line-of-battle ships and frigates, with a corresponding number of top-masts, together with various stores, were wholly or partially destroyed. One ship in eight was set on fire in some part of the rigging or sails; upwards of seventy seamen were killed, and one hundred and thirty-three wounded, exclusive of nineteen cases in which the number of wounded is returned as "many," or "several." In one-tenth of these cases fourteen ships were completely disabled, and they were compelled in many instances to leave their stations, and that, too, at a critical period of our history. The expenditure in these few cases could not have been far short of £100,000 sterling; so that, if the whole amount of loss to the public in men, in money, and in services of ships, could be ascertained, it would prove to be enormous, more especially when we take into account the expense of the detention and refit of the damaged vessels, the average cost of a single line-of-battle ship being £100 per day and upwards. Now, between the years 1809 and 1815, a period of six years, fully thirty sail of the line and fifteen frigates were more or less disabled.

'A very considerable portion of this mass of destruction occurred, it is true, at a time when a great number of ships were required; but at a more recent period, in time of peace, when the navy has been greatly reduced, we find a large amount of these casualties to be constantly occurring. On the Mediterranean station alone, between 1838 and 1840, the *Rodney*, *Powerful*, *Ceylon*, *Tribune*, *Scorpion*, *Wasp*, *Tyne*, and *Blazer* were struck by lightning, and many of them severely damaged. The *Rodney*, in addition to the destruction of her mainmast, was set on fire. In little more than twelve months, about the year 1830, three line-of-battle ships, a frigate, and a brig, were also more or less disabled. In other parts of the world we have lately had the *Rhadamanthus*, *Gorgon*, *Snake*, *Racehorse*, *Pique*, and many others, damaged by lightning; and in 1832, the *Southampton*, of fifty guns, narrowly escaped being blown up in the Downs.'—(*Preface*, p. 7-9.)

After the application of conductors to the British navy had almost fallen into disuse in England, other nations began to use them to protect their ships of war and commerce. The Republic of Venice, by a decree of the 30th July 1778, ordered conductors to be applied to all their ships and powder magazines. We do not know the exact time when the French government took the same precaution, or the exact method of protection which they employed; but about 1784, M. Le Roi visited the seaports of France for the purpose of applying improved conductors to all departments of the navy. In order to make them more permanent, 'he proposed to lead links of copper, joined by 'intermediate rings, in divided stages along the rigging, fixing

‘each stage to the successive masts, one over the other, and ‘finally to the copper in the ship’s bottom.’ The ships *l’Etoile*, *Astrolabe*, *Resolution*, *Experiment*, and *Boussole* are thus equipped; but as the chains did not stand the working of the rigging, he at last ‘led them along by the mast,’ and in many thunderstorms they seem to have been effective. So recently, however, as 1821, wires twisted like cordage were applied to French ships ‘along the rigging, from the vane rod to the ship’s side, where ‘they were connected with a plate reaching to the sea, as had ‘been proposed by M. Le Roi.’

One of the first individuals whose attention was drawn to the imperfect state of ship conductors, was the late William Lord Napier. This active and highly intelligent Naval Officer, whose too early fate his country has had occasion to bewail, had, when at sea, witnessed several accidents from lightning. He was on board his Majesty’s ship *Kent* of seventy-four guns, off Toulon, in the month of July 1811, when her main and mizen masts were shattered by lightning from her truck downwards.* ‘Furling,’ says his Lordship, ‘the maintop-gallant sails, the fluid, deviating partially, killed one, and scorched three or four others then ‘upon the yard. *Had there been a conductor up at that time,*’ he adds, ‘*these brave men might have been saved*; but it does not ‘actually follow that the mizen-mast would have been equally ‘secure.’ Hence he concludes that, in order to secure the masts and booms, *a conductor should be attached to each*, ‘which ‘would comprise in all an additional quantity of gear not reconcilable to the trim and gallant order of a British man-of-war.’ The following observations by his Lordship point out the insufficiency of the conductors then employed; the want of regulations enforcing the use of them; and the propriety of an enquiry into the amount of loss sustained by lightning at sea, and the circumstances under which it had been sustained:—

‘This apparatus (the usual chain conductor) is of course attached to the maintop-gallant mast-head, as being the most lofty; but it does not follow that the lightning is to strike in that direction, having once had the dreadful opportunity of witnessing, with my eyes fixed upon them at the moment, not less than *fifteen* most valuable men, all upon the bowsprit and jib-boom, killed or dreadfully scorched, as it were in the

* Mr Harris, in his account of this disaster, states that the conductor had been taken down from the mainmast for repair, having been damaged by the working of the mast and rigging. He informs us, also, on the authority of the *Report of Evidence on Shipwreck by Lightning*, (p. 92,) that *several* men on this occasion lost their lives.

"twinkling of an eye." Some were precipitated into the water, and others, lying dead across the boom, continued in the posture they had assumed before the accident took place. This happened on board a seventy-four at Port-Mahon, at a time when all her yards were manned in the operation of furling sails. It does not accord with my recollection whether her conductor was in use or not; but if any real dependence is to be placed on such a contrivance, it appears probable that *one* only is insufficient.

'There are, however, opposite opinions as to the merit of this apparatus, as well as of the propriety of its being used at all; and I do not remember, in spite of repeated accidents, that either the Board of Admiralty, or those great seamen and commanders of the Mediterranean fleet, Lords Nelson, Collingwood, and Exmouth, ever did enforce any general regulation on the subject.

'A conductor at the maintop-gallant mast-head can only be looked upon as an agent more powerful than the mast itself; but by no means calculated positively to draw within its own influence every portion of electric matter which may have come first in contact, or in near appulse, with any other point; and although the mast-head is almost invariably the first to suffer, yet it is within my own knowledge, though I was not actually present, that several men, in the act of withdrawing their washed clothes from the *main rigging*, were killed and scorched by the descent of the electric fluid.

'It would be not only curious, but useful to ascertain, if possible, the following circumstances:—1. How many ships have been struck with lightning, out of a given number in a given time? 2. What has been the loss of lives, the extent of damage, and the *expense of repairs*? 3. How many of these ships were habitually in the practice of using conductors? and 4. Did any of the ships, having them in use, suffer from the effects of lightning, and in what manner?'

These valuable observations and suggestions Lord Napier was, in 1823, advised to communicate to the public; and it must be peculiarly gratifying to the friends of this modest and unassuming, but well-informed nobleman, to find that they have, to a great extent, been carried into effect.*

* Mr G. J. Singer appears (*Elements of Electricity*, published in 1814, Part III. chap. i. pp. 225-6) to have entertained similar views. 'Conductors,' says he, 'for ships have been made of chains, (which are highly improper,) and of copper wires, which are easily attached, but they are with equal ease detached; and I have been informed by several captains, that many ships furnished with such conductors *keep them in an inactive state, packed up below during long and hazardous voyages*. For this reason, it would be better that *fixed* conductors should be employed: they might, I should conceive, be attached to the mast; and where motion is required, an interruption might be made in the inflexible conductor, and its parts be connected together by a length of spiral

Without any knowledge of Lord Napier's views, Mr Harris had been directing his attention to this important practical application of his electrical knowledge; and, so early as 1820, he submitted to the Lords of the Admiralty, through the Comptroller of the Navy, a proposal to 'make the masts themselves 'virtually lightning-conductors, by incorporating with them a 'double set of copper plates, in such a way as to produce an 'elastic metallic line along their surface, capable of resisting 'any strain which the spars themselves could support; and, 'finally, to connect these plates with bands of copper, leading 'through the side under the deck-beams, and with the large bolts 'leading through the keels and keelson, and including all the 'principal metallic masses in the hull.'

X This proposal attracted little notice, perhaps as being beyond the comprehension of the persons to whom the government of the Navy of Great Britain was entrusted. Mr Harris, however, and his scientific friends, influenced by a love of science, as well as by a regard for human life, continued to press his invention upon a reluctant Board; and after a favourable Report by a Committee of the Royal Society, and a siege of nearly nine years, the Admiralty was induced, chiefly through the instrumentality of Sir T. Byam Martin and Sir George Cockburn, to make trial of Mr Harris's conductors. They accordingly, after 1830, fitted up above *thirty* ships with pointed conductors fixed in all their masts, which were stationed in the Mediterranean, the East Indies, at the Cape of Good Hope, and the coast of Africa; in South America, in North America, and the West Indies; and in the Channel, and on general service. These ships have been exposed to severe thunderstorms; and though heavy discharges of electricity have fallen upon them, yet in no instance, between 1829 and 1842, have they experienced any damage or inconvenience. One of them, furnished with Mr Harris's conductors, the *Dryad* frigate, was in 1830, when off the coast of Africa, struck by lightning in a tornado. 'The discharge fell on both the fore and main masts 'with a loud whizzing sound, and the ship appeared enveloped 'in flames.' In other cases, such as that of the *Asia* and *Druid* frigates, struck in 1831 and 1832, the electrical explosion passed safely along the conductors into the sea.

During the same period in which these *thirty* ships have been protected by their lightning-conductors, about *forty-one*, not similarly defended, are known to have been struck and injured.

'wire, which would be at once perfectly continuous, and sufficiently flexible to yield to every necessary movement.'

We may, therefore, consider this great experiment as establishing beyond a doubt the practical value of Mr Harris's system of protection. The Admiralty, however, still declined to introduce these conductors into the Navy, as a necessary part of the equipment of each ship of war. A line-of-battle ship has been valued at £120,000, and yet £100 was grudged for defending this noble and costly machine, and protecting the lives of the many hundreds of brave and skilful men employed in, and necessary to its uses !

In 1839, however, a great step was made in the promotion of this desirable object. Lord Eliot had the honour of bringing the subject before the House of Commons in the month of April ; and after a short discussion, it was agreed to appoint a Naval Commission to enquire into the best method of applying conductors to our ships of war. This Commission was composed of men of science, naval officers, and other qualified persons ; and, after a careful investigation, they drew up a very valuable Report on the subject, full of useful evidence, both oral and documentary. The Report was laid on the table of the House of Commons, and, in February 1840, ordered to be printed. It contains much important information, and establishes, beyond all question, the propriety of supplying every vessel with suitable conductors. ' Every search,' says the Report, ' has been made for cases of injury sustained by ships fitted with (Mr Harris's) conductors, and though several statements to that effect have been brought under our notice, *not one* has been substantiated.'

In the very year before the appointment of this Commission, the East India Company had been led to believe, upon most erroneous representations made to them by some of their officers, that buildings furnished with conductors were more frequently struck with lightning than those which had no such protection ; and, on the faith of these representations, they actually *ordered the lightning-conductors to be removed from their powder-magazines*, and other public buildings ! This took place in 1838 ; and, as if to give them a practical example of their folly, one of their powder-magazines at Dum Dum, and a corn-ing-house at Mazagon, were struck with lightning and blown up. It is not difficult to understand how an ignorant and superstitious observer should regard a conductor as inviting or attracting the dangerous element into his dwelling, when, if allowed to take its own way, it might have remained in its thunder-cloud, or pursued a different path ; but when a series of well-authenticated cases, within the reach as well as the apprehension of ordinary men, clearly establish the general fact, that buildings

which had been frequently damaged by lightning, never experienced any of its effects after they had been properly protected ; and that ships with conductors defy the thunderbolts even of the tropical regions, it must be superstition, and not knowledge, that refuses to receive their aid. There are thunderbolts, doubtless, which pursue their determined course, and strike a building even in the vicinity of its conductors ; but this very fact, while it proves the inability of the conductors to divert the fire-ball from its course, proves also their inability to attract or invite the meteor. In place of being active instruments which drive or draw the lightning into their substance, they are but passive fire-drains which afford it a free and hospitable channel—carrying it off slowly and silently when it is slowly and silently evolved, or allowing it to rush along when this is the shortest and readiest passage to the unchained and accumulated electricity. ‘Such ‘conductors,’ as Mr Harris well observes, ‘can no more be ‘said to attract or invite a discharge of lightning, than a *water-course* can be said to attract the water which flows through it ‘at the time of heavy rain.’

The Naval Commissioners deemed it proper to dispel, by means of facts, the vulgar prejudice that conductors attract to themselves lightning, which, had they been absent, would not have been elicited. They state, ‘that the instances of accidents to ‘ships *without conductors*, and the comparatively rare occurrence ‘of lightning being observed to *strike* on a conductor, negative ‘the above supposition.’ The instances, too, of ships without conductors, having been struck by lightning in the presence of ships furnished with them, which were not so struck, are so numerous, that we have the most complete evidence both ‘of ‘the little influence excited by such conductors in inducing or ‘attracting an explosive discharge, and of their efficacy in harm- ‘lessly and imperceptibly conveying away electricity to the ‘water.’

The Commissioners conclude this interesting Report with the following words:—‘We again beg to state our UNANIMOUS ‘opinion of the great advantages possessed by Mr Harris’s con- ‘ductors *above every* other plan ; affording permanent security, at ‘all times and under all circumstances, against the injurious ‘effects of lightning ; *effecting this protection without any nautical ‘inconvenience or scientific objection whatever*, and we therefore ‘most earnestly recommend their general adoption in the Royal ‘Navy.’

One would have thought that Mr Harris’s difficulties were now over. A Royal Society Committee—nay, an Admiralty Commission, acting under the authority of Parliament, had, with one

voice, recommended his conductors; and yet some counter-influence was at work, striving to resist authority as well as to subvert truth. All the ships fitted up with the new conductors had returned safe, and uninjured by the thunderbolts to which they had been exposed; yet, when these ships were paid off, *the conductors were torn from the spars and thrown aside as old copper, instead of being replaced in other ships!* This summary and practical rejection of the new conductors happened, we are sorry to say, under a Whig administration, when Sir James Graham was First Lord of the Admiralty. Mr Harris, however, renewed his application when Lord Minto was placed at the head of that Board, and had it not been for the defective state of our finances, his plans would, we believe, have been instantly adopted. Although Lord Minto could not, in the then state of the treasury, press the introduction of an improvement involving a considerable expenditure, he freely acknowledged the value of the invention; and ordered the conductors to be replaced in some of the large class ships. In order to save expense, we presume, 'the plan was (most improperly) taken entirely out of the hands of the inventor;' and about the same time, a sort of cheap modification of it by a Mr Edye, patronised by the Surveyor of the Navy, was ordered to be submitted to trial. The Commission, however, decided against its adoption; and in 1842, the Admiralty may be said to have been *compelled* to save the British navy from lightning. Mr Harris's plans were adopted; he was allowed to superintend their execution; and his conductors are now constructed in a cheap, expeditious, and effectual manner in all her Majesty's dockyards.

Having thus given our readers some account of the ancient and modern history of lightning-conductors, and of Mr Harris's successful attempt to introduce his new system of protection into the British navy, we shall now proceed to give a popular account of the nature of thunderstorms; and a brief description of the best method of defending buildings and ships against their destructive assaults.

The production of free electricity during the conversion of water into vapour or steam is so rapid and abundant, that an apparatus called the hydro-electric machine has been recently constructed, in which the electricity is derived from steam. The earth's atmosphere is, therefore, in reality a huge hydro-electric apparatus, by which free electricity is constantly generated during the conversion of water into vapour; and the electricity thus liberated is increased or modified by the condensation of vapour into rain, by its congelation in the form of hail or snow,

and by the sudden variations of temperature with which these changes are accompanied.*

Atmospheric air, and all dry gases, are very perfect non-conductors or insulators of electricity; and hence when a cloud or mass of vapour, charged with free electricity, floats in the atmosphere, its electricity is not carried off, or conducted to the earth, by the air which is interposed. The cloud, therefore, retains its electricity in virtue of the insulating medium which surrounds it; but when its quantity becomes great, it induces an electric state opposite to its own in the particles of the air, making them *negative* when it is *positive*, and *positive* when it is *negative*; just as a loadstone or magnet produces by induction in a bar of soft iron, *boreal* magnetism in one-half, and *austral* magnetism in the other. The particles of the air in this state are said by Dr Faraday to be polarized; and the consequence of this state is, that the earth's surface finally assumes an electrical state opposite to that of the cloud. The cloud, therefore, the air, and the earth, are all in an unnatural or constrained state; and the tendency of the two electricities to unite, is a force which, when it becomes irresistible, terminates in what Dr Faraday calls a disruptive discharge. The free electricity of the cloud rushes to the earth, acting principally on the bodies through which it passes; or, what is not uncommon, the free electricity of the earth passes into the cloud, and both of these violent discharges is accompanied with the well-known phenomena of thunder and lightning.

This sudden interchange of powers is often prevented or modified by local causes. If the electrified cloud and the insulating medium are not in a state of extreme constraint, and if a pointed metallic rod projects into the medium, a discharge of electricity will take place from the particles of air touching the metallic point, and a beautiful brush of light will be produced, accompanied with a rushing noise. The whole electricity of the cloud may thus be quietly carried off, and a disruptive discharge completely prevented.

The very same phenomena take place when one charged cloud induces an opposite state in another cloud, through the intermedium of the air; and there is reason to believe, as maintained by Beccaria, that more complex discharges take place between 'such' distant clouds when the earth lies between them in the line of discharge.

* If Dr Faraday be correct in ascribing the electricity in the hydro-electric machine to the *friction of the escaping steam*, these views will admit of some modification.

The following account of a thunderstorm in the Gulf Stream, is a very instructive illustration of the preceding views. It was given by a passenger on board the splendid packet-ship *New York*, which was damaged by lightning on the 19th of April 1827, on her voyage to Liverpool:—

‘About half-past five in the morning, we were roused by a sound like the report of heavy cannon close to our ears. From the deck the word was quickly passed that the ship had been struck by lightning, and was on fire. Every one ran on deck; there, all the elements were in violent commotion; it had been broad day, but so dark, so dense, and so close upon us were the clouds, that they produced almost the obscurity of night. There was just sufficient light to give a bold relief to every object in the appalling scene. The rain poured down in torrents, mingled with hailstones as large as filberts: these lay upon the deck nearly an inch thick. Overhead blazed the lightning on all sides, accompanied by simultaneous reports: the sea ran mountains high, and the ship was tossed rapidly from one sea to another. One appearance was peculiarly remarkable: the temperature of the sea was 74 deg. Fahrenheit, while that of the air was only 48 deg. This caused, by evaporation and condensation, immense clouds of vapour, which, ascending in columns all around us, *exhibited the appearance of innumerable pillars supporting a massive canopy of clouds*. In all directions might be seen waterspouts, which, rising fearfully to the clouds, seemed actually to present to the eye a combination of all the elements for the destruction of every thing on the face of the deep.’—(P. 54.)

This storm has been instanced by Mr Harris as a case of *stationary* disturbance of electrical equilibrium; but there are various other types of a thunderstorm arising from the *motion of clouds*. The following is an instance of ‘a charged cloud driven ‘by an upper current upon a comparatively tranquil air, possibly ‘in a polarized state.’ His Majesty’s frigate *Clorinde* was damaged by lightning on the coast of Ceylon in the spring of 1813. Captain Briggs gives this account of it:—

‘*The weather was moderate*. About three in the afternoon a dark cloud approached the ship *from the windward quarter*. This induced me to clue up the topsails. About an hour afterwards the ship was struck by lightning. The cloud was charged with electricity, and had burst upon the ship. The mainmast was shivered in pieces; three men were killed, and many hurt.’—(P. 60.)

When highly electrified clouds are passing over the earth’s surface, ‘we may,’ says Mr Harris, ‘trace in their progress de-
‘liberate discharges of a passing kind, few in number, in some
‘instances not extending beyond one or two.’ Such thunderstorms, if they deserve the name, bear scarcely any relation to those wide-spread disturbances of the atmosphere which pass

over a great extent of country, destroying life and property in their career. In these cases, the atmosphere appears to receive an intense charge of electricity from the electrified masses of clouds, as they are hurried along by the wind.

‘Such storms,’ says Mr Harris, ‘have been observed to pass from the southern shores of England to the north of Scotland and Ireland. A thunderstorm of this kind occurred in July 1827. It began on the S.W. coast of Devonshire on Sunday evening, reached Cheltenham the same night, and Glasgow the next morning, the atmosphere throughout this extent appearing to undergo a rapid and progressive change.’—(P. 62.)

We have already alluded to the case of a thunderstorm produced by the distant and oppositely electrified masses of clouds and air, in which ‘the surface of the earth becomes involved as ‘a line of discharge between them;’ but as this case is only a hypothetical one, we must refer the reader to Mr Harris’s brief notice of it.

The *returning stroke*, discovered by Lord Stanhope, and which has been considered as finely exemplified in the case of the spire of Rouvroi, (see p. 458,) is still beset with difficulties. The example given of it by his Lordship occurred in Scotland, and has been described by Mr Brydone in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1787, to which we must refer the reader.

There is another class of thunderstorms, of an exceedingly interesting nature, to which Mr Harris has not directed his attention in this work, from the circumstance, no doubt, of their leading character being that of the hurricane and the tornado. We have previously* treated of the statistics and philosophy of this class of storms, and have described many of the principal electrical phenomena which accompany them. In the Barbadoes hurricane of the 18th and 19th August 1831, these phenomena were so awfully grand in their nature, and so new and inexplicable in their character,† that it would be desirable to study the electrical separately from the mechanical phenomena of such hurricanes, and endeavour to obtain some general explanation of them. The meteors and lightning which accompany the gales of the East and West Indies have been overlooked amid the appalling dangers of the tempest, and in very few of the Mauritius gales, except in that of the *Boyne* in 1835, have the electrical phenomena been at all observed. So trivial, indeed, is the part which thunder and lightning plays in

* See this Journal, January 1839, Vol. I.XVIII. p. 406.

† *Ibid.* pp. 418, 419.

these tremendous convulsions of nature, that at Montego Bay, in the hurricane of the 3d October 1780, when an earthquake added its awful contingent to the general horrors of the scene, the 'prodigious flashes of lightning,' which followed in regular succession, were regarded, not as a source of danger, but as 'a real blessing, amid the midnight darkness which brooded over the general desolation.'

Our limits will not allow us to pursue this interesting subject further; and we must, therefore, devote our few remaining pages to a brief notice of the best method of protecting buildings from lightning, and of Mr Harris's system of conductors for ships.

Were our houses, powder-magazines, and ships, built of iron, or did they consist of a framework of iron, filled up with stone, brick, or wood, they might bid defiance to the ravages of accidental or wilful fire, as well as to all the lightning of the tropics. Strike where it might, the deadly fluid would be conducted quietly to the ground. In the mean time, however, we must have recourse to a less perfect system of protection, till advancing knowledge and receding prejudice shall have introduced iron buildings and iron ships, as well as iron ploughs, iron roads, and iron bridges.

As the conducting powers of *lead, tin, iron, zinc, and copper*, are as the Nos. 1—2—2·4—4 and 12, copper is the best material for conducting-rods. The quantity of metal in the rod should not be less than what is contained in a cylinder *half an inch* in diameter. If *iron* is used, the cylinder should be nearly *an inch* and two-tenths in diameter. The metallic rod should be flattened rather than round, so as to have the greatest surface that is consistent with strength. The conductor thus formed should communicate with all the detached masses of metal in the building, such as leaden ridges, gutters, and metallic pipes. It should be placed as near the wall as possible, and pass directly into the ground. It should be attached to the most elevated point of the building, and if the structure is to consist of numerous ranges, such as the new Houses of Parliament,* long pointed rods should project from the most prominent parts into the atmosphere.

* We earnestly hope that this splendid national structure, which is to be adorned internally by the genius of our Artists, will be protected externally by the science of our Philosophers. We fear, however, that the expression of this hope is not sufficiently early to enable the architect to embody a system of metallic conductors in the very walls of the edifice.

In place of adopting the usual method of external conductors, we would recommend the introduction of a vertical iron bar into the thickness of the principal walls of the building. These bars should communicate with a horizontal wall plate of iron uniting the whole; and from this wall plate should rise all the external conductors which are to project into the atmosphere. These iron plates and bars might be so united as to form a sort of carpentry, which would add to the strength of the edifice.*

The protection of ships from lightning is more difficult to accomplish than that of buildings; and we have no hesitation in saying that the method invented by Mr Harris far surpasses all others, and completely fulfils all the objects of its application. These conductors consist of parallel plates of copper, about *two-tenths* of an inch thick, from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 inches wide, and 4 feet long. They are placed in a shallow groove, ploughed out of the after side of each mast, and are fixed there by short copper nails. The plates are inserted in the groove in a double series in contact, so that the joints of the plates of one series are opposite to the middle of the plates of the other series; and this series of plates is so turned over the heads of their respective spars, and also round the termination of the mast in the step on the keelson, that a continuous metallic line is maintained, notwithstanding the sliding or even removal of the spars. From the bottom of the masts, the metallic plates extend to the copper sheathing of the ship, and all the metallic bands terminate in the sea, by bolts clenched on the copper sheathing. When a ship is thus defended, it is at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, secure against the attacks of lightning. The conductors are always where they ought to be, independent of the officers and the crew. When the top-masts or topgallant-masts are partially lowered, the continuity of the metallic line is kept up, although the inferior part of the conductor of the lowered mast is thrown out of its place. The system of protection, indeed, is fixed and permanent, notwithstanding the change of position or even the removal of the moveable or sliding masts.

In order to exhibit more fully and distinctly the national value of this system of protection, Mr Harris has just published an interesting pamphlet,† in which he has detailed the damage

* Bell wires and metallic pipes for water and gas, in modern houses, require to be carefully connected with the principal conductors. Without this precaution, they are rifles directed against the lives of the inhabitants.

† *The Meteorology of Thunderstorms, with a History of the Effects of Lightning on 210 Ships of the British Navy.* 1844.

done by lightning to 210 ships of the British Navy. Of these, 133 occurred in time of war, between 1793 and 1816, when 69 ships of the line, 49 frigates, and 32 sloops were disabled; and 55 in peace, when 8 sail of the line, 14 frigates, and 32 sloops suffered. In estimating the loss sustained by these vessels, Mr Harris finds it to be about £125,000; or about £10,000 annually in war, and £2500 in time of peace. Now it is a matter of fact, established by the official Journals of the Navy, that not one of the vessels fitted with Mr Harris's conductors suffered the slightest injury from lightning; and we must therefore regard his plan of protection as producing a saving to the country, of £10,000 per annum in time of war, and £2500 in time of peace; without attempting to estimate the loss sustained by our commercial marine, or presuming to appraise human suffering, or to put a value upon human life. The man who thus protects the national property—who adds strength and security to the national bulwarks, and saves the lives of the brave men to whose guardianship they are entrusted—is well entitled to be viewed as a national benefactor, and as having earned the noble praise that he served his species whilst serving his country. Yet true it is, as we believe, that he has not received any special reward for labours attended with such ever-enduring and beneficent results—prolonged as these labours have been through nearly half a century.

We would not, by any means, wish to be understood as ready to espouse any claim for recompense that might be preferred, on the ground merely of some considerable addition having been made to the existing sum of scientific knowledge. But the case where the labours of a life have been devoted to, and realized in, a discovery or plan productive of results most precious to the interests of the Empire and of Humanity, and evidently incapable of being adequately compensated but through the intervention of the State receiving the benefit, is one which presents itself under a very different aspect; and we humbly conceive that the case before us is of this description. We are quite aware that Lord Melbourne, before leaving office, judiciously bestowed upon Mr Harris a scientific pension of L.300 a-year which had become vacant; but this, we must presume, was conferred, not as a remuneration for a particular invention or service, but as a distinction due to general eminence in science, and shared with others similarly honoured. It would, therefore, be but a just and becoming exercise of public beneficence, were a proper compensation awarded to Mr Harris for the time, labour, and anxieties consumed and endured, in maturing, and energetically prosecuting the adoption of a system of protection so vastly beneficial to the Nation and to Mankind.

ART. V.—1. *Speeches delivered in the House of Commons by the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, on the Renewal of the Bank Charter.* London: 1844.

2. *Speech of Lord Monteaigle in the House of Lords on the Import Duties, 13th June 1844.*

3. *Speech of Viscount Howick on the Corn Laws, 25th June 1844.*

4. *Speech of Viscount Palmerston on the Slave Trade, 16th July 1844.*

THREE years are now completed since a general election and a change of government restored Sir Robert Peel and his friends to power. They were reinforced by the accession of Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, Lord Ripon, and their political associates. The support of other members of Parliament, of character and official experience, was also given to the new administration. The opposition of others was greatly mitigated or neutralized, if not wholly withdrawn; or it was converted into a more useful, because an independent support. Former differences between these parties had been forgotten: they had acted in concert for seven years—a long political apprenticeship. The jealousies which existed in earlier times had long been extinguished, and had merged in the bond of a common antipathy: no political coalition in modern history seemed to create so much strength, and to be open to less objection. It seemed not only excusable, but natural, and almost inevitable. The Parliamentary majority produced by the general election, far exceeded the expectation of the Government. The superiority of the Duke of Wellington at Waterloo was scarcely more unquestionable than in the House of Lords. The Church hailed the advent of the former member for Oxford, whose offences in 1829 were considered to be atoned for in 1841, by the penances and mortifications to which he had submitted, and by a political fast of eleven years. The Landed Interest were loud in their exultation, and were prepared to turn again into ploughshares those swords which they had so long wielded in the Conservative cause. The powerful and well-organized body of the Wesleyans, defuded into the belief that the Whig policy was not more fatal to British agriculture than to Scriptural truth, felt a pious security in the protection of the new Cabinet. The West Indians pointed with triumph to Mr Gladstone and Mr Goulburn, and rejoiced under the shadow of their hogsheads and puncheons. The high Protes-

tants of Ireland impatiently reckoned upon the downfall of Maynooth, and the overthrow of an unchristian system of Education. It was prophesied that Repeal agitation would cease, and that the collection of the O'Connell rent—that modern exaction of Peter's pence—would, at the best, be subjected to the penalties of high treason. The merchant was taught to expect the ratification of commercial treaties between England and all the nations with whom fruitless negotiations had been carried on. The Saint and the Moralist were persuaded that the crime of opium traffic would be expiated, and its recurrence effectually prevented; and that Slavery and the Slave-trade must cease, under the influence of a government that could consistently appeal to the Christian recollections of the Holy Alliance, and the pledges given by the sovereigns assembled at Vienna and Verona. The Cosmopolite was taught that universal peace was secured; that the tranquillity and civilization of Africa would be maintained and promoted by the combined efforts and generous rivalry of the two free sovereignties of the West; and that, under the influence of Conservative wisdom and Conservative power, all causes of contest between nation and nation, from the Oregon to the Levant, would be extinguished.

These bright anticipations, combined with a belief that the result of the general election had made any government but that of Sir Robert Peel impossible, gave to that statesman and his cabinet a strength almost unexampled in modern times. The number of his troops had been early shown—their discipline proved in past campaigns—their devotion to their leader was expected to be perpetual, founded as it was, not only on a just admiration of his high attainments, but on a grateful sense of his invaluable party services. It was under such auspices that the Tory Government succeeded to power; and never apparently did political power possess more elements of union and stability. The pledges, either directly or tacitly given to the country, were clear and distinct. The expectations formed by the party were great. How have those pledges been redeemed? How far have those expectations been fulfilled? How now stands the reputation of the Conservative Ministry, and the Conservative Parliament, at the close of the last, their third session? What progress has been made in useful legislation? and how far have the interests of the Empire, and of the World, been promoted under the authority and influence of her Majesty's present advisers?

The enquiry is interesting, provided it be prosecuted in a spirit of truth and fairness. The bitter and sarcastic speeches with which Lord Lyndhurst, when in opposition, was wont to conclude the Parliamentary Session, though characterized by

power and brilliancy, failed in their effect, from their utter want of candour and justice. It is true, that, circulated throughout the country, these speeches served the temporary purpose of getting up a cry; they excited the strongest prejudices against one party, and encouraged unbounded expectations of good from the other. This condemnation of the Whigs, and these promises made by the Sponsor for the Tories, served their turn. The justice of the condemnation, and the prudence of the promises, are now more than doubtful; and if to create groundless animosities, and to encourage hopes equally groundless, be a crime, it is one which, in this instance, has carried with it a full measure of punishment. The bitter cup is now returned to the lips of those by whom it was filled to overflowing. The weights and measures distributed by the Carlton Club through all Conservative associations and meetings, serve but as standards by which the acts of the Government are now estimated and compared.

The unfavourable result of this comparison has been loudly proclaimed by the Tory party, both in and out of Parliament. The retribution is as complete as it is severe. In a recent work, curiously compounded of politics and fiction, and of considerable notoriety, an eager political partisan is described as having been employed in the preparation of 'slashing articles in a 'party Review, passed off as genuine coin, to take in the liegees, 'especially in the country.' These articles are said to have been 'written in a style apparently modelled on the briefs of 'those sharp attorneys who weary advocates with clever commonplace—the censure coarse without being strong, and vindictive where it should have been sarcastic.* Such articles, like the 'slashing' speeches we have mentioned, were by the party largely resorted to; but they failed in producing any lasting effect. The one and the other were soon discredited, and are now no longer current. They are cried down even by those for whose benefit they were first put into circulation. This result reads to us a salutary, and, we hope, an effectual lesson—teaching by an example which cannot be mistaken, and which ought not to be forgotten, that the honourable advocacy of a party is best promoted by the observance of truth and candour; and that all exaggeration or over-colouring of facts, however they may lead to an ignoble and unworthy triumph, can never promote the permanent interests of any cause, either public or private. It may be presumptuous to hope, that in all cases we have our-

* See *Coningsby*; or, *the New Generation*. By B. D'Israeli, M.P.

selves avoided the errors and practices we condemn. The want of candour in an opponent is a common complaint, and we admit that it is easier to detect and expose it, than it is to be generous or even strictly just; but we hope, that in former articles similar to the present, we discussed fairly and dispassionately the proceedings which they surveyed. We endeavoured, in all sincerity, to escape the errors which we now condemn, and to adhere to the principles we here proclaim. And in this spirit, and in conformity with these principles, we now propose to make an analysis of the Session just closed, and to invite our readers to consider how far its proceedings deserve the approval of the public, and how far the Tory Ministry deserves its confidence.

Parliament met early in the month of February, and sat for upwards of six months. In respect to all practical suggestions, the Speech from the Throne promised little; yet it promised more than has been performed. Peace with all Europe, and more especially our friendly relations with France, were made subjects of congratulation. The events of Tahiti and Morocco have since enabled us to estimate the real worth of these announcements. The treaty concluded with China was described as highly advantageous to the commercial interests of England; yet the just and necessary war which led to that treaty, had been previously proclaimed by the Tory leaders, in the House of Commons, as an act of unpardonable rashness and injustice. The successful result of wars in India was alluded to with triumph; but no reference was made to the pledges of a pacific policy, as ostentatiously given by Lord Ellenborough as they were afterwards recklessly violated. The revision of the Bank of England's Charter was recommended, which, however, the state of the law made inevitable. A determination to maintain the union with Ireland was expressed, and the necessity admitted of adopting measures for improving the social condition and developing the natural resources of that country; but no hint was given as to the nature of the measures contemplated, or to be introduced. A revision of the system of registration of its voters, with a view to the extension of the county franchise, was also announced.

Such were the main topics adverted to in the royal Speech. We doubt whether the annals of Parliament have ever exhibited a Session in which so little has been effected to satisfy the people, or to raise the character of Parliament. Indeed this seems to be admitted by the Government itself—one solitary Act of Parliament being named, in the closing speech from the Throne, as deserving any special notice. We search the statute-book in vain for any series of enactments worthy of the legislature of an enlightened community; nor have the debates, or Parliamentary

enquiries been of a more elevated character. Three Acts, it is true, have passed, for the protection of certain noblemen and gentlemen from the *qui tam* penalties to which they were exposed, in consequence of their extravagant speculations on the turf; and if Parliament has been reluctant to consider the application of economical science to our Import Duties, we ought doubtless to derive some consolation from the recollection that it has been applied, with a skill worthy of Ricardo or Mill, in the Report on Gambling. Nor was the interesting subject of Dog-Stealing overlooked. Our domestic poet, Cowper, extracted moral instruction from the habits of his spaniel, by proving that

‘ His dog should mortify the breed
Of man’s superior race;’

and as it was somewhat irreverently alleged in the honourable House, that certain analogies might be traced between the discipline to which Members of Parliament had recently been subjected and the habits of the spaniel race, Mr Liddell’s Committee may have been, in more ways than one, appropriate and useful. In the House of Lords, a recollection of the contaminated sources from which the revenue of the See of Winchester had, in early times, been derived—and a consciousness that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster had not been as careful to purge their estates from profligacy and vice as from Dissenting Chapels—led to an attempt at legislation in favour of female chastity, which was not quite so effectual as it was generous. In another Session this subject will, we doubt not, be resumed; but we fear that, in the mean time, the Almonry must continue, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins. Nor must it be forgotten that the House of Commons—doubtless from a modest fear of doing wrong, combined with an equal mistrust in its powers of doing right—has solved many problems, and escaped many temptations and difficulties, by a frequent recourse to the effectual process of ‘counting out.’ If Sir Robert Walpole was justified in saying, at the close of a Session, ‘Thank God, no further mischief can be done for six months!’—it would be most unjust to entertain a doubt, that it was a conviction like that of the great Whig Minister which induced members of Parliament, by appropriately retiring from their post, thus to protect their country, during twenty-four hours at the least, from any rash or dangerous legislation. Lest such repeated secessions from public duty should lead to any suspicion of indolence or inaptitude for public business, our considerate Ministers have, on other occasions, doubled the labours of Parliament, by calling on the House to reverse on the morrow the resolution of the preceding day!

It is really curious to examine the statutes which received the

Royal Assent, from the 3d February to the 3d July of the present year. The first four months of the Session produced no one enactment of the slightest public interest or importance; with the exception of the act for reducing the interest of the three-and-a-half per cents. In all other respects, the statute book is a perfect blank, or is only filled up by Indemnity bills, Mutiny bills, and other formal measures, which do not require or exhibit any great proofs either of legislative or administrative capacity.

It is true that, towards the end of the Session, the wheel turned round with an unexampled and somewhat dangerous velocity; and if at one period measures were discussed without being passed, at another they were passed without any attempt at effectual discussion. In apology, it is said that this must ever be the case, that this complaint is one perpetually made, that it indicates an evil for which there is no remedy;—an evil for which neither the present Parliament nor the present Government can be held peculiarly responsible. This we deny; but even if it were as true as we believe it to be false, it is no justification of some late events. The growing inattention manifested by both Houses to the performance of their functions, is, we know, daily more and more complained of; and this subject is of infinitely greater moment than it is generally considered to be. The respect and confidence which the public have been accustomed to feel for the deliberations and decisions of Parliament are, indeed, lamentably diminished. The keen interest which its proceedings formerly excited, exists no longer. Even the ambition to obtain a seat in Parliament is lessened; the difficulty of inducing well-qualified candidates to come forward is complained of; and the whole relations between the public and both Houses are, we grieve to say, altered for the worse. The tone in which public affairs are discussed is lowered, and a languid indifference is, by degrees, extending its chilling influence over the representatives of the people, and the people themselves. Why should this great evil be? and how can it be remedied? It is said by some that there has not been, at any former time, a greater aggregate amount of information or ability in Parliament than at present; but that it is only more diffused. It is urged, too, that great events are required to call forth great men; and that a civil crisis is as necessary for the display of high civil endowments, as a war is for the exhibition of the ability of a great commander. It is further added, that in our more calm and tranquil times, no great opportunities are afforded to public men to vindicate their claims to the respect of their country. There may be some truth in these remarks; but we fear that the evil lies deeper. If legislators are to lead

opinion as well as to legislate, they must vindicate their claims, individually and collectively, to a superiority over the rest of the community. Public intelligence is daily more matured—knowledge is more widely diffused. Is it very clear, then, that the class from which members of Parliament are taken, preserves its relative position in advance, either as relates to reputation or to the performance of duty? The refinements of advancing civilization contribute to withdraw the less strenuous and manly from contentions for which they feel an increasing disinclination and unfitness. Taste becomes more fastidious; and the risks of failure in public life create more apprehension than the chances of success excite hopes. The pleasures and attractions of society are found by many to be more powerful than the demands of a generous ambition. The hour of eight o'clock leaves the House of Lords deserted. In the House of Commons, from the hours of seven to ten, the Speaker and a despairing quorum give some occupation to the Reporters at night, though perhaps without much instruction to the readers of the morrow. The want of any real interest in Parliamentary proceedings is strongly exemplified, we think, in the necessity felt by the London Journalists to provide a short abstract of each Parliamentary discussion; thus to relieve their readers from the toil of labouring through wearisome arguments and heavy details, which, though gods and men may find it difficult to tolerate, the columns of the daily press are compelled to furnish. Who that has read them can ever forget those noble words of Milton, which apply so strikingly to the topics upon which we have touched! ‘Lords and Commons of England, consider what nation whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors;—a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit—acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful labourers?’

The diminution of the sinew and bone of the body politic, we believe to be traceable but in part only to the causes which we have enumerated. The increase of the evils in question, during the last three or four years, but more particularly their alarming development during the late Session, must be sought for in less general causes. The character of a deliberative assembly is to a certain degree formed, or at least influenced, by the government of the day; and we judge of a nation by its rulers. This is to a certain degree inevitable, and in a free country it is also to a certain extent just; for that which the national will tolerates and permits, it may be said to approve; and the public and Parlia-

ment may be considered responsible for any government which they support, however feebly and reluctantly. It is to the proceedings and acts of the present government—it is to their character, their origin, and their conduct—that we may attribute principally, though we admit not exclusively, the lamentable and hourly increasing flatness and apathy of public feeling. The differences of party being less marked than in former times, avowals of large and intelligible principles are avoided; or they are considered as proofs of want of experience, or as evidence of a heated imagination. Another cause has tended to deaden all interest in public affairs, by lowering the interest felt in public men. Strong personal attachment for the leaders of a party—a generous enthusiasm in their behalf—often supplies the want of a higher principle, and renders party ties more binding as well as more graceful. These, unfortunately, are wanting. Our government has proved itself to be a government of false pretences. The mode in which their power was attained has deprived them of the confidence of their own party, and of the respect of all. The contrast between their professions and conduct is, indeed, wholly without parallel in English history. It has deprived them of strength, it has deprived them of popularity. Nor is this wonderful. Wherever bad faith has been justly imputed to public men by the British public, a loss of confidence has invariably followed. This is a glorious national characteristic. It was not the ultimate passing of the Emancipation Act which drove the government of 1829 from office; it was their previous encouragement, and disingenuous profession and countenance of principles exclusively Protestant. The deception was more loudly condemned than the apostasy. The failure of the Duke of Wellington to form a cabinet in 1832, was not more immediately produced by the popular attachment to the Whigs and to their principles, than by the indescribable disgust excited by the announcement, that those who had been the most bitter enemies of Reform were, on the moment, prepared to carry a new and a more democratic Reform bill! Even in the far different case of Mr Canning's government of 1827, the weakness of that short-lived administration was owing, not only to the animosity of the Tories, and the irresolution of the Whigs, but to an impression, true or false, that a pledge against Roman Catholic emancipation had been extorted by the King from his new minister. But not one of these memorable instances can be viewed as on a par with the conduct of our present rulers; and at no time has any change of ministry produced so striking and so contrasted a change, as that exhibited between Conservative principles in Opposition and in office. Corn, Timber, and Sugar were the three ques-

tions on which Sir Robert Peel took his stand; and on these he has been compelled to legislate; but to legislate in a manner differing much more widely from the expectation of his friends, than from the principles of his opponents. He evidently felt greater difficulty in divesting himself of his own cloak, than in assuming that of his adversary. The weapons on which he relies, so far as he ventures to use them, are, in fact, all borrowed or taken from the Whig Armoury.

That the failure of his government has been complete, and its loss of influence rapid and unprecedented, may be proved from testimony the most unquestionable, namely, his own admission. On the 22d of June, Sir Robert Peel made the following remarkable declaration:—‘ I cannot be insensible to the position in which we have been placed as far as concerns the progress in general legislation. I cannot help feeling that we have proposed measures, in the course both of the last session and of the present, in respect to which that progress has not been made which we think might have been made; *and which, not having been made, leaves us certainly in an unenviable position.* We must therefore, consequently, expect the same results at the close of the present session which were witnessed at the end of the last—namely, that we have presented measures connected with the internal policy of the government to the consideration of Parliament, *and had not been successful in obtaining their consent.* We cannot also conceal from ourselves, that in respect to some of the measures we have proposed, they have not met all that cordial support and agreement from those for whose character and opinions we entertain the highest respect. Our intentions also have been defeated in the House of Lords in regard to one measure, which, though but an isolated one, is still very important.’ Such was the humiliating confession made by a minister of the most boastful pretensions and promises, who on his accession to office commanded a parliamentary majority of ninety-two votes; and who had himself emphatically repeated the memorable declaration of Lord Melbourne, that ‘ a weak government is the worst of all governments.’ Lord Dudley, in his Letters to the Bishop of Landaff, describes the Parliament of 1821 as one in which the Opposition out-debated Lord Liverpool’s government, and the Government out-voted the Opposition. The position of our Tory leaders has been even worse than this, for they have been both out-debated and out-voted in the same session.

Conclusive as is Sir Robert Peel’s authority when he gives evidence against himself and his party, it does not relieve us

from the task of examining more minutely the aspects and events of the session. What first strikes us is, the fact of the most bitter attacks against the government having all proceeded from their nominal supporters. Threats, reproofs, reproaches, bitter irony, insults the most aggravated, have in succession originated with their friends, not with their foes. The press has deserted them, with scarcely an exception. The very candidates whom they support, as at Birmingham and South Lancashire, were compelled at the hustings to forswear their political allegiance, and disclaim Sir Robert Peel's government, as vehemently as they disclaimed the new Poor-Law. This we attribute to a conviction, now widely spread, of the total abandonment of the great principles of political morality by our rulers; and of the irresistible evidence, afforded by themselves, of their injustice and insincerity in regard to their political opponents. But the degradation of the party in this case involves, as a consequence, the degradation of the members who compose it. The sacrifice of consistency by the leader, has carried with it the loss of reputation by individual members of parliament. The first might have been pardoned, the second never can. It is sufficiently deplorable to have been held up to ridicule as innocent dupes; but to be exposed to the indignation of deceived and irritated constituencies, as willing and active instruments in deceiving others, is infinitely worse. But ministers have gone further; having lowered their own party, they have proceeded to lower the dignity of Parliament itself. On two several occasions, and in respect to two important measures, the House of Commons has been constrained, by commands issued in the most imperious tone, to set aside its own previous votes and resolutions! This was done on the Factory bill. A similar course was pursued when the government was defeated on Mr Miles's motion. We are unwilling to trust ourselves to any commentary on these events, preferring to rely on the less suspicious testimony of a Tory chronicler.—‘About a month ago the House was called upon to rescind a motion of deep interest, and for the first time since the vote on the malt-tax, the House submitted to that process, which was regarded with so much mistrust. I cannot help thinking that some mysterious influence must have been at work to place us before the country in a position which no one can, I believe, *describe as other than degrading to us all*. I think the First Minister should deign to consult a little more the feelings of his supporters. I do not think he ought to drag them unreasonably through the mire. To call upon them to rescind one vote was enough

‘ Those gentlemen who manage the detail of party should draw up some tariff of parliamentary disgrace. We should be told ministers have gauged your parliamentary independence, and you have a semblance of freedom on this point; but the moment you go further, you must either submit to public disgrace, or we must retire into private life. The right honourable gentleman came forward with a detestation of slavery in every place except on the benches behind him. It was better that system should terminate. The minister deserved a better position than one which could only be preserved by menacing his friends, or cringing to his opponents.’

Such is the bitter statement made by one of those who were most forward in assisting the government to rise to power, on the overthrow of their Whig predecessors. We extract it not only as evidence of what is said by one, but of what is felt by very many. These differences of opinion were not visible during the gloom of opposition. They are made prominent by the sunshine of office. When the glorious luminary has sunk behind a mountain range, we can only trace one uniform surface and one general outline; when the hill-side is fully illuminated, every irregularity of form, every projecting rock, every deep ravine and sheltered cove, is made visible. Nor ought we to feel much surprise at the above strong language of complaint, nor at the more measured but scarcely less bitter reproofs administered by Lord Sandon to his friends. The pretensions advanced by the government to the allegiance of their party, were scarcely compatible with parliamentary independence, or with private honour. ‘ If the measure we propose is important, we demand your votes for the sake of the public; if it is unimportant, we demand them for our own. On great questions you must support our policy; on secondary questions your difference can only be construed as an act of determined hostility.’ What does this mean, and to what does it amount but a denial of all right of freedom of action to the supporters of the government? The same principle is involved in an argument lately addressed to the public by another partisan of the Cabinet, whose advocacy of the necessity of respecting private judgment in politics, and adopting the doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience, is only the more startling and offensive from being in a printed shape, and from assuming the solemnity of a philosophical abstraction. ‘ Is it not one of the lessons of the times,’—observes the author of the ‘ Ministry and the Sugar-duties,’—‘ that the sphere of the free agency of individuals forming part of popular assemblies is undergoing progressive contraction, and that whatever is now

‘meant by freedom it is not their privilege to increase their share of it. The functions of the state may in some respects be enlarged, but those of the persons who work its institutions generally grow less moral and more mechanical.’ It is not surprising that these principles and these practices, however they may succeed at a crisis, should have weakened the government, and weakened the attachment of their supporters.

It must not be considered that this condition of the Ministry is one only productive of weakness and inconvenience to themselves. We have already shown its mischievous operation on Parliament and on public opinion. But it produces other practical results equally injurious. In making the government powerless, it makes the legislature weak and imperfect. Let us refer to the fate of the Ecclesiastical Courts bill for an example. The importance of this measure has not been fully appreciated by the public; otherwise they would never have submitted to be made the victims of a cabal of interested individuals. We entreat the attention of our readers to the subject. Owing to legal distinctions, and claims not defensible, or even intelligible in modern times, important branches of our law—more especially those relating to marriage, to wills, to tithes, to church-rates, and to several heads of moral offences—have been exclusively confided to Ecclesiastical Courts. Under this system, questions the most difficult, and at times the most conflicting, arise. The disposition of real estates by will, is determined by one court; the distribution of personal property, by another. Even the protection of a common court of appeal is withheld. One cause is carried to the Privy Council; another to the House of Lords. Nay, the judgment of both tribunals may be required in respect to the same Will, and those judgments may be conflicting. But this is a small part only of the evil. Judges appointed, not by the Crown, but by authorities nearly irresponsible, are allowed to act and decide, without any Bar of qualified lawyers to arrest their proceedings and to protect private rights. An average of less than two causes in the year cannot give experience to a court; nor can a miserable pittance in the way of remuneration procure the services of an able judge. Archbishops, Bishops, Archdeacons, are entrusted with judicial patronage or authority; and courts exist in three hundred peculiars, which might be despised as contemptible, if they were not felt to be mischievous. Even facility of access to their courts is wanting;—an advantage so much relied on when a measure of reform is to be resisted. From Penzance to Exeter is a hundred and twenty-one miles, and the Bishops’ courts of Carlisle, St David’s, and Chichester are sixty, seventy, and eighty miles from parts of the several dio-

ceses! A monopoly exists in these courts, in favour of a select class of legal practitioners. The system is admitted to be one liable 'to mistakes and frauds from the rigid distinctness of jurisdiction which it maintains.' The 'impossibility of obtaining qualified judges is not denied.' It would be a mistake to imagine, that because these courts do not afford remuneration to the judges, they are therefore not burdensome to the suitor. It is shown, by an account rendered to Parliament, that the money cost of all this system of complicated injustice and folly is L.120,000—a larger sum than the salaries of all the Cabinet ministers, and of the Boards of Treasury, Admiralty, Ordnance, and Horse Guards taken together. All this has been exposed—all this has been condemned—and that too by the highest authority. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, many of the most learned and venerable prelates, the chief Judges and the most eminent Civilians, have united in recommending a full and adequate remedy; and the absolute and immediate abolition of all these courts, with the exception of one central tribunal to be maintained in the metropolis, was the reform suggested. A similar judgment has been subsequently pronounced by Committees both of Lords and Commons. Bills were introduced founded on these principles, to which three successive Chancellors, and all the law Peers, without exception, stood pledged. During the progress of these measures, that excellent man, the Chief-Justice of England, who reflects as much dignity on his station as that station confers upon him, stated his personal knowledge of cases of abuse *'which would make men shudder;—instances in which absolute ruin was brought on families by the sentences of these courts.'* It was under the sanction of these high authorities that Lord Lyndhurst introduced a bill, in the late Session. But how lamentable was the disappointment produced by its enactments! The zeal of the reforming Lord Chancellor burned high and clear while sweeping away the smaller courts of the peculiars; but a spell seemed to have been thrown over him when he approached the Episcopal courts, and proposed to leave without check or remedy those distinct jurisdictions, which he had himself united with others in condemning. Why was this? How are we to account for this? We are convinced that there was not, because there could not be, any change of opinion. Indeed the only reason given for this miserable mutilation and curtailment of this measure of reform was, that the House of Commons would not pass a better measure. Here we find another pitiable admission of the weakness of the government: they did not dare to proceed according to their own judgment and conscience, but were compelled to cut down their reform, because public mistrust had cut

down their majority. The measure failed in the House of Commons, and we rejoice at its failure. It would have been productive both of expense and of mischief. To leave an annual average of one cause and a fraction to be decided by each judge, and to appoint a Sergeant at Law or a Barrister of five years' standing for the performance of these functions, was an insult to the human understanding. But what was infinitely more objectionable than the mere expense, was the retention of the diocesan courts after the abolition of the peculiars. This would have rendered all future reform a work difficult, if not wholly impossible; and the newly appointed law functionaries would have been so many recruits enlisted in defence of the re-constructed, rather than amended ecclesiastical courts.

We must not pass to another subject without protesting in the strongest manner against the supposition that the House of Commons would not have been willing to pass a really good measure on this subject, had that measure been introduced, and earnestly supported by the government. To the principle of such a reform all the members of the late administration stood pledged—and to that principle all rational men must wish success. We are well aware of the power exercised by country proctors and attorneys. When their columns advance, or their lines deploy, we know well how powerful is their charge on even a thoroughly disciplined parliamentary phalanx. But we feel confident that this opposition would be encountered and overcome, if the measure proposed were made worth the risk and sacrifice. But even if the House of Commons had been coerced by local influences to give an effectual opposition to an honest measure, (a supposition which we utterly deny,) it was equally unjustifiable, on the part of the government, to act on this assumption. If in this, as in another most important measure, (the Registration of Deeds,) the agency of country attorneys in influencing members of the House of Commons, through their constituents, is admitted to be all-powerful—why should not the House of Peers, freed as it is, or ought to be, from these unworthy influences, frame, year after year, well-considered remedial measures, relying for their ultimate success on the force of truth and the effects of discussion—thus vindicating for themselves a claim to the respect and gratitude of the public?

We set great stress upon Law Reform; but it must be undertaken both in a spirit of courage and earnestness, and of honesty. The talisman is broken if its powers are perverted for the promotion of any selfish interest. Improvement and jobbing ought not to be combined; and yet it would appear that such an attempt had been made, with but too much of success, in the Session of 1843. In that year a Bill was introduced for effecting reform in

the Court of Chancery, and for the regulation and abolition of certain legal offices. This Bill passed the House of Lords, and was read a first time in the Commons on the 29th of July. It passed through its several stages on consecutive days, and clauses were introduced in Committee on the 2d August, granting compensation to officers whose interests were affected by the proposed changes. The Bill was read a third time on the 5th August, when the compensation clauses first appeared in print. This would have been less objectionable, if the established precedents had been adhered to. On former occasions, and in acts introduced both by Lord Brougham and by Lord Cottenham, the Treasury had been called upon to exercise a control over the grant of judicial compensation. The same course was also adopted on the abolition of the Equity side of the Exchequer; but in respect to the late Chancery Bill, the clauses providing for the salutary control of the Treasury were omitted. What has been the result?—the unexampled increase of the compensations granted. The value of these annuities has been calculated at the prodigious sum of £1,300,000. Compensations are granted for fees, which, so far from being held as veated interests, were liable to be abolished at the pleasure of the Lord Chancellor. Compensations are continued after the deaths of the parties interested, and payable to their personal representatives; and burdens have been entailed on the public—for we consider the suitors' fund to belong to the public—as unexampled in magnitude as they are indefensible in principle. Whilst we are the steady friends of Law Reform, we need hardly say that, from measures such as we have just described, we earnestly hope we may in future be protected. We only regret that the same determination which made the fortunes of certain lucky officers of the Court of Chancery, was not exerted in the late Session for the benefit of the unfortunate suitors of the Ecclesiastical Courts. Is it only in a questionable cause that spirit and energy can be shown? And can it be true, that with the British Government, as in the State of the Houyhnhnms, it is necessary that a case should be made to appear as unjust as possible, to give it any chance of success?

Were it not that we should weary the attention of our readers, we could furnish—in the history of the Heritable Trusts Bill, abandoned by the Lord Chancellor; of the County Courts Bill, abandoned by Sir James Graham; of the mode in which the law of Debtor and Creditor, of Insolvency and Bankruptcy, has been dealt with—abundant evidence in confirmation of Sir Robert Peel's confession, that the 'government is left most certainly in 'an unenviable situation.'

We should be taxed with unfairness if we did not allude to

the Financial Measures of the Session. Great has been the honour claimed by the government, for their reduction of the interest of the public debt—their overflowing exchequer—their progressive reduction of customs' duties, and their renewal of the Bank Charter act. With regard to some of those measures, we are happy to admit their full right to the thanks of the public. It would, we must however observe, be preposterous to attribute to the present or to any government, a power of creating those peculiar circumstances which permit and facilitate the reduction of the interest of the public debt. They depend upon the general rate of interest, upon the credit of foreign countries as well as our own, upon the demand for our manufactures, and upon the facilities which exist of making profitable investments. A government might almost as well claim credit for the state of the atmosphere, and the changes from cloud to sunshine, as for a reduction of the interest of money. Besides, as a very depressed state of interest indicates also a very reduced rate of profits, and a consequent difficulty in employing capital, it may be doubted whether such a state of things is properly a fair subject of congratulation. The discredit into which many foreign securities had fallen, more especially in Spain, Portugal, and America—the check which the scandalous dishonesty of some of the repudiating Legislatures of the United States had given to the promotion of Transatlantic improvement by the resources of England—all contributed to the success of the measure first mentioned. Still, the government do not, on this account, deserve the less credit for the careful and successful manner in which they turned these and other advantages to account, in completing this great operation. They here showed in happy combination both caution and courage. In a transaction of such extraordinary magnitude, even had it been possible to have effected some additional saving, it would have been dearly purchased at the cost of giving rise to alarm or discredit. The ease and contentment of the holders of these securities, provided they be not purchased by any unreasonable sacrifice, form one of the most valuable considerations in all such arrangements. These have been secured by the judicious course adopted by the government; and recognizing this as a great public benefit, we are ready and willing to offer them our tribute of approval and thanks.

So far, again, as an overflowing Exchequer is concerned, that result is simply attributable to the imposition of a Property-Tax; a proposal which, in time of peace, and without an enlarged revision of our taxation, required some courage. It was, too, a proposal contrary to Sir Robert Peel's former declarations, but it was not the less likely to be right on that account. Neither was it the less likely to be recommended by him. The correctness of

the anticipations made by him on the 11th of March 1842, was disproved by his own acknowledgments in 1843; and the Treasury estimates of increase for the year ensuing, was under calculated by £2,700,000—the estimated expenditure being likewise erroneous to the amount of £450,000. The property of the country had augmented since the year 1815, in a ratio so greatly exceeding all calculation, that the tax of sevenpence in the pound has produced not only more than the Minister had calculated, but more than he judged to be necessary for the public service. This is the whole secret of the state of the balance sheet; and while we accept it in proof of the *increased wealth of the country*, it does not raise our estimate of the accuracy of the financier. We shall probably receive £26,000,000 from the Property-Tax in place of £11,000,000, the amount originally estimated by the government itself. We shall also receive some millions from China, which that government had deprived itself of all right to expect. Hence, and hence only, comes mainly the increasing resources of the Exchequer—a result for which no great credit is attributable to our rulers. In other respects, however, they are entitled to praise. The repeal of the import-duty on foreign wool, is not only important, as giving relief to a main branch of our manufacturing industry; by abandoning absolutely, and for ever, two fallacious principles, it prepares the way for a better course of legislation in other things. The duty on foreign wool was at once a protecting duty to our home produce, and a colonial discrimination. The government, proceeding, in this instance, practically and boldly in that course of free trade to which they had declared their assent *in the abstract*, have repealed at once the protection and the discrimination. Neither the wool-producers of England, nor those of Australia, will have any reason to complain of the change; and we cannot but hope that the result of this most useful lesson will not be lost upon Parliament, nor upon other classes who still cling to the false doctrines of protection; and who are led to believe that their own peculiar interests can be promoted by the sacrifice of the interests of the consumer, and of the public. The reduction of the duties on coffee was also wise and politic; and is entitled to the more praise, because in this, as in the former instance, a colonial discrimination was reduced one half, and a sound principle was vigorously and wisely applied.

If an adherence to the sliding-scale of corn-duties is accepted as a sufficient proof of devotion to the agricultural interest, the government have as yet been steady to their declarations. But in this respect they seem more pertinacious than the agriculturists themselves. The agricultural societies which have been established throughout England, under the auspices of the Duke of

Richmond, have been more cautious. They most scrupulously avoid pledging themselves to the maintenance of the present law; and seem to eschew all mention of the sliding-scale—unwilling to trust their weight to so rotten a plank. On the contrary, they petition generally for protection; or they petition for a protection not less than the present: every periphrasis is adopted to escape from making the slightest reference to the sliding-scale, or appearing to approve a system which has admitted into consumption 2,186,000 quarters of foreign wheat in July 1842—the average price being 55s. 4d.—while 5200 quarters only paid duty in February, at the average price of 60s. 4d. Even under the improved scale of Sir Robert Peel's Bill, this evil, though lessened, is far from being remedied. Between the 5th and 30th August of the present year, 440,000 quarters of foreign wheat paid duty and went into consumption; whilst in the month of January the quantity so admitted was only 3500 quarters. Yet the average price in August was lower than it was in January. It is thus demonstrated, that we are still cursed with a system, which—to give our government some semblance of consistency on a single question—limits our supplies of food when we most require it, and reserves that supply for the very moment when it is least useful to the consumer, and most injurious to the home grower! This system the government, and we may almost say, the government alone, are prepared to defend. They defend it with pertinacity; and in doing so they prevent every reasonable compromise, which, by adopting a moderate fixed revenue duty, might satisfy the free traders and the farmer—benefiting both alike by steadiness of trade, and consequent steadiness of price. They defend it at the hazard of the present interests of the agriculturists, who suffer the most from the state of uncertainty in which they are left. They thus produce and justify that agitation of which the Anti-Corn-Law League is the organ and the consequence. They are, in this respect, the most effectual allies of Messrs Cobden and Bright. In taking this course they greatly multiply the supporters of the doctrine of the total and immediate repeal of the corn-laws. The tendency of their conduct is to narrow all discussion to the single question—whether we shall maintain the existing corn-law as it stands, or entirely repeal it. On this subject we entreat the agriculturists to weigh well the following observations by Lord Howick, in his late powerful speech on the Corn-Laws, mentioned at the head of this article.—‘ I have never concealed my opinion,’ he observes, ‘ that whenever this shall be the only alternative offered ‘ to me, I should have no doubt in giving my preference to the ‘ absolute repeal of the present law. I greatly doubt whether

'the government have really served the agricultural interest in bringing the question to this point; but since they have done so, and have altogether rejected any compromise, I am thus driven to make my choice between two extreme propositions, and that choice will unhesitatingly be given in favour of absolute repeal.' Such is the judgment pronounced by one of the most acute and strong-minded statesmen of the day; and if this judgment is correct, it proves that in this—the only question on which the government even affect to maintain their consistency—they add to the strength of extreme opinion, and impede any amicable settlement of a question imperatively requiring the reconciliation of the opposing interests, and a check to be put to that conflict of classes—to that jealousy and violence—which has unhappily overspread the land.

How far the judgment, or the sincerity of those leaders may be relied on by their agricultural friends, has very recently received a curious illustration. It will be recollected what pains were taken, in discussing the Canada Corn-Bill, to remove the apprehensions of the agricultural members in reference to the consequence of that measure. It was described by ministers as an act that would lead to no extensive increase of supply; and even the acuteness and local knowledge of Lord Ashburton were applied, to negative the authority of Lord Sydenham, the Earl of Durham, and Mr Joshua Bates. We have now before us accounts of the importation from Canada of wheat and flour during the first eight months of the years 1843 and 1844; and they exhibit the following most satisfactory results. The exportation of wheat has, in this short period, increased from 15,000 to 237,000 bushels; and the export of flour from 50,000 barrels to 307,000. We do not complain of this result, which justifies our anticipations. On the contrary, we hail it as an unmingled good. But it is a curious proof, that even when a ministerial measure turns out to be right, the arguments by which it was originally defended, and the statements of fact on which it was founded, are shown to have been both without any sufficient foundation.

We must not omit to do justice to the conduct of the government in respect to the renewal of the Bank Charter. Parliamentary enquiries, wisely commenced by their predecessors, in anticipation of the time of necessary legislation—evidence given by men equally eminent from their experience and their scientific knowledge—the discussion of the same subjects in publications of great merit—prepared the way for well-considered legislation. All the materials necessary to form a correct judgment were provided—in a word, all the principles on which the Charter should be renewed, had been carefully discussed. Of these advantages the

government fully availed themselves; though without that generous acknowledgment, to the true authors of these measures, which policy as well as justice required. No accomplishment is more useful to a public man, than that of being able to command, on behalf of the public, the ability and experience of eminent men, who neither are in, nor have any ambition to enter the public service. A wise statesman should endeavour to keep himself in such a relation to this most important class, as to be enabled to reckon on their ready and earnest co-operation, on important occasions, when he has a right to seek it. But to secure this result, services, when rendered, should be frankly and generously acknowledged. But the proposers of the Bank Charter Bill never once alluded to (Mr Jones Loyd) the real author of the measure.

Whilst we consider this measure to be most important, and whilst we believe that it will go far towards diminishing the intensity, and preventing the recurrence of monetary derangements, we are not free from apprehensions respecting one possible consequence. We agree with Mr Huskisson, that the case of an internal drain for gold is totally different from that of a foreign demand; or, in other words, an unfavourable foreign exchange. And as the two cases differ, so also should the remedies. A foreign demand for gold, and an unfavourable exchange, will be remedied appropriately by a diminution of the quantity of money in circulation. An internal drain may arise from political alarm, from commercial discredit, or from the necessity of realizing securities in order to meet pecuniary engagements. Now, in this case, unlike the former, a diminution of the circulating medium will tend to increase the evil in place of checking it. We admit that the probabilities of an internal drain will be greatly diminished under the new system. But it can hardly be denied that the evil may occur; and when such is the case, that which is proposed as a remedy will prove an aggravation of the disease.

We wish much that we could extend equal praise to the new scale of Sugar Duties. On this question, as on the sliding scale, the government had, most unfortunately for them, committed themselves, in their intense eagerness to discredit and to overthrow their political opponents. They had endeavoured to persuade the public that no very great advantages could result from a reduction of the duties on this article. But fearing that in this respect their arguments might fail, and that cheap sugar might be considered of some small importance to the consumer, they poorly condescended to raise the anti-slavery cry against the government of Lord Melbourne. We should have thought that, from very shame, they would have shrunk from so unworthy an expedient. Where are the men who can, in conscience, presume to attribute to the Whig party any indifference to the great cause of

Africa? Can any honest and right-minded man so stigmatize the party who abolished the slave-trade, who, from 1806 to 1839, steadily supported, or boldly proposed, every measure which could improve the condition of the Negro race? Can we suspect of any insensibility on this subject, the authors of that noble scheme which has freed British territory and dominion throughout the world from the pollution of Slavery? Was there ever known in the history of mankind an imputation so meanly and audaciously cast upon political opponents, to serve a selfish party interest? And this charge was made at a time when, mainly through the persevering efforts of the British government, the importation of slaves into Cuba had been diminished from 40,000 in 1835, to 14,000 in 1840, and when the same detestable traffic had been reduced in the Brazils from 94,000 in 1838, to 14,470 in 1840! In the face of these unquestionable facts, an appeal was made to the ever-generous, but, in this instance, misled and misdirected feelings of the people. We may well say to those who propagated such calumnies, and profited by this delusion—‘Verily, they have their reward.’ The fetters of the African are scarcely heavier, and are certainly less ignominious, than those which Lord Sandon and his supporters forged for their political leaders, and which are now coiled round their limbs in restraint of all freedom of action. It is not surprising that an advocate of the government should have taken as the motto for his defence of them and their sugar duties, ‘*surgit amari aliquid*’—for never was a draught so bitter as that which they are condemned to drain. What is the principle on which they have taken their stand, at least for the time? The establishment of a differential duty, as between foreign free-grown and slave-grown sugars. May we respectfully ask—Did the differential duties which it is sought to maintain, originate in motives of humanity? We unhesitatingly and firmly say, No. They sprang from a very different source. We trace their origin to the planter’s profits, and not to the interest of the slave. It is true, that so long as our colonies produced an excess of sugar, sold on the continent of Europe, these discriminating duties were defeated in their operation, and English prices were ruled by the foreign market. It is, therefore, at the precise moment when this distinction is most mischievous, that it is now defended and enforced! To what purpose is it enforced, let us ask? Is it to compel the Brazils and Cuba to enter into treaties binding them to abolish the slave-trade? This had been already done. Lord Palmerston informs us, in his admirable speech of 16th July—that ‘Spain and Brazil have contracted with us engagements, in the most solemn form and of the most stringent character, binding them to prevent their subjects from carrying on the slave-trade, directly or indirectly.

' They have promulgated severe laws against the slave-trade in pursuance of these engagements ; and we have a right to insist that these laws shall be carried into execution.' ' If these laws were enforced,' he continues, ' the Cuba and Brazil slave-trade would soon be at an end.' The statement, therefore, that we are to wait the issue of new negotiations and new treaties, may suit that subterfuge policy which seeks an excuse to justify an alteration of opinion ; but the artifice is too shallow and transparent long to deceive any but the weak and the unwary. Yet we have seen not only some of the second-rate Exeter Hall performers caught by this pretext, but some also of those excellent men who have been consistent and steady abolitionists throughout the great struggle. Men who in former times contended that slavery was not only the most criminal, but the most expensive method of cultivation, now ask for protection, as being rendered necessary and just by the increased cost of free labour. Men who proclaim the worse than inutility of our former efforts, call on us to adhere to the most senseless parts of our old colonial system. Men who know full well that we now carry on a trade in slave-grown sugar in all the markets of Europe—that we readily refine that sugar in London and Liverpool—that we consume it in Jamaica and Barbadoes—yet delude themselves into the belief, that our morality is to be made dependent on geographical limits. They have also shut their eyes to the demonstrable, nay, obvious fact, that, in withdrawing for our use any portion of sugar from the continental market, we must inevitably raise the price of what remains, and thus enhance the demand for the produce of slavery, as surely as if that produce were consumed more directly by ourselves.

These absurdities cannot be much longer adhered to ; not only the sophistry by which they are defended having been so fully exposed in both Houses of Parliament, but in an excellent Pamphlet on the subject, lately published by Mr Macgregor Laird. Indeed we see preparations already made for descending, by some sliding-scale, from that high ground on which the Tory tents had originally been planted. ' The present government are bound, under the penalty of deep disgrace, to regard, in their choice of a course, the avoidance, by every rational and practicable means, of encouragement to slavery and the slave-trade. This may not appear any very definite pledge, although it states most strongly that penalty which we conceive to have been already incurred ; for the measure which comes into operation almost immediately, is irreconcilable, by any process of reasoning, with the principles to which our assent has been demanded. As conclusive on the subject, we shall apply, with a few altera-

tions, a formula furnished to us by Mr Gladstone himself. Our alterations by no means interfere with its very precise and logical construction. The admission of any portion of foreign sugar into the British market, means the creation of a new demand for all foreign sugar, whether slave-grown or free-grown, and a consequent addition to its ordinary price. Addition to its ordinary price, means extension of its cultivation. The extension of its cultivation, means the importation of new slaves from Africa; and this effect is equally produced, whether the sugar withdrawn from the continental market is slave or free produce. We give this as the argument of the government, not as our own; but we defy any one to show in what respect the reasoning does not apply equally to the measure which they proposed and carried in 1844, and to that which they rejected in 1841. It is, however, evident that we are to prepare for other and greater changes. The next year will produce a new, and what will profess to be, a permanent measure. In the Pamphlet attributed to Mr Gladstone, and to which we have before referred, the colonial planters are significantly informed, that 'adequate' and 'efficient protection, or a premium at the public expense, may have the tendency to enervate commercial enterprise, to withdraw the natural motives to economy, and to the introduction of judicious improvements; and, by keeping particular descriptions of industry in that kind of hot-house atmosphere, to incapacitate them from enduring even those variations of the weather without doors which are healthful to a healthy constitution.' We do not estimate so lightly the acuteness of Mr Miles and his friends, as to doubt their power of extracting the meaning of the government from these metaphors. If it means any thing—if it is not an entire delusion, which we do not think so ill of the government as to believe—it promises to the public a more abundant and a cheaper supply of sugar, to be attained by a further reduction of duty; in which, as a return of good for evil, the Board of Trade will allow the British Plantations to participate; but which reduction of duty must be accompanied by some enlargement of the sources of supply, obtained, we must presume, in such a manner as to protect her Majesty's government from 'that penalty of deep disgrace' to which Mr Gladstone has alluded with such conscious sensibility. But how this is to be effected—by what production of correspondence from the Foreign Office, by what new treaties it is to be justified, with what classification of sugars and graduation of duty it is to

be accompanied—it is no part of our present business to enquire. We have endeavoured to show, and we think we have shown, that on the subject of the sugar duties, as in so many other instances, the errors of the government can only be attributable to their former want of sincerity and good faith. Their punishment has been severe. Punished by the desertion of their friends, and by an adverse vote in the House of Commons, they were still more humbled by their nominal victory. They who had so often, and so proudly and so loudly, condemned the practice of taking support from men of opposite or differing politics—they who had reproached the Whigs for availing themselves of the votes of English Radicals or Irish Repealers—now undeniably owe their preservation to the Anti-Corn-law League!

The sugar duties, though deeply affecting our colonies, are still to be viewed as a provincial and commercial, rather than as a colonial measure. Their origin must be sought at the Treasury or the Board of Trade. We should, therefore, look elsewhere for proofs of the success of Lord Stanley's colonial administration. The duty of honourable abstinence from party contention where the public interests are really involved, has, we feel confident, been the cause that the government of Canada, both in Downing Street and at Quebec, has been dealt with in a spirit of unexampled forbearance. The gentle spirit of Sir C. Bagot has been allowed to rest in peace; and the feelings of his friends and family have not been outraged by attacks on his memory. The efforts of Sir Charles Metcalfe to discharge duties as difficult as they are important, have not been frustrated by uncandid commentary, or by unjustifiable attack. We admire and we follow this example. Though the cases, in which the Colonial Office has been brought into notice have not been numerous, they have not left on the public mind any very satisfactory impression. It appears unintelligible why the privilege of exporting grain at a nominal duty, already conceded to the agriculturists of Canada, and in a qualified manner to the United States also, should have been refused to the Australian farmer. It appears still more incomprehensible how, from a tribunal of his own appointment, and consisting for the most part of his political friends, Lord Stanley should have been forced to endure a rebuke the most unqualified. 'A body of British settlers are at this moment giving ground for very serious anxiety, while the lives of several of their number have been unfortunately sacrificed; these unhappy results have, moreover, been connected with differences which have arisen not only between the settlers and the colonial authorities, but also between the New Zealand Company and the

‘ executive government at home.’ Such is the Report adopted by a friendly Committee; and perhaps it was this result which suggested that witty, but not very flattering, likeness discovered between the Colonial Secretary and Prince Rupert, who, it is said, always, after his most hot and eager charges, found his camp in possession of the enemy. The complaints of the New Zealand Company were loud; but louder still have been the remonstrances of the West Indians on the subject of emigration. In this instance, also, the difficulties of the government have been enhanced by former unwise declarations; and by the objections they had raised to every attempt to provide the planters with labourers, and the hill coolies with labour.

If the adverse Report of a Parliamentary Committee, and the neglect of West Indian interests, have diminished the political strength and Parliamentary reputation of the government, how much more severe has been the blow struck by the conduct of their late Governor-general of India! On two separate occasions, Lord Ellenborough had acted with reputation as President of the Board of Control. He was considered to possess the confidence of the Court of Directors; and, from his long connexion with the members of Sir Robert Peel’s government, he could not have felt any mistrust of their full and unhesitating support. His intimacy with the Duke of Wellington had also been so close, and even so great an advantage, that the public fully expected that, in all military steps, he would be governed by the counsels of the first warrior alive. The apprehensions of war, natural in themselves, though somewhat unduly felt, and certainly most unfairly excited, led the public to approve of his promises of a pacific policy in India. An efficient army, headed by gallant and experienced men, was placed at his disposal. Such were his advantages. From the outset of his government, however, he seems to have lost all power of self-command, and all real capacity for administration. His first proclamation seemed rather a paltry attack upon his predecessor, and an antithetical exposition of his own merits, than any fixed declaration of well-considered principle. Such as it was, however, it was contradicted by his own subsequent conduct. Having announced the most pacific intentions, he engaged in wars in which success has been attained at enormous risk and loss. Having declared his resolution to keep our empire within what he was pleased to term its *natural* boundaries, and to set limits to all future conquests, he conquered Scinde and reduced Gwalior—justifying new wars by reference to obsolete or non-existing treaties. He endangered the discipline of the very army which he had endeavoured to conciliate, by means the least

prudent and justifiable ; while he at the same time disgusted that able and meritorious class, the civil servants of the Indian government. Even the generosity of the Duke of Wellington could only defend the absurd burlesque of the gates of Somnauth, by taking Lord Ellenborough's proclamation out of the category of works subject to European criticism, and designating it by the appropriate title of a 'song of triumph.' The powers of endurance of the Leadenhall Street Statesmen at length gave way ; and, notwithstanding their strong and undisguised political preferences, the Governor-general was recalled by their unanimous vote. The immediate cause is as yet unexplained ; it remains to be seen whether the official correspondence, hitherto withheld, but which the late Governor-general cannot fail to produce in his own defence, will remove the impression arising from these extraordinary occurrences. Lord Ellenborough's recall has unquestionably lessened the power and the authority of the government which had appointed, but which did not dare to defend him. Nor has this effect been in any degree mitigated by the harsh censures pronounced on the Court of Directors, for their most reluctant performance of a painful and invidious duty ; nor yet by the confession, that the Governor-general had been permitted to continue absolute ruler of a hundred millions of British subjects, for months after a judgment of his utter unfitness had been pronounced by the court to which he was amenable !

It cannot but be present to the recollection of our readers, how frequently the Whig Foreign Policy was made a subject of the most vehement party contest, and this at the hazard of the interests of England, and the peace of Europe. At one period, the favourite Tory accusation was, that the reforming ministry of England had sacrificed the honour of their country, to partialities for what was then termed a kindred government in France. The tricolor flag—the monarchy of the barricades—were held up to scorn and hatred. Only a little later, MM. Molé and Thiers were taken successively under the special protection of the Opposition ; and Lord Palmerston was reproached with having culpably abandoned the French alliance. A lease taken by France of a plot of ground in Minorca, sufficiently large to provide a site for a naval hospital, and no more, was described as a forfeiture of our power in the Mediterranean ; and a mistake respecting a post-office packet, was alleged to be a cause in justification of war. When reasonable explanations were either given or accepted on either side, this was held to be a surrender of our honour ; and when our arms were triumphant at St Jean d'Acre, and all Europe, with the exception of the French war party,

gave credit to the sagacity and good faith of our diplomatic counsels, and admitted their entire success, Lord Palmerston's policy was censured by his political opponents as rash, insulting, and aggressive. Even venerable Law Peers proposed that our commercial disputes with Naples should be settled by the guns of a line-of-battle ship. War, we were assured, was inevitable; and, at the same time, pains were patriotically taken to prove to Europe that the British Navy was weak and disabled. When it was shown that the number of our ships was greater than had ever before been maintained afloat under similar circumstances, we were assured that those ships were so inadequately manned, that they must fall a prey to the first hostile struggle. Vainly was it demonstrated, that the equipment and armament of our ships, and the strength of their crews, were greater than had been provided at the Nile and Trafalgar; vainly was the unprecedented skill displayed by our forces in Syria, pointed out as evidence the most undeniable of our naval superiority. At the very time when the ambition of an arbitrary sovereign had been foiled in the East, and the hollow and false pretences of an ambitious and unscrupulous minister had been counteracted and exposed elsewhere—at the time when the power of our arms was not more clearly shown forth than our moderation and good faith—it was asserted, for party purposes, that our national influence as a member of the European confederacy was gone—entirely gone. Looking back to the most brilliant epochs in our history, we do not see a single period at which the Foreign Policy of England had exercised a more powerful influence over other nations, than during the ten years from 1831 to 1841. This influence was not more powerful than it was salutary. No mean or selfish motives appeared to have perverted our policy—no low timidity, to have restrained our freedom of action. The love of liberty and the love of peace guided our counsels.

We are almost fearful of contrasting the present state of our foreign relations with that in which they were found by the Tory Foreign Secretary. The unjustifiable nature of the outrage offered to England at Tahiti, has been admitted by the first minister of the Crown. It has been also admitted that this outrage requires the fullest reparation. A Prince of the blood-royal of France has been entrusted with the conduct of the most important and delicate naval operations—the Prince de Joinville's immediate claim to such appointment seeming to be the publication of a Manifesto against England, the most malignant and insulting. The war with Morocco—the bombardment of Tangiers—the destruction of Mogadore, have followed in rapid succession. Now, we venture to ask all reasonable and thinking

men, whether they believe that any one of these events would have occurred, had the spirit and energy of Lord Palmerston's policy continued to animate the Foreign Office? So vehement had been the declamations of the Conservatives, against what they were pleased to term our intermeddling with the affairs of the Continent, that it is not surprising Foreign Courts should now feel themselves free to act as they please. The result has been a series of movements, all tending to endanger the repose of Europe—exasperating the military spirit of France to the utmost, and exposing the two countries, the most deeply interested in the preservation of peace, to the risk of war. This danger has not been so much produced by the minatory and turbulent spirit of the war party in France, as by the low tone taken on behalf of England. If the imprisonment of Mr Pritchard is alluded to, we are assured, that at the time of his captivity he was no longer our Consul—as if every English subject was not entitled to protection;—as if, too, a foreign government can be permitted, by injustice, to compel our agent to suspend his functions; and as if that government, taking advantage of its own wrong, can afterwards deny to that British Agent the respect which is his privilege and his right. The same vacillating arguments have been used in respect to Morocco. On the first French attack by land, we were informed that this event gave us no cause for reclamation, as it was a mere pursuit of Abdel Kader; but that, if Tangiers were attacked, the connexion between that town and Gibraltar rendered our interference inevitable. On this encouragement, Tangiers was attacked; when our tone was again altered, and we declared our resolve to overlook the bombardment, and to reserve our wrath for any occupation, by France, of Moorish territory. Well, again, as if to bring our resolution to a trial, the French actually occupy an island at Mogadore; but on the instant it is discovered that this step is not the peculiar species of occupation against which we had entered our protest; and the same indulgent forbearance which palliated the bombardment and destruction of the fortresses and towns of Morocco, is now generously extended as an apology for the military occupation of the territory of our ally. How far is this system to be carried? We see no greater risk to the peace of the world, than the adoption of the 'sliding-scale' of apologetic concession.

We do not wish to dwell on the state of the naval power of England at the commencement of these transactions: we are unwilling to do more than to remind our readers that the much-abused Whigs left eighteen ships of the line in commission, and that, in July last, these eighteen ships were by their successors reduced to nine; that of these nine, two were in the

East Indies, one on the West Indian station, one under orders for the Pacific, one ship at each of our home ports, one at Cork ; the ninth ship, as Lord Minto sarcastically stated, constituting our Mediterranean fleet ! Such were the preparations made by the government to defend the lives and fortunes of the Queen's subjects, and to sustain the honour and dignity of the British name and flag. We fully believe, that if the national interests should at any time require the effort, the navy and army will prove themselves as competent as they were at Trafalgar and Waterloo to vindicate the national reputation. But it is to render any such necessity as improbable as we should consider it deplorable, that we deprecate the feeble tone taken by the Foreign Office, and the unpardonable reduction of our naval force in the Mediterranean. It is as ever warm and constant lovers of peace that we could have wished to impress on France and the world a consciousness that we do not fear war, and that we are prepared to meet it. Jealous of the character of our country, we think that the language of moderation would not have been the less impressive, if it had always been spoken in a tone of firmness and resolution. To impress on the world a steadfast faith in our determination, we must show that we possess sufficient courage and strength to enforce it. We learn, however, from the Queen's speech at the close of the session, that ' we have been engaged in discussions ' with the French government, on events calculated to interrupt ' the good understanding and friendly relations between this ' country and France ; but that, by the spirit of justice and ' moderation which has actuated the two governments, this danger ' has been happily averted.' This oracular communication fully confirms our previous anticipations of danger to the peace of the world ; and that at a time when it is undeniable that our naval strength had been reduced to an unprecedented, and, we must add, unjustifiable degree. How far we may rely on Lord Aberdeen's assurance, that this danger has been averted by ' justice ' and moderation,' remains to be proved. We believe that we possess the joint personal security of two very wise and able men for the maintenance of tranquillity during the ministry of the one, and the reign of the other. But their earnest wishes and desires cannot, we are convinced, be more powerfully promoted than by convincing all parties that England cannot be assailed with impunity ; that she fears no surprise, and is as strong as she is pacific.

It would appear as if the government, though somewhat tardily, are now acting on a different policy. Whilst the danger, which the Queen's speech admits, still existed, our naval force was neglected ; but now, when we are assured that all danger is

over, the dockyards are put in a state of activity, and our advanced ships are brought forward. We doubt not but that, when the peace of the world is permanently established, we shall have the satisfaction of learning we have a strong fleet at sea, and that we are replaced in that commanding position in which we were left by Lord Melbourne's government!

Our prospects elsewhere do not seem such as to afford us much consolation for the uncertain state of our relations with France. That influence which, through the government of Espartero, performed so much, and promised so much more for the good of England and Spain, is lost. Our negotiations with the Brazils have failed. Our remonstrances with the Prussian government have degenerated into an undignified altercation, where mutual reproaches, not wholly undeserved on either side, are angrily exchanged. In the United States, the question of the Oregon boundary still remains as a loaded mine ready for explosion, whenever a contest for the Presidential Chair may render such an event expedient for sectional interests. Had a more elevated tone been taken in Parliament since the change of government, and, above all, had the Tory party shown more of real patriotism and candour before that event, we cannot but think that English influence would have been augmented from year to year, and that we might have been relieved from all apprehensions for the preservation of peace.

If, under this dispiriting view of mistakes, omissions, and failures, the acts of the government had enabled us to look on the state of Ireland with satisfaction or confidence, we should be ready to forgive and to forget much that has been amiss. For, as far as our interests are concerned, no other questions can be compared with those which affect the well-being of Ireland, and the contentment of the Irish people. On no other foundation than the happiness and prosperity of Ireland, can the strength and security of the Empire be permanently established. Our general opinions on this subject have been so often and so strongly expressed, that we need not repeat them here. But late events cannot be passed over without some notice.

It cannot be forgotten how fiercely the Tories, when in Opposition, denounced the elective franchise of Ireland. The fraudulent multiplication of votes by repealing attorneys—the perjuries committed by the voters themselves—the conflicting decisions of registering Barristers and Judges—the coercion of the Priests—and the destruction of what was called the just influence of the landlords—such were the complaints and accusations repeatedly made, and on these was Lord Stanley's Registration Bill founded. The immediate introduction of some remedy for these alleged evils, was expected as the first and necessary consequence of the change

of ministry. Yet three Sessions were allowed to pass, during which nothing was done. To propose Lord Stanley's bill, or one founded on similar principles, was found to be impossible. Responsibility became a great teacher of wisdom. To propose a bill, founded upon opposite principles, appeared too daring an inconsistency. Time was accordingly taken to enable Parliament to judge calmly, and, if possible, to forget all past declarations. When the subject formed part of the recommendation given to the House in February last, to the astonishment and perplexity of the world, and to the dismay of the Irish Tories, all mention of fraud, perjury, or priestly tyranny was omitted; and a revision of the laws of registration was recommended, with a view to the extension of the franchise. But the greater the astonishment produced by the recommendation, the greater also was the anxiety to see the proposed bill. The effect of Lord Eliot's measure was miraculous. It produced, for the time, a most marvellous agreement between all classes of politicians. Whigs, Tories, Repealers, Orangemen, united in condemning the measure of the government. The bill contemplated the extinction of 25,000 out of 40,000 leasehold voters, upon the expiration of their existing registrations; it provided for the creation of a new class of electors occupying tenements rated at L.30; and introduced an additional franchise, founded on the possession of a perpetual interest in real property, to the amount of L.5. To this novel franchise, no condition of residence was annexed. The effect of these changes was described very differently by the different parties; but the one thing which was admitted on all sides, was, that the Irish Secretary and the English Cabinet were alike ignorant of the effect of their own measure; and were unprepared, or incompetent, to defend, or even to explain it. The bill was therefore withdrawn; and with it was also abandoned a kindred measure, the Municipal bill, which soon after appeared, among the other casualties of the session, in the list of killed, wounded, and missing.

The question of Irish registration must not, however, be so lightly passed over. Lord Stanley's unpopular and most indefensible measure, had contributed as much as Mr O'Connell's speeches to excite agitation, and to create mistrust of the intentions of Parliament—thus strengthening the cry for Repeal. A really honest measure for the improvement of the franchise, would have produced an opposite and a most salutary effect. We believe that Lord Eliot's measure was honestly meant by the government. Sir Robert Peel affirmed, without hesitation or reserve, the absolute necessity of establishing a substantial equality between the electoral franchise of the two countries. It is impossible to over-estimate the constitutional

importance of this admission. If the principle is carried into full operation, many of the most obvious political causes of discontent will be removed. We have advisedly said, a substantial equality rather than an identity of franchise; because an actual identity cannot be produced, where the state of real property differs so widely as it does in the two countries. As an example, the rights of copyhold and customary tenants are important in the one country; the rights of the lessees for lives, renewable for ever, and of possessors of similar interests, are important in the other. The habits and opinions of England may render safe and expedient a L.5 franchise, without the condition of actual occupation; whilst, in Ireland and Scotland, the same franchise may be shown to lead to an indefinite manufacture of fraudulent votes by ingenious attorneys and partizan landlords, wholly subversive of the rights of independent freeholders. We have given these examples, out of many, to prove that equality rather than identity is to be aimed at. It was also argued, that, in seeking to destroy an undue influence on the part of the Priests, care should be taken not to restore the tyrannical powers of the Landlords. This we fully admit. In contending for the freedom of election, the one domination is objectionable, in our eyes, as well as the other. But it should be remembered, that these two agencies act upon very opposite principles. The Priest, in most cases, agrees with the voter, whom he urges to follow his own convictions and natural inclinations: the Landlord's authority is frequently used in opposition to both. We admit that there is great difficulty in deciding upon the best principle for the basis of the Irish elective franchise. On the one hand, if the franchise is made to depend on lease, the landlord, by withholding that lease, may annihilate the franchise. On the other hand, if tenants at will are permitted to vote, it is argued that they must yield to the dictation of their lessor. In order to make out this latter argument, it ought, however, to be proved that the illegitimate influence of a landlord may not be exercised as mischievously over a small tenant holding by lease, as if that tenant held at will. We doubt this. Tyranny and intimidation will devise means for the accomplishment of their own bad purposes, even where a lease is granted. Oppressive covenants may be introduced and enforced; privileges of manure and of fuel, essential to the tenants' welfare, may be omitted in the leases; they may be left uncertain, or, if granted at will, may be withdrawn. All this may be done with the purpose of controlling the free agency of the voter. The danger of a tenancy at will, on the one side, is the possible intimidation of the voter; the danger of the leasehold qualification, on the other, is the annihilation of the vote. The latter appears to us the greater

risk of the two, because it can be practised with less observation, and with greater impunity. We state these points, rather than undertake to decide them. We differ, we are aware, from high authorities; but, in respect to the creation of the new L.5 franchise, disconnected from the occupation of land, we are persuaded that all rational men are of one mind. No change can be proposed so pregnant with danger and with discontent, and so fatally subversive of all constitutional freedom in Ireland.

We cannot help thinking that the real solution of these difficulties will be found in making the payment of local taxation, as an evidence of the occupation of real property to a given moderate rated value, the basis of the Irish electoral system. This might allow the existing system of registration, odious and vexatious as it is, to be wholly dispensed with. The rate book would be the book of registration. The collector's receipt for rates would be the test of qualification. The identity of the voter, and his continued occupation of the rated premises, would be the only matters of fact brought into question. The survey and valuation made under the authority of the Ordnance, and the surveys for the poor's rate, might be adopted, or so modified as to meet this purpose. The frauds of landlords and tenants would be checked; above all, the inducement to perjury consequent upon a system which, contrary to the general principle of law, makes the right of the claimant dependent on his own oath, would be effectually corrected.

Important as the registration bill is justly considered, it dwindles into utter insignificance when compared with the Irish State Trial and its results. It constitutes the most prominent, and perhaps the most important branch of the policy of the present government. During the session, the judicial proceedings still pending in the Irish Courts, and subsequently in the House of Lords, rendered all parliamentary discussion on the subject imperfect and inexpedient. We are now freed from all such reserve; and may be permitted to review with freedom a prosecution the most extraordinary and impolitic, attended with a failure the most unexampled, and, we might almost add, the most ludicrous, that the judicial annals of any country presents—exhibiting, from first to last, an unprecedented instance of a want of discretion and practical wisdom.

To institute criminal proceedings against the leaders of an excited people, to bring them before a court of justice, to submit their case to a jury, and to inflict upon them when convicted the full measure of punishment awarded for the imputed offence, was, we admit, a resolution indicative of vigour and determination. We are far from undervaluing these qualities if applied for the enforcement of a just and wise measure, and in

performance of a public duty. But such a prosecution becomes a fatal mistake, if it appears that the principles of justice have not been scrupulously adhered to—if every legal and equitable claim made on behalf of those accused has not been liberally and generously conceded—if care has not been taken to prevent any undue sympathy from being called forth on their behalf. In such a case even popular feelings and prejudices should not be overlooked; and the probabilities and consequences of success or failure should have been deliberately weighed. Now, whilst we think, and have ever thought, that the course pursued by the Repealers in 1843 was wholly indefensible—whilst we admit that an attempt to intimidate by the display of physical force endangers good order and tranquillity; and that any attempt to create a military organization without legal authority and responsibility, and for the attainment of political objects, is contrary to law, and becomes a just object of prosecution and punishment—we still think that it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to combine, in one single act, a greater number of unpardonable errors than have been committed by the Irish government, and its law advisers, in the management of the memorable trial to which we allude. Month after month had been allowed to pass, during which meetings the most formidable, and speeches the most seditious, had been tolerated. The government continued silent and passive. No step was taken, no intimation was given, that these proceedings would ever be dealt with as criminal. It is true that some country Justices were summarily removed from the commission of the peace; but this was done in a manner which, if it did not lead to an implied belief that the acts of the Repealers kept within the limits of the law, cautiously abstained from asserting that those acts were illegal. If these meetings were illegal as well as dangerous, and if a prosecution was meditated, some warning was surely requisite. We thought at the time, and still think, much was to be said in defence of the forbearance of the government. But they ought to have been consistent in that forbearance. This, however, was not their course of policy. On a sudden, and in a manner to give to the Clontarf proclamation the appearance of a trap to the unwary, rather than of a warning to the well disposed, a meeting for which preparations had been allowed to be openly made, was prohibited. The prohibition was at once obeyed, not only with an ostentatious promptitude, but with an active readiness, which the delay of the government made indispensable for the preservation of the public peace. Ireland was astonished at seeing the position of the two parties reversed,—the popular leaders becoming the protectors of life and property, which the delays and the rashness of the government had exposed to peril.

The prosecution followed. The offence imputed was not one which had been recently committed, and which all reasonable men would have united in condemning. It comprehended all those acts which, during successive months, had been tolerated, and almost justified by the acquiescence of the government. A more perfect case of *condonation* could not be easily figured. Indictments of unexampled length and complexity were framed, including at once popular leaders, popular writers, popular priests, and editors of popular journals. Well might the Lord Chief-Justice of England ask indignantly, 'What mind could comprehend indictments, technically framed, and consisting of fifty-eight sheets of paper?' The offence charged was not that of seditious words, or seditious meetings, but the offence of a conspiracy proved on evidence, which, if admitted, brought into jeopardy every principle of civil liberty. Newspapers, which it does not appear that the accused had ever written, ever sanctioned, or ever read, were relied upon as evidence; not only against their printers and publishers, but against parties not proved to be cognisant of their contents. Acts done by one man, speeches delivered anterior to any connexion with the other traversers, were referred to in proof of guilty participation and knowledge. This alarming doctrine was, however, among the least astounding of these proceedings. The law of Ireland had been lately amended, for the purpose of ensuring more impartiality and fairness in the selection of juries. This act had been carefully considered, and was framed for the correction of abuses long known and loudly complained of. It was a popular and a remedial statute. The most flagrant of all the evils which the new jury act was intended to correct, was the partial nomination of juries. In Ireland, partiality always connects itself, in opinion and in practice, with religious distinctions; and to ensure the fair and indiscriminate appointment of qualified persons, whether Roman Catholics or Protestants, to serve on juries, was a main object of the new jury act. With the case of Mr O'Connell and his associates, religious differences and animosities were inseparably bound up. The law provided that, to secure the due administration of justice, the jury should be impartially chosen from a list, including all qualified Protestants and Catholics. This was a condition assumed by law to be indispensable to a fair trial. Yet by an unfortunate error, called by some a mere mistake, by others a 'proceeding liable to grave suspicion,' the names of many Roman Catholic jurors were excluded from the Sheriff's lists; and when the time for reducing the number of jurors subsequently arrived, the officers of the crown—by a most unwise and dangerous exercise of what we admit was their legal right—excluded from the Panel all but the Protestant jurors. The propriety of these proceedings was questioned. On

proof of the mutilation of the jury list, the array was challenged. The challenge was not allowed. 'I am of opinion,' fearlessly and wisely states the Lord Chief-Justice of England, 'that the challenge ought to have been allowed, or the trial by jury would become a mockery. If complaint is made against a jury list, it would be better if no trial should take place until the objections have been satisfactorily settled.' But the trial proceeded. We pass over the intermediate parts of the drama; we overlook the episode of the Challenge sent by the Attorney-general to an opposing Counsel, and appropriately entrusted to a peace-officer; we pass over the memorable Charge of the Chief-justice of Ireland, in which he designated the Counsel for the accused as 'the gentlemen on the other side;' and pass onward to the result—a verdict of guilty—a sentence of fine and imprisonment carried into immediate effect, and pending the appeal to a superior court. This injustice, however, we cannot charge upon the Irish judges, but upon the Law of the Land, which, while it makes a provision for the security of *property* till the judgment of a court of error is pronounced, neglects to afford any such remedy where the *liberty* of the subject is concerned.

Whatever the moral effect of these proceedings might have been, the government prosecution seemed thus far to be crowned with success. The Attorney-General was triumphant. The Law, it was said, was vindicated. It was most respectfully obeyed: no offensive or insulting proceeding, no act of violence followed. But we pause to ask, at what expense, admitting the success of the prosecution to have been complete, was it procured?—at what sacrifice of principle?—at what risk of consequences? During the administration of the Whigs, two inestimable blessings had extended their salutary influence in Ireland. An increasing feeling of confidence in the fair administration of justice; and a settled conviction that religious differences were not recognised by the law of the land. These two principles were grievously shaken by the mode of conducting the State trials. The law provided for the selection of an impartial jury; the law distinctly prescribed the mode in which that impartiality was to be secured. By accident, or by design, the very provisions of the statute, enacted to ensure this impartiality, were neglected, or were violated. Thus the accused were deprived of the protection of the law. Bad as this must appear if the object had been to produce a jury of one particular political party, it became infinitely worse, because more insulting, when its effect was the selection of a jury exclusively Protestant. A new religious disqualification was seemingly imposed; the spirit of the Emancipation Act was violated. A principle was thus laid down, which suggested the inferiority or

the unworthiness of Roman Catholic judges, of Roman Catholic magistrates, and of Roman Catholic public officers, from the highest to the lowest. We have no hesitation in thinking, that the conviction of all the Repealers in Ireland, would have been but a miserable compensation for a permanent stain thus cast upon the integrity of judicial proceedings. Every Roman Catholic felt the blow, the most moderate as well as the most eager. The Talbots, Howards, Hastings', and Stourtons, in England; and in Ireland, Lord Kenmure and the whole Roman Catholic Hierarchy came forward to protest against this grievous wrong. For the sake of the character of the House of Commons, we rejoice that Lord John Russell, with his characteristic love of liberty and justice, and Sir Thomas Wylde, with all the weight of his high legal knowledge, unhesitatingly expressed their conviction, that the accused '*had not the benefit of a fair trial.*'

The perpetrators of injustice were here doomed to suffer for their misdeeds. The judgment against Mr O'Connell and his associates has been reversed by the House of Lords; though, it is true, not without a difference of opinion entitled to respect. The accused have obtained their discharge; though after having suffered a long imprisonment, for which the law provides no remedy whatever—a flagrant injustice, calling for immediate correction on the part of the legislature.

There are other and very peculiar circumstances connected with this memorable decision, which greatly increase its practical importance. By a singular coincidence, two writs of error from Ireland were decided on the same day. A leading Orangeman of the name of Samuel Gray, had been convicted of a violent outrage. A point of law was raised in his favour, respecting his right of peremptory challenge. Three of the Irish judges decided against the prisoner, one only (Mr Justice Perrin) decided in his favour. Attacks made, with equal acrimony and injustice, against that eminent and liberal judge, induce us to remark that his opinion was pronounced in favour of the Orange agitator. In this case, the decision of the House of Lords reversed the judgment of the Irish Queen's Bench—adopted the opinion of Mr Justice Perrin, and relieved Samuel Gray from a sentence of transportation. If, on the very same day, the very same tribunal had, in the case of Mr O'Connell, affirmed the finding of a jury partially constituted, giving effect to an indictment admitted to be bad in two of its multiplied counts, and to findings declared to be illegal in three cases, we doubt whether any people upon earth, even were they as calm and reasonable as the Irish are excitable, could have reconciled the justice of two such apparently conflicting decisions. From such a danger we are relieved by the judgment which has been pronounced.

We cannot but anticipate from this judgment another incidental benefit of inestimable value. It appears to us to have dealt a heavier blow against the Repeal agitation than could have been struck in any other possible way. The judgment pronounced against the popular leaders was that of the highest criminal court in Ireland—that judgment is reversed by the House of Lords at Westminster. The prosecution was one carried on with the whole strength of the government. In Parliament, the weight of a Tory cabinet and of a Tory majority—power and influence apparently irresistible—seemed to be cast into the scale. Even the earnest feelings of the British people, justly exasperated by the delusions and falsehoods by which the Repeal cry had been supported, and outraged by the imputations cast upon them, of supposed indifference to the happiness of their Irish fellow-countrymen, seemed to check and restrain, though they could not extinguish, the sympathy felt for the accused. Yet the House of Lords, in a judgment in which no native of Ireland had any part, interposed its supreme authority in redress of an Irish wrong; and restored to their homes and to their families, the men against whom an erroneous judgment had been pronounced. This affords the most triumphant answer that can be given to those who endeavour to persuade the Irish, that justice to Ireland is unattainable from Britain. This lesson, we trust, and indeed we believe confidently, will not be lost; and if this mischievous and delusive cry is again raised, we cannot but think that the liberation of Mr O'Connell, not by the favour of the crown, not by the recommendation of the ministry, but by the force of law, and the decision of the highest court of appeal, will give to that cry its most effectual and conclusive refutation.

We should, however, act unjustly, if we were to omit to mention the highly commendable conduct of the government on some other Irish questions. Towards the end of the session a 'change' seems to have come over the spirit of their dream.' A pledge has been given by Sir Robert Peel, that the College of Maynooth, and the Education of the Roman Catholics, shall occupy the immediate attention of the government, and be brought before Parliament in the next session. Since the passing of the Emancipation Act, no measure of such practical importance for Ireland has been undertaken. The credit to which Sir Robert Peel is fully entitled, is greatly increased by reason of the ignorance and violent prejudices of some of his supporters. This he cannot but know; but his resolution is taken, and his declaration made. We trust that his conduct will not only be justly appreciated by the Roman Catholic clergy and laity, but that all honest men will second his efforts. Above all, we hope, and

fully anticipate, that his plan may be found both enlarged and liberal. He will have to encounter the same hostility, whether the improvements he proposes are great or insignificant. That hostility he has made up his mind to encounter; and he will overcome it. The Roman Catholic Hierarchy will bear in mind, that this is a step which even the most decided friends to Ireland have not ventured to take since 1807. They will bear in mind that it is taken at much personal and political risk; and we trust that their wisdom, as well as their generosity, will meet it in a becoming spirit. To this the government seem to us entitled, not only for their declaration respecting Maynooth, but for their enlightened and liberal conduct respecting Roman Catholic Churches and Endowments. Abolishing a most narrow, bigoted, and sectarian institution—one of the many bad legacies bequeathed to Ireland by her own legislature—the government have established a reformed Commission for the superintendence of all charitable bequests and endowments—of which Roman Catholic ecclesiastics and laymen will form an integral part; to which a Roman Catholic as well as a Protestant secretary will be appointed; and in which all questions involving Roman Catholic doctrines and discipline will be submitted to the Roman Catholic commissioners only. When, in addition to this, we remember that the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Ireland are expressly named and recognised in this excellent statute; that the provision of glebes for the parochial clergy, and the granting of sites for places of Roman Catholic worship, are all encouraged and facilitated, we must say that much has been done, and that more may be anticipated, leading to conciliation and peace. The bold and generous tone adopted in both Houses by members of the cabinet, more especially by Lord Lyndhurst, in advocating the repeal of those disgraceful statutes which subjected Roman Catholics to frightful penalties for maintaining the most essential tenets of their faith; for attending divine worship according to their own ceremonial; and even for taking their children for instruction to the Continent—sufficiently prove a desire to carry out the principles of religious freedom. It was in vain that a leading Prelate grounded most intolerant arguments upon the most singular mistakes of law and of fact. The government stood firmly to their principle; and they were rewarded not only by success, but by the respect and gratitude of all the friends of religious freedom. In the same spirit, and with the same manly determination, was the difficult question of Presbyterian marriages in Ireland disposed of;—frustrating the impolitic and intolerant attempt made on behalf of the Established Church, to affix a mark of inferiority on the Presbyterian clergy;—to overturn the invariable usage of more than a century, and this at the hazard

of the honour and peace of innocent parties and families. But the act of the government, which in our judgment deserves the highest commendation, is the Bill to quiet possessions in the chapels, schools, and cemeteries belonging to Nonconformists. Attempts had been made at law, and with some success, to deprive various congregations of the property which they and their ancestors had enjoyed; of the chapels where they had worshipped; the schools they had built; the charities they had endowed; and the graves where their parents slept. Because, in some cases, the opinions of the aggrieved parties were considered as heterodox, it was therefore held that those parties might be wronged with impunity. A more flagrant attempt at injustice—a more melancholy exhibition of bigotry—never took place. Opposition the most violent was excited. Above 350,000 persons were found to petition against this act of simple justice. Lamentable is it to confess, that many of these were themselves Dissenters; who either were at the time, or had been within a few years, the humble petitioners for that toleration which they now refused to extend to their brethren.

In quitting the mention of these commendable measures, and again tendering to the government our humble thanks for their steady support of the cause of religious liberty during the Session, we would beg leave again and again to exhort them to persevere in that course, regardless of the complaints to which it may have sometimes exposed them from their followers. Let them be well aware that it is not to such murmurings that they owe either their loss of strength, or their loss of character. It is to their timid measures of half reform—it is to their abandonment of one doctrine without frankly and candidly professing another, losing the confidence of the ultras without gaining or deserving that of liberal men—it is to a wretched and ineffectual attempt to reconcile their present sense of duty when in office, with their unfortunate and indefensible declarations when in opposition—it is to the necessity thus imposed upon them of fighting important questions in a false position, where their flanks are turned, or their line is pierced—contending for the sliding-scale contrary to the wishes of many of the best friends of agriculture, and opposed as it is to the interests of all—involving themselves in an inextricable maze, by a desire to combine their love for sugar and for revenue with their proclaimed hatred of slavery—it is to causes like these that we are, very mainly, to trace that appearance of vacillation and want of principle which drive from their ranks those who cannot support, because they are not taught to respect them; and which place the government, as Sir Robert Peel has himself admitted, in ‘no very enviable situation.’

We have thus seen the 'strongest of all governments' defeated more than once in the House of Commons during the late Session;—defeated on the question of sugar, on the Factory bill, and even on less important questions;—such as Mr Gladstone's railroad project, and Sergeant Murphy's motion on the subject of Minister's money in Ireland. But what is more extraordinary still, is their defeat in the House of Lords on a Church question, proposed by the Duke of Wellington, and strongly supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. We must be allowed to make this memorable instance of mutiny in the Tory camp intelligible to our readers.

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, including Archbishops, Bishops, the Lord Chancellor, Sir Robert Peel, and several other of the most eminent members of the Tory party, so far back as 1835, had recommended that the two Bishoprics of Bangor and St Asaph should be united; and that a new See should be created in the populous town of Manchester, the extensive diocese of Chester being divided into two. This formed part of a general measure of reform, intended to remedy the anomalies, and inequalities of all descriptions, which had been too long tolerated in the Episcopal System of the Church of England. That some measure of this description was necessary will be evident, when we state that the value of the episcopal sees varied from an income of L.19,000 at Durham to one of L.1000 at Llandaff; that the authority of the Bishop of Lincoln extended over 1234 benefices, and that of the Bishop of Rochester over 94. The diocese of Ely contained 126,000 inhabitants; the diocese of Chester, 1,900,000. It is obvious that these inequalities must have interfered much with the government of the church; and that so very indefensible a system required immediate correction. A remedial measure was accordingly introduced into Parliament, which passed both Houses with but little observation. By this act, the crown was invested with the authority necessary to make a more equal apportionment of episcopal duties and revenues. As a part of this reform, two English sees (Bristol and Gloucester) were directed to be united, as also the two Welsh bishoprics. The former union took place on the first vacancy of the see. The union of Bangor and St Asaph has been necessarily suspended till the time of such a vacancy. In the meanwhile, a strong excitement has arisen against the consolidation of the Welsh sees;—founded mainly upon the principles of the new Oxford school of divinity. It was asserted that no alteration like that proposed by the ecclesiastical Commission was defensible, if made by lay authority only. The alteration was stigmatized as Erastian, and contrary to the true principles of the Episcopal church. The Bishops, or

Angels of the Church, as they are termed by the new school, were considered as beyond, or rather above, the scope of all civil authority. In vain it was suggested that the spiritual well-being of 1,300,000 souls, inhabitants of the intended see of Manchester, and the well-being of their parochial pastors, would be promoted by the appointment of the new Bishop. This was set aside by the new school, as being less important than the preservation of a bishopric of 1300 years' standing; and it was suggested that some mode might be discovered for combining both these objects. It was on the other hand suggested, that there were in these Welsh dioceses nearly forty parishes held *in commendam*, or otherwise annexed to the two bishoprics; that in these parishes the ministers who attended to the services of the church were miserably unprovided for; that these parishes contained a population of 53,062, being more than one-seventh of the whole population of North Wales; that, in Anglesey, fifty clergymen had the charge of seventy-eight churches and chapels; that, in thirty cases, single ministers had charge of two churches each; and that instances existed in which divine worship was performed by the same clergyman in three separate churches. This statement of clerical distress was made with the view of suggesting, that the revenues of the suppressed Welsh bishopric might be most beneficially appropriated in improving the income of these distressed ministers, in case the bishopric of Manchester could be endowed from other funds. But all these suggestions were disregarded; the authority of the heads of the church, the authority of the ecclesiastical commissioners, the authority of the government, as represented by the Duke of Wellington, were all set at nought. Even a strong desire was for a time manifested to resist the undoubted prerogative of the Crown, and to proceed to legislate without the Queen's previous consent, in a case in which that consent had been invariably thought necessary for legislation.

The Tory opposition were finally compelled to submit, but they did not yield to the numerical strength of the government, nor yet in deference to their leader's authority. They yielded to a mechanical force rather than to a moral conviction, and in doing so they assailed the government in no measured terms. The Lord Chancellor was charged by one of his allies with an 'unworthy *manœuvre*,' and when this was objected to as out of order, the words of a 'Parliamentary trick' were substituted; and, however unflattering these words, they were acquiesced in. The fact is, that the opponents of the government were on this occasion contending for two objects, neither of which were distinctly avowed. The first, the pre-eminence of the Church as a distinct body, superior to the legislature itself, and one not to be touched by lay hands. The approval of Convocation, it was contended, was re-

quisite to give validity to an act of Parliament trenching on any question of religion. With the assertion of this principle, the severance of church and state, the free election of Bishops without *congé-d'élire*, and the abolition of the Queen's supremacy, has been included. The second principle is, that the interests of religion are best to be promoted by a lavish, if not an indefinite Multiplication of Bishops. The success of missionary labours is now considered to depend less on planting the Cross and circulating the Bible, than in scattering Mitres and Crosiers. If our colonies are discontented, a new Bishop is the fashionable remedy. If the savages of New Zealand are to be reformed, a learned and excellent Prelate is to form part of our earliest plantation. The world were at first astonished at the appointment of a Bishop to our garrison of Gibraltar; and the only justification of that appointment we have heard is, that the right reverend divine may be employed to confirm the news from the East.

We do not refer to these debates on the Welsh bishoprics as any proof that the government was wrong in the particular instance. On the contrary, we think they were justified and bound to act as they have done, in resisting Lord Powis's bill, and in pledging themselves to do so hereafter. But we have shown, that even in the House of Lords they are unable to direct and influence the proceedings of the legislature; that they are in a condition of unexampled weakness; and if it be true, 'that to be weak is to be miserable,' we are warranted in considering the present as one of the most miserable governments that has existed in modern times.

Though we have greatly exceeded our prescribed limits, we cannot conclude without shortly noticing a mistake not unlikely to be committed. We may be asked, are we quite consistent and candid in casting reproach upon the government, if the gist of our accusation is, that they have adopted many of the principles to which we have so often expressed our adhesion? We do not reproach them with what they are now doing, but with what they have formerly done: yet our main ground of reproach is not the extreme injustice which they committed against their opponents, by misrepresenting alike their measures and their motives. We lament the injury done to the cause of good government and sound legislation more deeply than any injury done to party interests; we lament to see the obstacles which the present government have raised against their own measures. What practically stands in the way of a just settlement of the corn laws? The unfortunate pledges given in favour of a sliding-scale. What complicates every arrangement for settling the sugar duties? Lord Sandon's motion. What has aggravated all Irish agitation? The vehement abuse of the Irish people, as well as of the Irish agita-

tors. We are, however, in hopes that some, at least, of the causes of reproach may in future be removed, and therefore forgotten. It is announced that a full and searching review of our financial condition will be undertaken next session, before Parliament are called on to renew the Income-Tax. For so great a sacrifice as the continuance of this tax, let the public exact a full equivalent. Let the principles of religious liberty recognised in the Dissenters' Chapel bill, and in the case of the Irish Charities, be fully carried out; let an atonement be made to Ireland, by a full equalization of the elective franchise, for the wrongs and follies under which she has lately suffered. A continuance in a wretched and timid system of halting between two opinions, cannot but fail utterly, and fail disgracefully. A bolder and a more manly line of conduct may yet succeed; and, if successful, it will not only promote the best interests of the country, but contribute to raise the legislature in the estimation of the public, and to restore to public men some portion of that confidence which has been so grievously impaired, if not altogether forfeited.

ART. VI.—1. *Coningsby; or, the New Generation.* By B. D'ISRAËLI, M.P. 3 vols. 8vo. London: 1844.

2. *Historic Fancies.* By the Hon. GEORGE SYDNEY SMYTHE, M.P. 8vo. London: 1844.

3. *England's Trust, and other Poems.* By Lord JOHN MANNERS, M.P. London: 1844.

HAVING been sometimes asked, What do the terms 'Young England' import? we have been induced to gratify the less informed of our readers with a notice of the very small party who rejoice in that name—a notice brief and slight, but which may suffice, for the present, to give some idea of its composition and pretensions. Should any circumstances occur to invest it with further importance, we may hereafter be induced to resume the subject in a more detailed and elaborate manner.

We must, however, say that this party, though small, and in some of its aspects rather laughable, is yet entitled to more attention than it seems to have received. But this claim arises more perhaps from the causes from which it has sprung, and the feelings of which it is the exponent, than from any immediate practical results to which it can lead. Though, as just stated, it is no-

where numerous, it has nevertheless had some influence on the proceedings of the House of Commons, owing to the ability of its members in that House. In the House of Lords it is not avowedly represented by more than one lay Peer and a Bishop. But its influence is greater than its numbers, and its organization is on the whole complete. After a curious inspection and enumeration of the limbs and features of a new-born infant, we recollect once upon a time to have heard, that the first observation of a wondering but intelligent child was—‘ Dear baby ‘has got a little of every thing.’ So it is with ‘ Young England.’ It has got a little of every thing ;—a little of history, somewhat more of metaphysics, a small portion of unintelligible theology, expanded and inflated into an enormous bubble, bright in prismatic colours, but bursting at the first touch of a feather ; and a very little political economy, almost as bubble-like and inflated—not to mention other smaller accomplishments. As Swift said of the garden of his friend Dr Delany :—

‘ You scarce upon the borders enter,
Before you’re in the very centre ;
Yet in this narrow compass we
Observe a vast variety.

But we are far from intending or wishing to depreciate the attainments of the Party. There never was one which, for its numbers, has produced so many parliamentary speakers and so many authors. Their inditers of verse are particularly numerous : ‘ Tam multa genera linguarum sunt in hoc mundo ! et ‘ nihil sine voce est !’ Among the chief ornaments of the fraternity are those named at the head of this article. Their works may be said to contain a pretty full exposition of their political creed, and exemplification of their intellectual powers. Both the one and the other appear to us to have been misapprehended in some respects. By themselves and their immediate followers, they have been made the victims of exaggerated encomium. They are possessed by the evil spirit of a *coterie*. When Mr Smythe dedicates his ‘ Historic Fancies’ to Lord John Manners, he takes occasion to designate that very amiable young nobleman as ‘ the Philip Sydney of our generation ;’ and, in return, the Poems of this modern Sydney are ‘ admirably as well as affectionately inscribed to his friend.’ In ‘ Coningsby,’ the individuals who compose the party are so clearly designated, and some of the likenesses are so striking, that the addition of their names would only be a needless formality ; and they are held up to public veneration as the future regenerators of England and of mankind. Being for the most part young

men, their historian, Mr D'Israeli, declares war against age, and proclaims that England is alone to be saved by its youth; and he decides with equal confidence, that the very restricted circle of which he is the eulogist, contains all the patriots and apostles who are to produce a new order of things. 'Thou art the man!' he says to his hero, with all the emphasis of a self-inspired and self-accredited prophet. On the other hand, those who depreciate 'Young England' represent them as vain, disappointed, and selfish adventurers, with whom the *spretæ injuria formæ* is the only moving power; and who, if they had been admitted to a share in the distribution of political honours, would have been the panegyrists of much that they are now the loudest to condemn. Had they been made Lords of the Treasury or under Secretaries of State, it is sneeringly suggested we should have heard less of them as authors or moralists. The praise is absurd and exaggerated; but we think the censure still more unjust. There are larger and higher principles appealed to—there are occasionally more generous aspirations to be discovered among them, than can, by any reasonable possibility, be reconciled with low, sordid, or insincere views. And if we shall have occasion to deal somewhat severely with their faults and their mistakes, it is because we think that many members of the party are deserving of better and nobler things than belong to the destiny which they are striving, by fantastic means, to work out for themselves.

Their first characteristic is their presumption. Desirous to fix their own statues on the most elevated pedestal, they act as determined iconoclasts,—thinking that to build they must first destroy, and that it is from among ruins only that they can obtain their materials.

'The time is out of joint, O cursed spite!
That ever we were born to set it right.'

They apply these lines with this qualification only, that they never express any aversion to the task, nor any doubt of their ability to perform it. 'The Whigs,' say they, 'are worn out—'Conservatism is a sham, and Radicalism a pollution.'—'Loyalty is dead, and reverence is only a galvanized corpse.' They accordingly conclude that they, and they alone, are called forth, and competent to effect the salvation of the country. Politically connected, whilst in opposition, with the Tory party—giving to that party now in office a general, though occasionally a vituperative support, they must be held as possessing a competent knowledge of what Conservatism is. The following dialogue between the heroes of Mr D'Israeli's very clever, but in some respects very objectionable Novel, describes their feel-

ings, after the triumph of the Conservative cause, at a successful election for the borough of Cambridge :—

‘ “ By Jove ! ” said the panting Buckhurst, throwing himself on the sofa, “ it was well done—never was any thing better done. An immense triumph—the greatest triumph the Conservative cause has had ; and yet,” he added laughing, “ if any fellow were to ask me what the Conservative cause was, I am sure I should not know what to say.”

‘ “ Why, it’s the cause of our glorious institutions,” said Coningsby ; “ a Crown robbed of its prerogatives—a Church controlled by a Commission—and an Aristocracy that does not lead.”

‘ “ Under whose genial influence the order of the Peasantry—a country’s pride—has vanished from the face of the land,” said Henry Sydney, “ and is succeeded by a race of serfs who are called labourers, and who burn ricks.”

‘ “ Under which,” continued Coningsby, “ the crown has become a cipher, the church a sect, the nobility drones, and the people drudges.”

‘ “ It is the great constitutional cause,” said Lord Vere, “ that refuses every thing to argument—yields every thing to agitation. Conservative in Parliament, destructive out of doors—that has no objection to any change, provided only it be effected by unauthorized means.”

‘ “ The first public association of men,” said Coningsby, “ who have worked for an avowed end without enunciating a single principle.”

‘ “ And who have established political infidelity throughout the land,” said Lord Henry.

‘ “ By Jove ! ” said Buckhurst, “ what infernal fools we have made ourselves this last week ! ”

Conversations such as this are likely to have taken place at the close of very many elections besides that at Cambridge ; and we know well in how many circles, and among how many politicians, this language is now held in bitterness of heart and disappointment. We also know how reluctant is the support given to the present government by men professing such opinions.

In another and more serious passage, we are informed on the same authority, that ‘ Conservatism is an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government ; and to maintain this negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connexions. Conservatism discards prescription, shrinks from principle, disavows progress : having rejected all respect for antiquity, it offers no redress for the present, and makes no preparation for the future.’ This, to a certain extent, we admit to be true, and it is the result of the false position in which the government has placed itself. They fear to acknowledge boldly the principles on which they are acting ; and they dare not act on the principles which they so long openly professed, or permitted their friends to profess on their behalf.

Such is the estimate formed of the Conservative leaders by a section of that body. The results of their system of government is described in terms not more flattering, by another of their accredited organs:—‘The misery of the lower orders was never in any country more universal or more intense. Our foreign relations are unstable and precarious. An income-tax has been resorted to, for the first time, in a season of peace. The House of Commons has stultified itself on two occasions. The House of Lords, virtually abdicating in 1832, has become little more than a mere chamber of registry.’ This, again, is an exaggerated picture; but it must be borne in mind that it comes from the pen of no opposition writer, but from that of a supporter of the very government whose acts are censured in such unmitigated terms. The fact, we believe, is, that *Young England*, like a much larger and more important portion of the public, are indignant because they have been deceived. They feel the want of some fixed political faith, or of some strong and binding political attachments. The government neither avows any distinct political creed, nor commands any personal sympathies. The elements of strength which depend on respect and on attachment, are alike wanting. Cold and apathetic indifference—the most fatal symptoms of a political paralysis—are visible both in and out of Parliament.

The second failing of this party is almost as much opposed to their usefulness and success as the first. Presumption is invariably productive of exaggeration. Rejecting all experience, separating themselves from all the great parties, their opinions become singular and forced. ‘If the Whigs take the road through Hyde Park, and the Tories the Hammersmith road,’ said Grattan, ‘you will be sure to see Harry Bankes creeping along the Park wall on his hands and knees.’ This applies to *Young England* in all respects, except in the submissive attitude of creeping. On the contrary, they are professed posture-masters. We must be permitted to call their affectation of singularity and exaggeration, a vulgarity. To excite surprise is no such very difficult task. It is done more certainly by a monster than by an Apollo. For one painter who can emulate the delicate and transparent skies and distances of Claude, a hundred pretenders to art may be found to parody the blood-red sun and inky mountains of Martin. Every sound with this school becomes a shriek, every attitude a distortion. A few extracts will disclose the tone of the School, and at the same time exemplify the phraseology of their principal author. The preparation for a first meeting between an Eton schoolboy and a somewhat formidable uncle, is there described as denoting ‘that despera-

'tion which the scaffold requires. His face was pale; his hand was moist; his heart beat with tumult.' The attachment of schoolboys is depicted in this piece of fantastic jargon:—'At school, friendship is a passion. It entrances the being; it tears the soul. All love of after life can never bring its rapture or its wretchedness; no bliss so absorbing; no pangs of despair so keen: what insane sensitiveness; what frantic sensibility; what earthquakes of the heart and whirlwinds of the soul are confined in the single phrase—a schoolboy's friendship!' The only resemblance that we have ever met to this, is in a description said to have been given by an American citizen of his favourite horse. 'He is a thunder and lightning creature, with a dash of the earthquake in him.' In another passage, a storm in a forest induces Mr D'Israeli at once to borrow and to deform one of the most exquisite passages in Mr Taylor's noble Poem of 'Edwin the Fair.' 'The wind howled, the branches of the forest stirred, and sent forth sounds like an incantation. The various voices of the mighty trees were distinguishable as they sent forth their terror or their agony. The oak roared, the beech shrieked, the elm sent forth its deep and long-drawn groan, the passion of the ash was heard in moans of thrilling anguish.'

These passages are not to be viewed as merely exemplifying vices of style. In fact, they do much more. The same absurd inflation, as already noticed, extends to principles and opinions. The politics of the school are founded on the rejection of all experience; its philosophy on a contempt for all experiment. 'Great men never want experience,' is the dogma of Mr D'Israeli; and upon this theory he argues that youth alone can perform great or good actions, and that the age of thirty-seven is the fatal bound which neither patriotism nor genius can pass. The inutility of experience he seeks to prove by a long catalogue, in which are whimsically united as inexperienced men, Raphael and Grotius, Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, Luther and Lord Clive, Innocent III., William Pitt, and Don John of Austria. This is abundantly ridiculous. The men with whom we are dealing delight in rejecting all common sense as the type and evidence of vulgar expediency.

'To shun the expedient and the good pursue,' they take as their motto. But they never condescend to distinguish between that low and selfish principle of action which is misnamed expediency, and that generous and enlarged expediency which is but another word for wisdom. True expediency is but the application of a just principle to practice;—not by any sacrifice of the principle, but by applying it with a wise adaptation to circum-

stances. To shorten sail in a storm, to spread out canvass when the wind abates, is acting according to expediency; but yet neither the one alternative nor the other frees the pilot from the duty of keeping the vessel in her true course, studying the best chart, and fixing his eyes on the stars or on the compass. It is only when expediency is mean and selfish that it is debased; and debased more especially when it resolves itself wholly into personal interests. How far the expediency of which Young England most loudly complains comes within this category, it is for that party and not for us to decide.

The conclusions drawn from English history on their principles, are as extravagant as the principles themselves. 'Man is only great when he acts from the passions; never irresistible but when he appeals to the imagination.' Going in search of these, it is therefore in the relation between the feudal monarch and his subjects, between the baronial noble and his vassals, that Mr D'Israeli seeks for the true ties of obligation and sympathy. As to our present condition, it seems that we cannot even boast of being governed by a legitimate sovereign. Lord John Manners informs us, that it is at the tomb of the Stuarts

——'that religion sings

Her requiem o'er our latest rightful kings;'

and he asks despondingly,

'Where now is that fond reverence which spread
A holy halo round each royal head,
And show'd the world that more than earthly thing,
The Lord's anointed in a sceptred king?'

Hence, also, Beckett, Wolsey, and Laud, are designated as saints and martyrs—the regular clergy as 'a staff of holy men; 'her once keen sword' is still described as the just attribute of the Church; and we are conjured to imitate those times, when, 'unrestrained by mortmain's jealous laws,' piety was permitted to offer gold and gems,

'To deck the forehead of the queen of heaven.'

All that marks the progress of modern times is denounced—

'Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.'

Nor are these frenzied ideas confined to poetry only. The Revolution of 1688, is denounced as authoritatively in prose as in verse. Our Parliamentary constitution is represented as copied from the Venetian Senate—the representative system as but 'a happy device of a ruder age, to which it was admirably adapted; an age of semi-civilization, but a system which now exhibits many symptoms of desuetude.' The happiest expe-

dient of the political philosophy of modern times for combining liberty and order, power with responsibility, is scornfully rejected. The only real principle of representation adapted to our era, Mr D'Israeli considers to be public opinion, of which the public Journals are the practical expositors, and which, with the Monarch, is to be supreme.

The state of society is dealt with, as might be anticipated, in quite as extraordinary a manner as our laws and constitution. The middle classes seem to be excluded as unworthy of all consideration. The eyes of Young England can only discover in the body politic, what they consider the head of gold and the feet of clay;—the heart, which carries on the circulation, forms no part of that body. For the very lowest class of all the strongest sympathy is professed, and we believe honestly felt, but it is strangely manifested. It is not proposed to improve their condition by the extension of knowledge. On the contrary, those times are spoken of with respect, when

‘On them no lurid light had knowledge spread,
But faith stood them in education’s stead.’

But though education, law, commerce, and liberty, are proscribed, it may be some consolation to learn, that an equivalent will be found in the unrestrained practice of almsgiving;—that all will be set to rights by the re-establishment of monasteries, and the resumption of those happy days,

‘When good and bad were all unquestion’d fed,
When monks still practised their dear Lord’s command,
And rain’d their charity throughout the land.’

To accomplish the mighty purposes of political and social regeneration, a holy alliance is recommended between the Crown and the Chartists! The former must be gratified by unrestrained power; the latter soothed by food and sports. *Panem et circenses*; bread and bulls—Mummers and Morris-Dancers. If these blessings are not speedily communicated to the people, or if, when given, they do not satisfy, we are informed, that

‘The greatest class of all shall know its rights,
And the poor trampled people rise at last.’

Mr Smythe, it is true, seems to suggest a link between the Crown and the People, which, if restored, might do much, according to his ‘Historic Fancies,’ to unite them. He would reintroduce the practice of touching for the Evil!—a ‘graceful ‘superstition,’ which operated a ‘direct communication between ‘the highest and the lowest, between the king and the poor. ‘Dr Johnson, a man of the people, if ever there was one, was yet ‘prouder of having been touched by Queen Anne when he was

‘ a child, than he was of all his heroism under misfortune.’ A further agency, extending over all, is sought for in the Church, altered, however, in its constitution and its principles. It is to be rendered democratic in character. ‘ The priests of God are to be the tribunes of the people,’ observes Mr D’Israeli. ‘ The church is also to be relieved from its alliance with the state, by being placed above it, and no longer subject to the indignity of having its bishops virtually appointed by the House of Commons, now a sectarian assembly.’

We must here, for the present, take leave of these harebrained speculators; not, however, without acknowledging, that amidst their extravagances we find strong indications of a high-minded and generous spirit. We, in particular, see much to approve and to admire in their sympathy for human suffering, and in their active desire to relieve it, wherever found. But let them ‘ love wisely, not too well.’ It is not by wordy declamations against the New Poor-Law, or in such unjust and unwise interferences with Labour, as were last Session so unanswerably and eloquently exposed by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords, that their duty will be best performed. It is by labouring to free industry from restraint—to procure a repeal of all restrictive laws and oppressive duties—and not by the empirical nostrums of their present creed, that they will best serve the cause of the labouring poor, and the social interests of their country. We would fain find some apology for their heresies. The stream is as yet near its fountain, and in its shallow bed only bubbles and frets itself into foam. A time may, and we hope will come, when its course will be more calm, and its waters equally pure. We are much inclined to think that their errors may in great measure be ascribed to the disgust felt at the want of all true elevation of purpose on the part of our Rulers and the Legislature? It is from the want of a solid Temple and a true Faith, that men betake themselves to Idols; and we are not without hopes that among the disciples of this errant school, which is not without redeeming characteristics, Truth may yet find some of her most rational worshippers.

ART. VII.—1. *Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.* 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1840.

2. *Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann.* 4 vols. 8vo. London: 1843-4.

MORE than ten years ago we commenced a sketch of the political life of the great Lord Chatham.* We then stopped at the death of George the Second, with the intention of speedily resuming our task. Circumstances which it would be tedious to explain, long prevented us from carrying this intention into effect. Nor can we regret the delay. For the materials which were within our reach in 1834 were scanty and unsatisfactory, when compared with those which we at present possess. Even now, though we have had access to some valuable sources of information which have not yet been opened to the public, we cannot but feel that the history of the first ten years of the reign of George the Third is but imperfectly known to us. Nevertheless, we are inclined to think that we are in a condition to lay before our readers a narrative neither uninformative nor uninteresting. We therefore return with pleasure to our long interrupted labour.

We left Pitt in the zenith of prosperity and glory, the idol of England, the terror of France, the admiration of the whole civilized world. The wind, from whatever quarter it blew, carried to England tidings of battles won, fortresses taken, provinces added to the Empire. At home, factions had sunk into a lethargy, such as had never been known since the great religious schism of the sixteenth century had roused the public mind from repose.

In order that the events which we have to relate may be clearly understood, it may be desirable that we should advert to the causes which had for a time suspended the animation of both the great English parties.

If, rejecting all that is merely accidental, we look at the essential characteristics of the Whig and the Tory, we may consider each of them as the representative of a great principle, essential to the welfare of nations. One is, in an especial manner, the guardian of liberty, and the other, of order. One is the moving power, and the other the steadying power of the state. One is the sail, without which society would make no progress, the other the ballast, without which there would be small safety in a tempest. But, during the forty-six years which followed the accession of the house of Hanover, these distinctive peculiarities seemed to be effaced. The Whig conceived that he could not

better serve the cause of civil and religious freedom than by strenuously supporting the Protestant dynasty. The Tory conceived that he could not better prove his hatred of revolutions than by attacking a government to which a revolution had given being. Both came by degrees to attach more importance to the means than to the end. Both were thrown into unnatural situations; and both, like animals transported to an uncongenial climate, languished and degenerated. The Tory, removed from the sunshine of the court, was as a camel in the snows of Lapland. The Whig, basking in the rays of royal favour, was as a reindeer in the sands of Arabia.

Dante tells us that he saw, in Malebolge, a strange encounter between a human form and a serpent. The enemies, after cruel wounds inflicted, stood for a time glaring on each other. A great cloud surrounded them, and then a wonderful metamorphosis began. Each creature was transfigured into the likeness of its antagonist. The serpent's tail divided itself into two legs; the man's legs intertwined themselves into a tail. The body of the serpent put forth arms; the arms of the man shrank into his body. At length the serpent stood up a man, and spake; the man sank down a serpent, and glided hissing away. Something like this was the transformation which, during the reign of George the First, befell the two English parties. Each gradually took the shape and colour of its foe; till at length the Tory rose up erect the zealot of freedom, and the Whig crawled and licked the dust at the feet of power.

It is true that, when these degenerate politicians discussed questions merely speculative, and, above all, when they discussed questions relating to the conduct of their own grandfathers, they still seemed to differ as their grandfathers had differed. The Whig, who during three Parliaments had never given one vote against the court, and who was ready to sell his soul for the Comptroller's staff, or for the Great Wardrobe, still professed to draw his political doctrines from Locke and Milton, still worshipped the memory of Pym and Hampden, and would still, on the thirtieth of January, take his glass, first to the man in the mask, and then to the man who would do it without a mask. The Tory, on the other hand, while he reviled the mild and temperate Walpole as a deadly enemy of liberty, could see nothing to reprobate in the iron tyranny of Stafford and Laud. But, whatever judgment the Whig or the Tory of that age might pronounce on transactions long past, there can be no doubt that, as respected the practical questions then pending, the Tory was a reformer, and indeed an intemperate and indiscreet reformer, while the Whig was conservative even to bigotry. We have

ourselves seen similar effects produced in a neighbouring country by similar causes. Who would have believed, fifteen years ago, that M. Guizot and M. Villemain would have to defend property and social order against the Jacobinical attacks of such enemies as M. Genoude and M. de La Roche Jaquelin?

Thus the successors of the old Cavaliers had turned demagogues; the successors of the old Roundheads had turned courtiers. Yet was it long before their mutual animosity began to abate; for it is the nature of parties to retain their original enmities far more firmly than their original principles. During many years, a generation of Whigs whom Sidney would have spurned as slaves, continued to wage deadly war with a generation of Tories whom Jefferies would have hanged for republicans.

Through the whole reign of George the First, and through nearly half of the reign of George the Second, a Tory was regarded as an enemy of the reigning house, and was excluded from all the favours of the crown. Though most of the country gentlemen were Tories, none but Whigs were created peers and baronets. Though most of the clergy were Tories, none but Whigs were created deans and bishops. In every county, opulent and well-descended Tory squires complained that their names were left out of the commission of the peace; while men of small estate and mean birth, who were for toleration and excise, septennial parliaments and standing armies, presided at quarter sessions, and became deputy lieutenants.

By degrees some approaches were made towards a reconciliation. While Walpole was at the head of affairs, enmity to his power induced a large and powerful body of Whigs, headed by the heir-apparent of the throne, to make an alliance with the Tories, and a truce even with the Jacobites. After Sir Robert's fall, the ban which lay on the Tory party was taken off. The chief places in the administration continued to be filled by Whigs, and, indeed, could scarcely have been filled otherwise; for the Tory nobility and gentry, though strong in numbers and in property, had among them scarcely a single man distinguished by talents, either for business or for debate. A few of them, however, were admitted to subordinate offices; and this indulgence produced a softening effect on the temper of the whole body. The first levee of George the Second after Walpole's resignation was a remarkable spectacle. Mingled with the constant supporters of the house of Brunswick, with the Russells, the Cavendishes, and the Pelhams, appeared a crowd of faces utterly unknown to the pages and gentlemen-ushers, lords of rural manors, whose ale and fox-hounds were renowned in the neighbourhood of the Mendip hills, or round the Wrekin, but who had never

crossed the threshold of the palace since the days when Oxford, with the white staff in his hand, stood behind Queen Anne.

During the eighteen years which followed this day, both factions were gradually sinking deeper and deeper into repose. The apathy of the public mind is partly to be ascribed to the unjust violence with which the administration of Walpole had been assailed. In the body politic, as in the natural body, morbid languor generally succeeds to morbid excitement. The people had been maddened by sophistry, by calumny, by rhetoric, by stimulants applied to the national pride. In the fulness of bread, they had raved as if famine had been in the land. While enjoying such a measure of civil and religious freedom as, till then, no great society had ever known, they had cried out for a Timoleon or a Brutus to stab their oppressors to the heart. They were in this frame of mind when the change of administration took place; and they soon found that there was to be no change whatever in the system of government. The natural consequences followed. To frantic zeal succeeded sullen indifference. The cant of patriotism had not merely ceased to charm the public ear, but had become as nauseous as the cant of Puritanism after the downfall of the Rump. The hot fit was over: the cold fit had begun: and it was long before seditious arts, or even real grievances, could bring back the fiery paroxysm which had run its course, and reached its termination.

Two attempts were made to disturb this tranquillity. The banished heir of the house of Stuart headed a rebellion; the discontented heir of the house of Brunswick headed an opposition. Both the rebellion and the opposition came to nothing. The battle of Culloden annihilated the Jacobite party; the death of Prince Frederic dissolved the faction which, under his guidance, had feebly striven to annoy his father's government. His chief followers hastened to make their peace with the ministry; and the political torpor became complete.

Five years after the death of Prince Frederic, the public mind was for a time violently excited. But this excitement had nothing to do with the old disputes between Whigs and Tories. England was at war with France. The war had been feebly conducted. Minorca had been torn from us. Our fleet had retired before the white flag of the House of Bourbon. A bitter sense of humiliation, new to the proudest and bravest of nations, superseded every other feeling. The cry of all the counties and great towns of the realm was for a government which would retrieve the honour of the English arms. The two most powerful men in the country were the Duke of Newcastle and Pitt. Alternate victories and defeats had made them sensible that neither

of them could stand alone. The interests of the state, and the interests of their own ambition, impelled them to coalesce. By their coalition was formed the ministry which was in power when George the Third ascended the throne.

The more carefully the structure of this celebrated ministry is examined, the more shall we see reason to marvel at the skill or the luck which had combined in one harmonious whole such various and, as it seemed, incompatible elements of force. The influence which is derived from stainless integrity, the influence which is derived from the vilest arts of corruption, the strength of aristocratical connection, the strength of democratical enthusiasm, all these things were for the first time found together. Newcastle brought to the coalition a vast mass of power, which had descended to him from Walpole and Pelham. The public offices, the church, the courts of law, the army, the navy, the diplomatic service, swarmed with his creatures. The boroughs, which long afterwards made up the memorable schedules A and B, were represented by his nominees. The great Whig families, which during several generations had been trained in the discipline of party warfare, and were accustomed to stand together in a firm phalanx, acknowledged him as their captain. Pitt, on the other hand, had what Newcastle wanted, an eloquence which stirred the passions and charmed the imagination, a high reputation for purity, and the confidence and ardent love of millions.

The partition which the two ministers made of the powers of government was singularly happy. Each occupied a province for which he was well qualified; and neither had any inclination to intrude himself into the province of the other. Newcastle took the treasury, the civil and ecclesiastical patronage, and the disposal of that part of the secret service money which was then employed in bribing members of Parliament. Pitt was secretary of state, with the direction of the war and of foreign affairs. Thus the filth of all the noisome and pestilential sewers of government was poured into one channel. Through the other passed only what was bright and stainless. Mean and selfish politicians, pining for commissionerships, gold sticks, and ribands, flocked to the great house at the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields. There, at every levee, appeared eighteen or twenty pair of lawn sleeves; for there was not, it was said, a single Prelate who had not owed either his first elevation or some subsequent translation to Newcastle. There appeared those members of the House of Commons in whose silent votes the main strength of the government lay. One wanted a place in the excise for his butler. Another came about a prebend for his son. A third whispered that he had always stood by his Grace and the Protestant succession;

that his last election had been very expensive ; that pot-wallopers had now no conscience ; that he had been forced to take up money on mortgage ; and that he hardly knew where to turn for five hundred pounds. The Duke pressed all their hands, passed his arms round all their shoulders, patted all their backs, and sent away some with wages, and some with promises. From this traffic Pitt stood haughtily aloof. Not only was he himself incorruptible, but he shrank from the loathsome drudgery of corrupting others. He had not, however, been twenty years in Parliament, and ten in office, without discovering how the government was carried on. He was perfectly aware that bribery was practised on a large scale by his colleagues. Hating the practice, yet despairing of putting it down, and doubting whether, in those times, any ministry could stand without it, he determined to be blind to it. He would see nothing, know nothing, believe nothing. People who came to talk to him about shares in lucrative contracts, or about the means of securing a Cornish corporation, were soon put out of countenance by his arrogant humility. They did him too much honour. Such matters were beyond his capacity. It was true that his poor advice about expeditions and treaties was listened to with indulgence by a gracious sovereign. If the question were, who should command in North America, or who should be ambassador at Berlin, his colleagues would probably condescend to take his opinion. But he had not the smallest influence with the secretary of the treasury, and could not venture to ask even for a tide-waiter's place.

It may be doubted whether he did not owe as much of his popularity to his ostentatious purity, as to his eloquence, or to his talents for the administration of war. It was every where said with delight and admiration that the great Commoner, without any advantages of birth or fortune, had, in spite of the dislike of the court and of the aristocracy, made himself the first man in England, and made England the first country in the world ; that his name was mentioned with awe in every palace from Lisbon to Moscow ; that his trophies were in all the four quarters of the globe ; yet that he was still plain William Pitt, without title or riband, without pension or sinecure place. Whenever he should retire, after saving the state, he must sell his coach-horses and his silver candlesticks. Widely as the taint of corruption had spread, his hands were clean. They had never received, they had never given, the price of infamy. Thus the coalition gathered to itself support from all the high and all the low parts of human nature, and was strong with the whole united strength of virtue and of Mammon.

Pitt and Newcastle were co-ordinate chief ministers. The

subordinate places had been filled on the principle of including in the government every party and shade of party, the avowed Jacobites alone excepted; nay, every public man who, from his abilities or from his situation, seemed likely to be either useful in office or formidable in opposition.

The Whigs, according to what was then considered as their prescriptive right, held by far the largest share of power. The main support of the administration was what may be called the great Whig connection—a connection which, during near half a century, had generally had the chief sway in the country, and which derived an immense authority from rank, wealth, borough interest, and firm union. To this connection, of which Newcastle was the head, belonged the houses of Cavendish, Lennox, Fitzroy, Bentinck, Manners, Conway, Wentworth, and many others of high note.

There were two other powerful Whig connections, either of which might have been a nucleus for a formidable opposition. But room had been found in the government for both. They were known as the Grenvilles and the Bedfords.

The head of the Grenvilles was Richard Earl Temple. His talents for administration and debate were of no high order. But his great possessions, his turbulent and unscrupulous character, his restless activity, and his skill in the most ignoble tactics of faction, made him one of the most formidable enemies that a ministry could have. He was keeper of the privy seal. His brother George was treasurer of the navy. They were supposed to be on terms of close friendship with Pitt, who had married their sister, and was the most uxorious of husbands.

The Bedfords, or, as they were called by their enemies, the Bloomsbury gang, professed to be led by John Duke of Bedford, but in truth led him wherever they chose, and very often led him where he never would have gone of his own accord. He had many good qualities of head and heart, and would have been certainly a respectable, and possibly a distinguished man, if he had been less under the influence of his friends, or more fortunate in choosing them. Some of them were indeed, to do them justice, men of parts. But here, we are afraid, eulogy must end. Sandwich and Rigby were able debaters, pleasant boon companions, dexterous intriguers, masters of all the arts of jobbing and electioneering, and, both in public and private life, shamelessly immoral. Weymouth had a natural eloquence, which sometimes astonished those who knew how little he owed to study. But he was indolent and dissolute, and had early impaired a fine estate with the dice-box, and a fine constitution with the bottle. The wealth and power of the Duke, and the talents and audacity of

some of his retainers, might have seriously annoyed the strongest ministry. But his assistance had been secured. He was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland; Rigby was his secretary; and the whole party dutifully supported the measures of the government.

Two men had, a short time before, been thought likely to contest with Pitt the lead of the House of Commons—William Murray and Henry Fox. But Murray had been removed to the Lords, and was Chief-Justice of the King's Bench; Fox was indeed still in the Commons. But means had been found to secure, if not his strenuous support, at least his silent acquiescence. He was a poor man; he was a doting father. The office of Paymaster-General during an expensive war was, in that age, perhaps the most lucrative situation in the gift of the government. This office was bestowed on Fox. The prospect of making a noble fortune in a few years, and of providing amply for his darling boy Charles, was irresistibly tempting. To hold a subordinate place, however profitable, after having led the House of Commons, and having been entrusted with the business of forming a ministry, was indeed a great descent. But a punctilious sense of personal dignity was no part of the character of Henry Fox.

We have not time to enumerate all the other men of weight and talents who were, by some tie or other, attached to the government. We may mention Hardwicke, reputed the first lawyer of the age; Legge, reputed the first financier of the age; the acute and ready Oswald; the bold and humorous Nugent; Charles Townshend, the most brilliant and versatile of mankind; Elliot, Barrington, North, Pratt. Indeed, as far as we recollect, there were in the whole House of Commons only two men of distinguished abilities who were not connected with the government; and those two men stood so low in public estimation, that the only service which they could have rendered to any government would have been to oppose it. We speak of Lord George Sackville and Bubb Dodington.

Though most of the official men, and all the members of the cabinet, were reputed Whigs, the Tories were by no means excluded from employment. Pitt had gratified many of them with commands in the militia, which increased both their income and their importance in their own counties; and they were therefore in better humour than at any time since the death of Anne. Some of the party still continued to grumble over their punch at the Cocoa-Tree; but in the House of Commons not a single one of the malecontents durst lift his eyes above the buckle of Pitt's shoe.

Thus there was absolutely no opposition. Nay, there was no

sign from which it could be guessed in what quarter opposition was likely to arise. Several years passed during which Parliament seemed to have abdicated its chief functions. The Journals of the House of Commons during four sessions, contain no trace of a division on a party question. The supplies, though beyond precedent great, were voted without discussion. The most animated debates of that period were on road bills and inclosure bills.

The old King was content; and it mattered little whether he were content or not. It would have been impossible for him to emancipate himself from a ministry so powerful, even if he had been inclined to do so. But he had no such inclination. He had once, indeed, been strongly prejudiced against Pitt, and had repeatedly been ill used by Newcastle; but the vigour and success with which the war had been waged in Germany, and the smoothness with which all public business was carried on, had produced a favourable change in the royal mind.

Such was the posture of affairs when, on the 25th of October 1760, George the Second suddenly died, and George the Third, then twenty-two years old, became King. The situation of George the Third differed widely from that of his grandfather and that of his great-grandfather. Many years had now elapsed since a sovereign of England had been an object of affection to any part of his people. The first two Kings of the house of Hanover had neither those hereditary rights which have often supplied the defect of merit, nor those personal qualities which have often supplied the defect of title. A prince may be popular with little virtue or capacity, if he reigns by birthright derived from a long line of illustrious predecessors. An usurper may be popular, if his genius has saved or aggrandized the nation which he governs. Perhaps no rulers have in our time had a stronger hold on the affection of subjects than the Emperor Francis, and his son in law the Emperor Napoleon. But imagine a ruler with no better title than Napoleon, and no better understanding than Francis. Richard Cromwell was such a ruler; and, as soon as an arm was lifted up against him, he fell without a struggle, amidst universal derision. George the First and George the Second were in a situation which bore some resemblance to that of Richard Cromwell. They were saved from the fate of Richard Cromwell by the strenuous and able exertions of the Whig party, and by the general conviction that the nation had no choice but between the house of Brunswick and Popery. But by no class were the Guelphs regarded with that devoted affection, of which Charles the First, Charles the Second, and James the Second, in spite of the greatest faults, and in the midst of the greatest misfor-

tunes, received innumerable proofs. Those Whigs who stood by the new dynasty so manfully with purse and sword, did so on principles independent of, and indeed almost incompatible with, the sentiment of devoted loyalty. The moderate Tories regarded the foreign dynasty as a great evil, which must be endured for fear of a greater evil. In the eyes of the high Tories, the Elector was the most hateful of robbers and tyrants. The crown of another was on his head; the blood of the brave and loyal was on his hands. Thus, during many years, the Kings of England were objects of strong personal aversion to many of their subjects, and of strong personal attachment to none. They found, indeed, firm and cordial support against the pretender to their throne; but this support was given, not at all for their sake, but for the sake of a religious and political system which would have been endangered by their fall. This support, too, they were compelled to purchase by perpetually sacrificing their private inclinations to the party which had set them on the throne, and which maintained them there.

At the close of the reign of George the Second, the feeling of aversion with which the house of Brunswick had long been regarded by half the nation had died away; but no feeling of affection to that house had yet sprung up. There was little, indeed, in the old King's character to inspire esteem or tenderness. He was not our countryman. He never set foot on our soil till he was more than thirty years old. His speech bewrayed his foreign origin and breeding. His love for his native land, though the most amiable part of his character, was not likely to endear him to his British subjects. That he was never so happy as when he could exchange St James's for Hernhausen; that, year after year, our fleets were employed to convoy him to the Continent; that the interests of his kingdom were as nothing to him when compared with the interests of his Electorate, could scarcely be denied. As to the rest, he had neither the qualities which make dulness respectable, nor the qualities which make libertinism attractive. He had been a bad son and a worse father; an unfaithful husband and an ungraceful lover. Not one magnanimous or humane action is recorded of him; but many instances of meanness, and of a harshness which, but for the strong constitutional restraints under which he was placed, might have made the misery of his people.

He died; and at once a new world opened. The young King was a born Englishman. All his tastes and habits, good or bad, were English. No portion of his subjects had any thing to reproach him with. Even the remaining adherents of the house of Stuart could scarcely impute to him the guilt of usurpation. He was not responsible for the Revolution, for the Act of Set-

tlement, for the suppression of the risings of 1715 and of 1745. He was innocent of the blood of Derwentwater and Kilmarnock, of Balmerino and Cameron. Born more than fifty years after the old line had been expelled, fourth in descent and third in succession of the Hanoverian dynasty, he might plead some show of hereditary right. His age, his appearance, and all that was known of his character, conciliated public favour. He was in the bloom of youth; his person and address were pleasing. Scandal imputed to him no vice; and flattery might, without any glaring absurdity, ascribe to him many princely virtues.

It is not strange, therefore, that the sentiment of loyalty, a sentiment which had lately seemed to be as much out of date as the belief in witches or the practice of pilgrimage, should, from the day of his accession, have begun to revive. The Tories in particular, who had always been inclined to King-worship, and who had long felt with pain the want of an idol before whom they could bow themselves down, were as joyful as the priests of Apis, when, after a long interval, they had found a new calf to adore. It was soon clear that George the Third was regarded by a portion of the nation with a very different feeling from that which his two predecessors had inspired. They had been merely first Magistrates, Doges, Stadtholders; he was emphatically a King, the anointed of heaven, the breath of his people's nostrils. The years of the widowhood and mourning of the Tory party were over. Dido had kept faith long enough to the cold ashes of a former lord; she had at last found a comforter, and recognised the vestiges of the old flame. The golden days of Harley would return; the Somersets, the Lees, and the Wyndhams would again surround the throne. The latitudinarian Prelates, who had not been ashamed to correspond with Doddridge and to shake hands with Whiston, would be succeeded by divines of the temper of South and Atterbury. The devotion which had been so signally shown to the house of Stuart—which had been proof against defeats, confiscations, and proscriptions, which perfidy, oppression, ingratitude, could not weary out—was now transferred entire to the house of Brunswick. If George the Third would but accept the homage of the Cavaliers and High-churchmen, he should be to them all that Charles the First and Charles the Second had been.

The Prince whose accession was thus hailed by a great party long estranged from his house, had received from nature a strong will, a firmness of temper to which a harsher name might perhaps be given, and an understanding not, indeed, acute or enlarged, but such as qualified him to be a good man of business. But his character had not yet fully developed itself. He had

been brought up in strict seclusion. The detractors of the Princess-Dowager of Wales affirmed that she had kept her children from commerce with society, in order that she might hold an undivided empire over their minds. She gave a very different explanation of her conduct. She would gladly, she said, see her sons and daughters mix in the world, if they could do so without risk to their morals. But the profligacy of the people of quality alarmed her. The young men were all rakes; the young women made love, instead of waiting till it was made to them. She could not bear to expose those whom she loved best to the contaminating influence of such society. The moral advantages of the system of education which formed the Duke of York, the Duke of Cumberland, and the Queen of Denmark, may perhaps be questioned. George the Third was indeed no libertine; but he brought to the throne a mind only half opened, and was for some time entirely under the influence of his mother and of his Groom of the Stole, John Stuart, Earl of Bute.

The Earl of Bute was scarcely known, even by name, to the country which he was soon to govern. He had indeed, a short time after he came of age, been chosen to fill a vacancy which, in the middle of a parliament, had taken place among the Scotch representative peers. He had disoblged the Whig ministers by giving some silent votes with the Tories, had consequently lost his seat at the next dissolution, and had never been re-elected. Near twenty years had elapsed since he had borne any part in politics. He had passed some of those years at his seat in one of the Hebrides, and from that retirement he had emerged as one of the household of Prince Frederic. Lord Bute, excluded from public life, had found out many ways of amusing his leisure. He was a tolerable actor in private theatricals, and was particularly successful in the part of Lothario. A handsome leg, to which both painters and satirists took care to give prominence, was among his chief qualifications for the stage. He devised quaint dresses for masquerades. He dabbled in geometry, mechanics, and botany. He paid some attention to antiquities and works of art, and was considered in his own circle as a judge of painting, architecture, and poetry. It is said that his spelling was incorrect. But though, in our time, incorrect spelling is justly considered as a proof of sordid ignorance, it would be most unjust to apply the same rule to people who lived a century ago. The novel of Sir Charles Grandison was published about the time at which Lord Bute made his appearance at Leicester House. Our readers may perhaps remember the account which Charlotte Grandison gives of her two lovers. One of them, a fashionable baronet who talks French and Italian fluently, cannot write a

line in his own language without some sin against orthography ; the other, who is represented as a most respectable specimen of the young aristocracy, and something of a virtuoso, is described as spelling pretty well for a lord. On the whole, the Earl of Bute might fairly be called a man of cultivated mind. He was also a man of undoubted honour. But his understanding was narrow, and his manners cold and haughty. His qualifications for the part of a statesman were best described by Frederic, who often indulged in the unprincely luxury of sneering at his dependents. 'Bute,' said his royal highness, 'you are the very man to be envoy at some small proud German court where there is nothing to do.'

Scandal represented the Groom of the Stole as the favoured lover of the Princess-Dowager. He was undoubtedly her confidential friend. The influence which the two united exercised over the mind of the King, was for a time unbounded. The princess, a woman and a foreigner, was not likely to be a judicious adviser about affairs of state ; the earl could scarcely be said to have served even a noviciate in politics. His notions of government had been acquired in the society which had been in the habit of assembling round Frederic at Kew and Leicester House. That society consisted principally of Tories, who had been reconciled to the house of Hanover by the civility with which the Prince had treated them, and by the hope of obtaining high preferment when he should come to the throne. Their political creed was a peculiar modification of Toryism. It was the creed neither of the Tories of the seventeenth nor of the Tories of the nineteenth century ; it was the creed, not of Filmer and Sacheverell, not of Perceval and Eldon, but of the sect of which Bolingbroke may be considered as the chief doctor. This sect deserves commendation for having pointed out and justly reprobated some great abuses which sprang up during the long domination of the Whigs. But it is far easier to point out and reprobate abuses than to propose reforms : and the reforms which Bolingbroke proposed would either have been utterly inefficient, or would have produced much more mischief than they would have removed.

The revolution had saved the nation from one class of evils, but had at the same time—such is the imperfection of all things human—engendered or aggravated another class of evils which required new remedies. Liberty and property were secure from the attacks of prerogative. Conscience was respected. No government ventured to infringe any of the rights solemnly recognised by the instrument which had called William and Mary to the throne. But it cannot be denied that, under the new system,

the public interests and the public morals were seriously endangered by corruption and faction. During the long struggle against the Stuarts, the chief object of the most enlightened statesmen had been to strengthen the House of Commons. The struggle was over, the victory was won, the House of Commons was supreme in the state; and all the vices which had till then been latent in the representative system were rapidly developed by prosperity and power. Scarcely had the executive government become really responsible to the House of Commons, when it began to appear that the House of Commons was not really responsible to the nation. Many of the constituent bodies were under the absolute control of individuals; many were notoriously at the command of the highest bidder. The debates were not published; it was very seldom known out of doors how a gentleman had voted. Thus, while the ministry was accountable to the Parliament, the majority of the Parliament was accountable to nobody. Under such circumstances, nothing could be more natural than that the members should insist on being paid for their votes, should form themselves into combinations for the purpose of raising the price of their votes, and should at critical conjunctures extort large wages by threatening a strike. Thus the Whig ministers of George the First and George the Second were compelled to reduce corruption to a system, and to practise it on a gigantic scale.

If we are right as to the cause of these abuses, we can scarcely be wrong as to the remedy. The remedy was surely not to deprive the House of Commons of its weight in the state. Such a course would undoubtedly have put an end to parliamentary corruption and to parliamentary factions: for, when votes cease to be of importance, they will cease to be bought, and when knaves can get nothing by combining, they will cease to combine. But to destroy corruption and faction by introducing despotism, would have been to cure bad by worse. The proper remedy evidently was, to make the House of Commons responsible to the nation; and this was to be effected in two ways—first, by giving publicity to parliamentary proceedings, and thus placing every member on his trial before the tribunal of public opinion; and secondly, by so reforming the constitution of the House, that no man should be able to sit in it who had not been returned by a respectable and independent body of constituents.

Bolingbroke and Bolingbroke's disciples recommended a very different mode of treating the diseases of the state. Their doctrine was, that a vigorous use of the prerogative by a patriot King would at once break all factious combinations, and supersede the pretended necessity of bribing members of Parliament.

The King had only to resolve that he would be master, that he would not be held in thralldom by any set of men, that he would take for ministers any persons in whom he had confidence, without distinction of party, and that he would restrain his servants from influencing, by immoral means, either the constituent bodies or the representative body. This childish scheme proved that those who proposed it knew nothing of the nature of the evil with which they pretended to deal. The real cause of the prevalence of corruption and faction was, that a House of Commons, not accountable to the people, was more powerful than the King. Bolingbroke's remedy could be applied only by a King more powerful than the House of Commons. How was the patriot Prince to govern in defiance of the body without whose consent he could not equip a sloop, keep a battalion under arms, send an embassy, or defray even the charges of his own household? Was he to dissolve the Parliament? And what was he likely to gain by appealing to Sudbury and Old Sarum against the venality of their representatives? Was he to send out privy seals? Was he to levy ship-money? If so, this boasted reform must commence in all probability by civil war, and, if consummated, must be consummated by the establishment of absolute monarchy. Or was the patriot King to carry the House of Commons with him in his upright designs? By what means? Interdicting himself from the use of corrupt influence, what motive was he to address to the Dodingtons and Winningtons? Was cupidity, strengthened by habit, to be laid asleep by a few fine sentences about virtue and union?

Absurd as this theory was, it had many admirers, particularly among men of letters. It was now to be reduced to practice; and the result was, as any man of sagacity must have foreseen, the most piteous and ridiculous of failures.

On the very day of the young King's accession, appeared some signs which indicated the approach of a great change. The speech which he made to his council was not submitted to the cabinet. It was drawn up by Bute, and contained some expressions which might be construed into reflections on the conduct of affairs during the late reign. Pitt remonstrated, and begged that these expressions might be softened down in the printed copy; but it was not till after some hours of altercation that Bute yielded; and, even after Bute had yielded, the King affected to hold out till the following afternoon. On the same day on which this singular contest took place, Bute was not only sworn of the privy council, but introduced into the cabinet.

Soon after this, Lord Holderness, one of the secretaries of state, in pursuance of a plan concerted with the court, resigned

the seals. Bute was instantly appointed to the vacant place. A general election speedily followed, and the new secretary entered parliament in the only way in which he then could enter it, as one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland.*

Had the ministers been firmly united, it can scarcely be doubted that they would have been able to withstand the court. The parliamentary influence of the Whig aristocracy, combined with the genius, the virtue, and the fame of Pitt, would have been irresistible. But there had been in the cabinet of George the Second latent jealousies and enmities, which now began to show themselves. Pitt had been estranged from his old ally Legge, the chancellor of the exchequer. Some of the ministers were envious of Pitt's popularity; others were, not altogether without cause, disgusted by his imperious and haughty demeanour; others, again, were honestly opposed to some parts of his policy. They admitted that he had found the country in the depths of humiliation, and had raised it to the height of glory; they admitted that he had conducted the war with energy, ability, and splendid success. But they began to hint that the drain on the resources of the state was unexampled, and that the public debt was increasing with a speed at which Montague or Godolphin would have stood aghast. Some of the acquisitions made by our fleets and armies were, it was acknowledged, profitable as well as honourable; but, now that George the Second was dead, a courtier might venture to ask why England was to become a party in a dispute between two German powers. What was it to her whether the house of Hapsburg or the house of Brandenburg ruled in Silesia? Why were the best English regiments fighting on the Maine? Why were the Prussian battalions paid with English gold? The great minister seemed to think it beneath him to calculate the price of victory. As long as the Tower guns were fired, as the streets were illuminated, as French banners were carried in triumph through the streets of London, it was to him matter of indifference to what extent the public burdens were augmented. Nay, he seemed to glory in the magnitude of these sacrifices, which the people, fascinated by his eloquence and success, had too readily made, and would long and bitterly regret. There was no check on waste or embezzlement. Our commissaries returned from the camp of Prince Ferdinand to buy borroughs, to rear palaces, to rival the magnificence of the old

* In the reign of Anne, the House of Lords had resolved that, under the 23d article of Union, no Scotch peer could be created a peer of Great Britain. This resolution was not annulled till the year 1782.

aristocracy of the realm. Already had we borrowed, in four years of war, more than the most skilful and economical government would pay in forty years of peace. But the prospect of peace was as remote as ever. It could not be doubted that France, smarting and prostrate, would consent to fair terms of accommodation; but this was not what Pitt wanted. War had made him powerful and popular: with war, all that was brightest in his life was associated: for war, his talents were peculiarly fitted. He had at length begun to love war for its own sake, and was more disposed to quarrel with neutrals than to make peace with enemies.

Such were the views of the Duke of Bedford and of the Earl of Hardwicke; but no member of the government held these opinions so strongly as George Grenville, the treasurer of the navy. George Grenville was brother-in-law of Pitt, and had always been reckoned one of Pitt's personal and political friends. But it is difficult to conceive two men of talents and integrity more utterly unlike each other. Pitt, as his sister often said, knew nothing accurately except Spenser's *Fairy Queen*. He had never applied himself steadily to any branch of knowledge. He was a wretched financier. He never became familiar even with the rules of that House of which he was the brightest ornament. He had never studied public law as a system; and was, indeed, so ignorant of the whole subject, that George the Second, on one occasion, complained bitterly that a man who had never read Vattel should presume to undertake the direction of foreign affairs. But these defects were more than redeemed by high and rare gifts; by a strange power of inspiring great masses of men with confidence and affection; by an eloquence which not only delighted the ear, but stirred the blood and brought tears into the eyes; by originality in devising plans; by vigour in executing them. Grenville, on the other hand, was by nature and habit a man of details. He had been bred a lawyer; and he had brought the industry and acuteness of the Temple into official and parliamentary life. He was supposed to be intimately acquainted with the whole fiscal system of the country. He had paid especial attention to the law of Parliament, and was so learned in all things relating to the privileges and orders of the House of Commons, that those who loved him least pronounced him the only person competent to succeed Onslow in the Chair. His speeches were generally instructive, and sometimes, from the gravity and earnestness with which he spoke, even impressive; but never brilliant, and generally tedious. Indeed, even when he was at the head of affairs, he sometimes found it difficult to obtain the ear of the House. In disposition as well as in intellect, he differed widely from his brother-in-law. Pitt was utterly regardless of money. He

would scarcely stretch out his hand to take it; and, when it came, he threw it away with childish profusion. Grenville, though strictly upright, was grasping and parsimonious. Pitt was a man of excitable nerves, sanguine in hope, easily elated by success and popularity, keenly sensible of injury, but prompt to forgive; Grenville's character was stern, melancholy, and pertinacious. Nothing was more remarkable in him than his inclination always to look on the dark side of things. He was the raven of the House of Commons, always croaking defeat in the midst of triumphs, and bankruptcy with an overflowing exchequer. Burke, with general applause, compared Grenville, in a time of quiet and plenty, to the evil spirit whom Ovid described looking down on the stately temples and wealthy haven of Athens, and scarce able to refrain from weeping because she could find nothing at which to weep. Such a man was not likely to be popular. But to unpopularity Grenville opposed a dogged determination, which sometimes forced even those who hated him to respect him.

It was natural that Pitt and Grenville, being such as they were, should take very different views of the situation of affairs. Pitt could see nothing but the trophies; Grenville could see nothing but the bill. Pitt boasted that England was victorious at once in America, in India, and in Germany—the umpire of the Continent, the mistress of the sea. Grenville cast up the subsidies, sighed over the army extraordinaries, and groaned in spirit to think that the nation had borrowed eight millions in one year.

With a ministry thus divided it was not difficult for Bute to deal. Legge was the first who fell. He had given offence to the young King in the late reign, by refusing to support a creature of Bute at a Hampshire election. He was now not only turned out, but in the closet, when he delivered up his seal of office, was treated with gross incivility.

Pitt, who did not love Legge, saw this event with indifference. But the danger was now fast approaching himself. Charles the Third of Spain had early conceived a deadly hatred of England. Twenty years before, when he was King of the Two Sicilies, he had been eager to join the coalition against Maria Theresa. But an English fleet had suddenly appeared in the Bay of Naples. An English captain had landed, had proceeded to the palace, had laid a watch on the table, and had told his majesty that, within an hour, a treaty of neutrality must be signed, or a bombardment would commence. The treaty was signed; the squadron sailed out of the bay twenty-four hours after it had sailed in; and from that day the ruling passion of the humbled Prince was aversion to the English name. He was at length in a situation

in which he might hope to gratify that passion. He had recently become King of Spain and the Indies. He saw, with envy and apprehension, the triumphs of our navy, and the rapid extension of our colonial Empire. He was a Bourbon, and sympathized with the distress of the house from which he sprang. He was a Spaniard; and no Spaniard could bear to see Gibraltar and Minorca in the possession of a foreign power. Impelled by such feelings, Charles concluded a secret treaty with France. By this treaty, known as the Family Compact, the two powers bound themselves, not in express words, but by the clearest implication, to make war on England in common. Spain postponed the declaration of hostilities only till her fleet, laden with the treasures of America, should have arrived.

The existence of the treaty could not be kept a secret from Pitt. He acted as a man of his capacity and energy might be expected to act. He at once proposed to declare war against Spain, and to intercept the American fleet. He had determined, it is said, to attack without delay both Havanna and the Philippines.

His wise and resolute counsel was rejected. Bute was foremost in opposing it, and was supported by almost the whole cabinet. Some of the ministers doubted, or affected to doubt, the correctness of Pitt's intelligence; some shrank from the responsibility of advising a course so bold and decided as that which he proposed; some were weary of his ascendancy, and were glad to be rid of him on any pretext. One only of his colleagues agreed with him, his brother-in-law, Earl Temple.

Pitt and Temple resigned their offices. To Pitt the young King behaved at parting in the most gracious manner. Pitt, who, proud and fiery every where else, was always meek and humble in the closet, was moved even to tears. The King and the favourite urged him to accept some substantial mark of royal gratitude. Would he like to be appointed governor of Canada? A salary of L.5000 a-year should be annexed to the office. Residence would not be required. It was true that the governor of Canada, as the law then stood, could not be a member of the House of Commons. But a bill should be brought in, authorizing Pitt to hold his government together with a seat in Parliament, and in the preamble should be set forth his claims to the gratitude of his country. Pitt answered, with all delicacy, that his anxieties were rather for his wife and family than for himself, and that nothing would be so acceptable to him as a mark of royal goodness which might be beneficial to those who were dearest to him. The hint was taken. The same gazette which announced the retirement of the secretary of state, announced also, that, in consideration of his

great public services, his wife had been created a peeress in her own right, and a pension of three thousand pounds a-year, for three lives, had been bestowed on himself. It was doubtless thought that the rewards and honours conferred on the great minister would have a conciliatory effect on the public mind. Perhaps, too, it was thought that his popularity, which had partly arisen from the contempt which he had always shown for money, would be damaged by a pension; and, indeed, a crowd of libels instantly appeared, in which he was accused of having sold his country. Many of his true friends thought that he would have best consulted the dignity of his character by refusing to accept any pecuniary reward from the court. Nevertheless, the general opinion of his talents, virtues, and services, remained unaltered. Addresses were presented to him from several large towns. London showed its admiration and affection in a still more marked manner. Soon after his resignation came the Lord Mayor's day. The King and the royal family dined at Guildhall. Pitt was one of the guests. The young sovereign, seated by his bride in his state coach, received a remarkable lesson. He was scarcely noticed. All eyes were fixed on the fallen minister; all acclamations directed to him. The streets, the balconies, the chimney-tops, burst into a roar of delight as his chariot passed by. The ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the windows. The common people clung to the wheels, shook hands with the footmen, and even kissed the horses. Cries of 'No Bute!' 'No Newcastle salmon!' were mingled with the shouts of 'Pitt for ever!' When Pitt entered Guildhall, he was welcomed by loud huzzas and clapping of hands, in which the very magistrates of the city joined. Lord Bute, in the mean time, was hooted and pelted through Cheapside, and would, it was thought, have been in some danger, if he had not taken the precaution of surrounding his carriage with a strong body-guard of boxers. Many persons blamed the conduct of Pitt on this occasion as disrespectful to the King. Indeed, Pitt himself afterwards owned that he had done wrong. He was led into this error, as he was afterwards led into more serious errors, by the influence of his turbulent and mischievous brother-in-law, Temple.

The events which immediately followed Pitt's retirement raised his fame higher than ever. War with Spain proved to be, as he had predicted, inevitable. News came from the West Indies that Martinique had been taken by an expedition which he had sent forth. Havanna fell; and it was known that he had planned an attack on Havanna. Manilla capitulated; and it was believed that he had meditated a blow against Manilla. The American fleet, which he had proposed to intercept, had

unloaded an immense cargo of bullion in the haven of Cadiz, before Bute could be convinced that the court of Madrid really entertained hostile intentions.

The session of Parliament which followed Pitt's retirement passed over without any violent storm. Lord Bute took on himself the most prominent part in the House of Lords. He had become secretary of state, and indeed prime minister, without having once opened his lips in public except as an actor. There was, therefore, no small curiosity to know how he would acquit himself. Members of the House of Commons crowded the bar of the Lords, and covered the steps of the throne. It was generally expected that the orator would break down; but his most malicious hearers were forced to own that he had made a better figure than they expected. They, indeed, ridiculed his action as theatrical, and his style as tumid. They were especially amused by the long pauses which, not from hesitation but from affectation, he made at all the emphatic words, and Charles Townshend cried out, 'Minute guns!' The general opinion however was, that if Bute had been early practised in debate, he might have become an impressive speaker.

In the Commons, George Grenville had been entrusted with the lead. The task was not, as yet, a very difficult one: for Pitt did not think fit to raise the standard of opposition. His speeches at this time were distinguished, not only by that eloquence in which he excelled all his rivals, but also by a temperance and a modesty which had too often been wanting to his character. When war was declared against Spain, he justly laid claim to the merit of having foreseen what had at length become manifest to all, but he carefully abstained from arrogant and acrimonious expressions; and this abstinence was the more honourable to him, because his temper, never very placid, was now severely tried, both by gout and by calumny. The courtiers had adopted a mode of warfare, which was soon turned with far more formidable effect against themselves. Half the inhabitants of the Grub Street garrets paid their milk-scores, and got their shirts out of pawn, by abusing Pitt. His German war, his subsidies, his pension, his wife's peerage, were shin of beef and gin, blankets and baskets of small coal, to the starving poetasters of the Fleet. Even in the House of Commons, he was, on one occasion during this session, assailed with an insolence and malice which called forth the indignation of men of all parties; but he endured the outrage with majestic patience. In his younger days he had been but too prompt to retaliate on those who attacked him; but now, conscious of his great services, and of the space which he filled in the eyes of all mankind, he would not stoop to personal squabbles. 'This is no season,' he

said, in the debate on the Spanish war, 'for altercation and 'recrimination. A day has arrived when every Englishman 'should stand forth for his country. Arm the whole; be one 'people; forget every thing but the public. I set you the 'example. Harassed by slanderers, sinking under pain and 'disease, for the public I forget both my wrongs and my infirmities!' On a general review of his life, we are inclined to think that his genius and virtue never shone with so pure an effulgence as during the session of 1762.

The session drew towards the close; and Bute, emboldened by the acquiescence of the Houses, resolved to strike another great blow, and to become first minister in name as well as in reality. That coalition, which a few months before had seemed all powerful, had been dissolved. The retreat of Pitt had deprived the government of popularity. Newcastle had exulted in the fall of the illustrious colleague whom he envied and dreaded, and had not foreseen that his own doom was at hand. He still tried to flatter himself that he was at the head of the government; but insults heaped on insults at length undeceived him. Places which had always been considered as in his gift, were bestowed without any reference to him. His expostulations only called forth significant hints that it was time for him to retire. One day he pressed on Bute the claims of a Whig Prelate to the archbishopric of York. 'If your grace thinks so highly of him,' answered Bute, 'I wonder that you did not promote him when 'you had the power.' Still the old man clung with a desperate grasp to the wreck. Seldom, indeed, have Christian meekness and Christian humility equalled the meekness and humility of his patient and abject ambition. At length he was forced to understand that all was over. He quitted that court where he had held high office during forty-five years, and hid his shame and regret among the cedars of Claremont. Bute became first lord of the treasury.

The favourite had undoubtedly committed a great error. It is impossible to imagine a tool better suited to his purposes than that which he thus threw away, or rather put into the hands of his enemies. If Newcastle had been suffered to play at being first minister, Bute might securely and quietly have enjoyed the substance of power. The gradual introduction of Tories into all the departments of the government might have been effected without any violent clamour, if the chief of the great Whig connection had been ostensibly at the head of affairs. This was strongly represented to Bute by Lord Mansfield, a man who may justly be called the father of modern Toryism, of Toryism modified to suit an order of things under which the House of Commons is the most powerful body in the state. The

theories which had dazzled Bute could not impose on the fine intellect of Mansfield. The temerity with which Bute provoked the hostility of powerful and deeply-rooted interests, was displeasing to Mansfield's cold and timid nature. Expostulation, however, was vain. Bute was impatient of advice, drunk with success, eager to be, in show as well as in reality, the head of the government. He had engaged in an undertaking, in which a screen was absolutely necessary to his success, and even to his safety. He found an excellent screen ready in the very place where it was most needed; and he rudely pushed it away.

And now the new system of government came into full operation. For the first time since the accession of the house of Hanover, the Tory party was in the ascendant. The prime minister himself was a Tory. Lord Egremont, who had succeeded Pitt as secretary of state, was a Tory, and the son of a Tory. Sir Francis Dashwood, a man of slender parts, of small experience, and of notoriously immoral character, was made chancellor of the exchequer, for no reason that could be imagined, except that he was a Tory and had been a Jacobite. The royal household was filled with men whose favourite toast, a few years before, had been the 'King over the water.' The relative position of the two great national seats of learning was suddenly changed. The University of Oxford had long been the chief seat of disaffection. In troubled times, the High Street had been lined with bayonets; the colleges had been searched by the King's messengers. Grave doctors were in the habit of talking very Ciceronian treason in the theatre; and the under-graduates drank bumpers to Jacobite toasts, and chanted Jacobite airs. Of four successive Chancellors of the University, one had notoriously been in the Pretender's service; the other three were fully believed to be in secret correspondence with the exiled family. Cambridge had therefore been especially favoured by the Hanoverian Princes, and had shown herself grateful for their patronage. George the First had enriched her library; George the Second had contributed munificently to her senate-house. Bishoprics and deaneries were showered on her children. Her Chancellor was Newcastle, the chief of the Whig aristocracy; her High-Steward was Hardwicke, the Whig head of the law. Both her burgesses had held office under the Whig ministry. Times had now changed. The University of Cambridge was received at St James's with comparative coldness. The answers to the addresses of Oxford were all graciousness and warmth.

The watchwords of the new government were prerogative and purity. The sovereign was no longer to be a puppet in the hands of any subject, or of any combination of subjects. George

the Third would not be forced to take ministers whom he disliked, as his grandfather had been forced to take Pitt. George the Third would not be forced to part with any whom he delighted to honour, as his grandfather had been forced to part with Carteret. At the same time, the system of bribery which had grown up during the late reigns was to cease. It was ostentatiously proclaimed that, since the accession of the young King, neither constituents nor representatives had been bought with the secret service money. To free Britain from corruption and oligarchical cabals, to detach her from continental connections, to bring the bloody and expensive war with France and Spain to a close, such were the specious objects which Bute professed to procure.

Some of these objects he attained. England withdrew, at the cost of a deep stain on her faith, from her German connections. The war with France and Spain was terminated by a peace, honourable indeed and advantageous to our country, yet less honourable and less advantageous than might have been expected from a long and almost unbroken series of victories, by land and sea, in every part of the world. But the only effect of Bute's domestic administration was to make faction wilder and corruption fouler than ever.

The mutual animosity of the Whig and Tory parties had begun to languish after the fall of Walpole, and had seemed to be almost extinct at the close of the reign of George the Second. It now revived in all its force. Many Whigs, it is true, were still in office. The Duke of Bedford had signed the treaty with France. The Duke of Devonshire, though much out of humour, still continued to be Lord-Chamberlain. Grenville who led the House of Commons, and Fox who still enjoyed in silence the immense gains of the Pay-Office, had always been regarded as strong Whigs. But the bulk of the party throughout the country regarded the new minister with abhorrence. There was, indeed, no want of popular themes for invective against his character. He was a favourite; and favourites have always been odious in this country. No mere favourite had been at the head of the government, since the dagger of Felton reached the heart of the Duke of Buckingham. After that event, the most arbitrary and the most frivolous of the Stuarts had felt the necessity of confiding the chief direction of affairs to men who had given some proof of parliamentary or official talent. Strafford, Falkland, Clarendon, Clifford, Shaftesbury, Lauderdale, Danby, Temple, Halifax, Rochester, Sunderland, whatever their faults might be, were all men of acknowledged ability. They did not owe their eminence merely to the favour of the sovereign. On

the contrary, they owed the favour of the sovereign to their eminence. Most of them, indeed, had first attracted the notice of the court by the capacity and vigour which they had shown in opposition. The Revolution seemed to have for ever secured the state against the domination of a Carr or a Villiers. Now, however, the personal regard of the King had at once raised a man who had seen nothing of public business, who had never opened his lips in Parliament, over the heads of a crowd of eminent orators, financiers, diplomatists. From a private gentleman, this fortunate minion had at once been turned into a secretary of state. He had made his maiden speech when at the head of the administration. The vulgar resorted to a simple explanation of the phenomenon, and the coarsest ribaldry against the Princess Mother was scrawled on every wall and in every alley.

This was not all. The spirit of party, roused by impolitic provocation from its long sleep, roused in turn a still fiercer and more malignant Fury, the spirit of national animosity. The grudge of Whig against Tory was mingled with the grudge of Englishman against Scot. The two sections of the great British people had not yet been indissolubly blended together. The events of 1715 and of 1745 had left painful and enduring traces. The tradesmen of Cornhill had been in dread of seeing their tills and warehouses plundered by bare-legged mountaineers from the Grampians. They still recollected that Black Friday, when the news came that the rebels were at Derby, when all the shops in the city were closed, and when the Bank of England began to pay in sixpences. The Scots, on the other hand, remembered, with natural resentment, the severity with which the insurgents had been chastised, the military outrages, the humiliating laws, the heads fixed on Temple Bar, the fires and quartering-blocks on Kennington Common. The favourite did not suffer the English to forget from what part of the island he came. The cry of all the south was that the public offices, the army, the navy, were filled with high-cheeked Drummonds and Erskines, Macdonalds and Macgillivrays, who could not talk a Christian tongue, and some of whom had but lately begun to wear Christian breeches. All the old jokes on hills without trees, girls without stockings, men eating the food of horses, pails emptied from the fourteenth story, were pointed against these lucky adventurers. To the honour of the Scots it must be said, that their prudence and their pride restrained them from retaliation. Like the princess in the Arabian tale, they stopped their ears tight, and, unmoved by the shrillest notes of abuse, walked on, without once looking round, straight towards the Golden Fountain.

Bute, who had always been considered as a man of taste and reading, affected, from the moment of his elevation, the charac-

ter of a *Mæcenas*. If he expected to conciliate the public by encouraging literature and art, he was grievously mistaken. Indeed, none of the objects of his munificence, with the single exception of Johnson, can be said to have been well selected; and the public, not unnaturally, ascribed the selection of Johnson rather to the Doctor's political prejudices than to his literary merits. For a wretched scribbler named Shebbeare, who had nothing in common with Johnson except violent Jacobitism, and who had stood in the pillory for a libel on the Revolution, was honoured with a mark of royal approbation, similar to that which was bestowed on the author of the *English Dictionary*, and of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*. It was remarked that Adam, a Scotchman, was the court architect, and that Ramsay, a Scotchman, was the court painter, and was preferred to Reynolds. Mallet, a Scotchman of no high literary fame, and of infamous character, partook largely of the liberality of the government. John Home, a Scotchman, was rewarded for the tragedy of *Douglas*, both with a pension and with a sinecure place. But, when the author of the *Bard*, and of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, ventured to ask for a Professorship, the emoluments of which he much needed, and for the duties of which he was, in many respects, better qualified than any man living, he was refused; and the post was bestowed on the pedagogue under whose care the favourite's son-in-law, Sir James Lowther, had made such signal proficiency in the graces and in the humane virtues.

Thus, the first lord of the treasury was detested by many as a Tory, by many as a favourite, and by many as a Scot. All the hatred which flowed from these various sources soon mingled, and was directed in one torrent of obloquy against the treaty of peace. The Duke of Bedford, who negotiated that treaty, was hooted through the streets. Bute was attacked in his chair, and was with difficulty rescued by a troop of guards. He could hardly walk the streets in safety without disguising himself. A gentleman who died not many years ago used to say, that he once recognised the favourite Earl in the piazza of Covent-Garden, muffled in a large coat, and with a hat and wig drawn down over his brows. His lordship's established type with the mob was a jack-boot, a wretched pun on his Christian name and title. A jack-boot, generally accompanied by a petticoat, was sometimes fastened on a gallows, and sometimes committed to the flames. Libels on the court, exceeding in audacity and rancour any that had been published for many years, now appeared daily both in prose and verse. Wilkes, with lively insolence, compared the mother of George the Third to the mother of Edward the Third, and the Scotch minister to the gentle Mor-

timer. Churchill, with all the energy of hatred, deplored the fate of his country, invaded by a new race of savages, more cruel and ravenous than the Picts or the Danes, the poor, proud children of Leprosy and Hunger. It is a slight circumstance, but deserves to be recorded, that in this year pamphleteers first ventured to print at length the names of the great men whom they lampooned. George the Second had always been the K——. His ministers had been Sir R—— W——, Mr P——, and the Duke of N——. But the libellers of George the Third, of the Princess Mother, and of Lord Bute, did not give quarter to a single vowel.

It was supposed that Lord Temple secretly encouraged the most scurrilous assailants of the government. In truth, those who knew his habits tracked him as men track a mole. It was his nature to grub underground. Whenever a heap of dirt was flung up, it might well be suspected that he was at work in some foul crooked labyrinth below. But Pitt turned away from the filthy work of opposition, with the same scorn with which he had turned away from the filthy work of government. He had the magnanimity to proclaim every where the disgust which he felt at the insults offered by his own adherents to the Scottish nation, and missed no opportunity of extolling the courage and fidelity which the Highland regiments had displayed through the whole war. But, though he disdained to use any but lawful and honourable weapons, it was well known that his fair blows were likely to be far more formidable than the privy thrusts of his brother-in-law's stiletto.

Bute's heart began to fail him. The Houses were about to meet. The treaty would instantly be the subject of discussion. It was probable that Pitt, the great Whig connection, and the multitude, would all be on the same side. The favourite had professed to hold in abhorrence those means by which preceding ministers had kept the House of Commons in good-humour. He now began to think that he had been too scrupulous. His Utopian visions were at an end. It was necessary, not only to bribe, but to bribe more shamelessly and flagitiously than his predecessors, in order to make up for lost time. A majority must be secured, no matter by what means. Could Grenville do this? Would he do it? His firmness and ability had not yet been tried in any perilous crisis. He had been generally regarded as a humble follower of his brother Temple, and of his brother-in-law Pitt, and was supposed, though with little reason, to be still favourably inclined towards them. Other aid must be called in. And where was other aid to be found?

There was one man whose sharp and manly logic had often in debate been found a match for the lofty and impassioned rhetoric

of Pitt, whose talents for jobbing were not inferior to his talents for debate, whose dauntless spirit shrank from no difficulty or danger, and who was as little troubled with scruples as with fears. Henry Fox, or nobody, could weather the storm which was about to burst. Yet was he a person to whom the court, even in that extremity, was unwilling to have recourse. He had always been regarded as a Whig of the Whigs. He had been the friend and disciple of Walpole. He had long been connected by close ties with William Duke of Cumberland. By the Tories he was more hated than any man living. So strong was their aversion to him, that when, in the late reign, he attempted to form a party against the Duke of Newcastle, they had thrown all their weight into Newcastle's scale. By the Scots, Fox was abhorred as the confidential friend of the conqueror of Culloden. He was, on personal grounds, most obnoxious to the Princess Mother. For he had, immediately after her husband's death, advised the late King to take the education of her son, the heir-apparent, entirely out of her hands. He had recently given, if possible, still deeper offence; for he had indulged, not without some ground, the ambitious hope that his beautiful sister-in-law, the Lady Sarah Lennox, might be queen of England. It had been observed that the King at one time rode every morning by the grounds of Holland House, and that, on such occasions, Lady Sarah, dressed like a shepherdess at a masquerade, was making hay close to the road, which was then separated by no wall from the lawn. On account of the part which Fox had taken in this singular love-affair, he was the only member of the Privy Council who was not summoned to the meeting at which his majesty announced his intended marriage with the Princess of Mecklenburg. Of all the statesmen of the age, therefore, it seemed that Fox was the last with whom Bute, the Tory, the Scot, the favourite of the Princess Mother, could, under any circumstances, act. Yet to Fox Bute was now compelled to apply.

Fox had many noble and amiable qualities, which in private life shone forth in full lustre, and made him dear to his children, to his dependents, and to his friends; but as a public man he had no title to esteem. In him the vices which were common to the whole school of Walpole appeared, not perhaps in their worst, but certainly in their most prominent form; for his parliamentary and official talents made all his faults conspicuous. His courage, his vehement temper, his contempt for appearances, led him to display much that others, quite as unscrupulous as himself, covered with a decent veil. He was the most unpopular of the statesmen of his time, not because he sinned more than many of them, but because he canted less.

He felt his unpopularity; but he felt it after the fashion of strong minds. He became, not cautious, but reckless, and faced the rage of the whole nation with a scowl of inflexible defiance. He was born with a sweet and generous temper; but he had been goaded and baited into a savageness which was not natural to him, and which amazed and shocked those who knew him best. Such was the man to whom Bute, in extreme need, applied for succour.

Such succour Fox was not unwilling to afford. Though by no means of an envious temper, he had undoubtedly contemplated the success and popularity of Pitt with bitter mortification. He thought himself Pitt's match as a debater, and Pitt's superior as a man of business. They had long been regarded as well paired rivals. They had started fair in the career of ambition. They had long run side by side. At length Fox had taken the lead, and Pitt had fallen behind. Then had come a sudden turn of fortune, like that in Virgil's foot-race. Fox had stumbled in the mire, and had not only been defeated, but befouled. Pitt had reached the goal, and received the prize. The emoluments of the Pay-Office might induce the defeated statesman to submit in silence to the ascendancy of his competitor, but could not satisfy a mind conscious of great powers, and sore from great vexations. As soon, therefore, as a party arose adverse to the war and to the supremacy of the great war-minister, the hopes of Fox began to revive. His feuds with the Princess Mother, with the Scots, with the Tories, he was ready to forget, if, by the help of his old enemies, he could now regain the importance which he had lost, and confront Pitt on equal terms.

The alliance was, therefore, soon concluded. Fox was assured that, if he would pilot the government out of its embarrassing situation, he should be rewarded with a peerage, of which he had long been desirous. He undertook on his side to obtain, by fair or foul means, a vote in favour of the peace. In consequence of this arrangement he became leader of the House of Commons; and Grenville, stifling his vexation as well as he could, sullenly acquiesced in the change.

Fox had expected that his influence would secure to the court the cordial support of some eminent Whigs who were his personal friends, particularly of the Duke of Cumberland and of the Duke of Devonshire. He was disappointed, and soon found that, in addition to all his other difficulties, he must reckon on the opposition of the ablest prince of the blood, and of the great house of Cavendish.

But he had pledged himself to win the battle; and he was not a man to go back. It was no time for squeamishness. Bute was made to comprehend that the ministry could be saved only by

practising the tactics of Walpole to an extent at which Walpole himself would have stared. The Pay-Office was turned into a mart for votes. Hundreds of members were closeted there with Fox, and, as there is too much reason to believe, departed carrying with them the wages of infamy. It was affirmed by persons who had the best opportunities of obtaining information, that twenty-five thousand pounds were thus paid away in a single morning. The lowest bribe given, it was said, was a bank-note for two hundred pounds.

Intimidation was joined with corruption. All ranks, from the highest to the lowest, were to be taught that the King would be obeyed. The Lords-Lieutenant of several counties were dismissed. The Duke of Devonshire was especially singled out as the victim by whose fate the magnates of England were to take warning. His wealth, rank, and influence, his stainless private character, and the constant attachment of his family to the house of Hanover, did not secure him from gross personal indignity. It was known that he disapproved of the course which the government had taken; and it was accordingly determined to humble the Prince of the Whigs, as he had been nicknamed by the Princess Mother. He went to the palace to pay his duty. 'Tell him,' said the King to a page, 'that I will not see him.' The page hesitated. 'Go to him,' said the King, 'and tell him those very words.' The message was delivered. The Duke tore off his gold key, and went away boiling with anger. His relations who were in office instantly resigned. A few days later, the King called for the list of privy-councillors, and with his own hand struck out the Duke's name.

In this step there was at least courage, though little wisdom or good-nature. But as nothing was too high for the revenge of the court, so also was nothing too low. A persecution, such as had never been known before and has never been known since, raged in every public department. Great numbers of humble and laborious clerks were deprived of their bread, not because they had neglected their duties, not because they had taken an active part against the ministry, but merely because they had owed their situations to the recommendation of some nobleman or gentleman who was against the peace. The proscription extended to tide-waiters, to gaugers, to doorkeepers. One poor man to whom a pension had been given for his gallantry in a fight with smugglers, was deprived of it because he had been befriended by the Duke of Grafton. An aged widow, who, on account of her husband's services in the navy, had, many years before, been made housekeeper to a public office, was dismissed from her situation, because it was imagined that she was distantly connected by marriage with the Cavendish family.

The public clamour, as may well be supposed, grew daily louder and louder. But the louder it grew, the more resolutely did Fox go on with the work which he had begun. His old friends could not conceive what had possessed him. 'I could forgive,' said the Duke of Cumberland, 'Fox's political vagaries, but I am quite confounded by his inhumanity. Surely he used to be the best-natured of men.'

At last Fox went so far as to take a legal opinion on the question, whether the patents granted by George the Second were binding on George the Third. It is said that, if his colleagues had not flinched, he would at once have turned out the tellers of the Exchequer and justices in Eyre.

Meanwhile the Parliament met. The ministers, more hated by the people than ever, were secure of a majority, and they had also reason to hope that they would have the advantage in the debates as well as in the divisions. For Pitt was confined to his chamber by a severe attack of gout. His friends moved to defer the consideration of the treaty till he should be able to attend. But the motion was rejected. The great day arrived. The discussion had lasted some time, when a loud huzza was heard in Palace-yard. The noise came nearer and nearer, up the stairs, through the lobby. The door opened, and from the midst of a shouting multitude came forth Pitt, borne in the arms of his attendants. His face was thin and ghastly, his limbs swathed in flannel, his crutch in his hand. The bearers set him down within the bar. His friends instantly surrounded him, and with their help he crawled to his seat near the table. In this condition he spoke three hours and a half against the peace. During that time he was repeatedly forced to sit down and to use cordials. It may well be supposed that his voice was faint, that his action was languid, and that his speech, though occasionally brilliant and impressive, was feeble when compared with his best oratorical performances. But those who remembered what he had done, and who saw what he suffered, listened to him with emotion stronger than any that mere eloquence can produce. He was unable to stay for the division, and was carried away from the House amidst shouts as loud as those which had announced his arrival.

A large majority approved the peace. The exultation of the court was boundless. 'Now,' exclaimed the Princess Mother, 'my son is really King.' The young sovereign spoke of himself as freed from the bondage in which his grandfather had been held. On one point, it was announced, his mind was unalterably made up. Under no circumstances whatever should those Whig grandees, who had enslaved his predecessors and endeavoured to enslave himself, be restored to power.

His vaunting was premature. The real strength of the favourite was by no means proportioned to the number of votes which he had, on one particular division, been able to command. He was soon again in difficulties. The most important part of his budget was a tax on cider. This measure was opposed, not only by those who were generally hostile to his administration, but also by many of his supporters. The name of excise had always been hateful to the Tories. One of the chief crimes of Walpole, in their eyes, had been his partiality for this mode of raising money. The Tory Johnson had in his Dictionary given so scurrilous a definition of the word 'excise,' that the Commissioners of excise had seriously thought of prosecuting him. The counties which the new impost particularly affected had always been Tory counties. It was the boast of John Philips, the poet of the English vintage, that the Cider-land had ever been faithful to the throne, and that all the pruning-hooks of her thousand orchards had been beaten into swords for the service of the ill-fated Stuarts. The effect of Bute's fiscal scheme was to produce an union between the gentry and yeomanry of the Cider-land and the Whigs of the capital. Herefordshire and Worcestershire were in a flame. The city of London, though not so directly interested, was, if possible, still more excited. The debates on this question irreparably damaged the government. Dashwood's financial statement had been confused and absurd beyond belief, and had been received by the House with roars of laughter. He had sense enough to be conscious of his unfitness for the high situation which he held, and exclaimed, in a comical fit of despair, 'What shall I do? The boys will point at me in the street, and cry, "There goes the worst chancellor of the exchequer that ever was."' George Grenville came to the rescue, and spoke strongly on his favourite theme, the profusion with which the late war had been carried on. That profusion, he said, had made taxes necessary. He called on the gentlemen opposite to him to say where they would have a tax laid, and dwell on this topic with his usual prolixity. 'Let them tell me where,' he repeated, in a monotonous and somewhat fretful tone. 'I say, sir, let them tell me where. I repeat it, sir; I am entitled to say to them—tell me where.' Unluckily for him, Pitt had come down to the House that night, and had been bitterly provoked by the reflections thrown on the war. He revenged himself by murmuring, in a whine resembling Grenville's, a line of a well-known song, 'Gentle shepherd, tell me where.' 'If,' cried Grenville, 'gentle men are to be treated in this way'—Pitt, as was his fashion when he meant to mark extreme contempt, rose deliberately, made his bow, and walked out of the House, leaving his brother-in-law in convulsions of rage, and every body else in convulsions

of laughter. It was long before Grenville lost the nickname of the gentle shepherd.

But the ministry had vexations still more serious to endure. The hatred which the Tories and Scots bore to Fox was implacable. In a moment of extreme peril, they had consented to put themselves under his guidance. But the aversion with which they regarded him broke forth as soon as the crisis seemed to be over. Some of them attacked him about the accounts of the Pay-Office. Some of them rudely interrupted him when speaking, by laughter and ironical cheers. He was naturally desirous to escape from so disagreeable a situation, and demanded the peerage which had been promised as the reward of his services.

It was clear that there must be some change in the composition of the ministry. But scarcely any, even of those who, from their situation, might be supposed to be in all the secrets of the government, anticipated what really took place. To the amazement of the Parliament and the nation, it was suddenly announced that Bute had resigned.

Twenty different explanations of this strange step were suggested. Some attributed it to profound design, and some to sudden panic. Some said that the lampoons of the opposition had driven the Earl from the field; some that he had taken office only in order to bring the war to a close, and had always meant to retire when that object had been accomplished. He publicly assigned ill health as his reason for quitting business, and privately complained that he was not cordially seconded by his colleagues; and that Lord Mansfield, in particular, whom he had himself brought into the cabinet, gave him no support in the House of Peers. Lord Mansfield was, indeed, far too sagacious not to perceive that Bute's situation was one of great peril, and far too timorous to thrust himself into peril for the sake of another. The probability, however, is, that Bute's conduct on this occasion, like the conduct of most men on most occasions, was determined by mixed motives. We suspect that he was sick of office; for this is a feeling much more common among ministers than persons who see public life from a distance are disposed to believe. And nothing could be more natural than that this feeling should take possession of the mind of Bute. In general, a statesman climbs by slow degrees. Many laborious years elapse before he reaches the topmost pinnacle of preferment. In the earlier part of his career, therefore, he is constantly lured on by seeing something above him. During his ascent he gradually becomes inured to the annoyances which belong to a life of ambition. By the time that he has attained the highest point, he has become patient of labour and callous of abuse. He is kept constant to his vocation, in spite of all its discomforts, at first by hope,

and at last by habit. It was not so with Bute. His whole public life lasted little more than two years. On the day on which he became a politician he became a cabinet minister. In a few months he was, both in name and in show, chief of the administration. Greater than he had been he could not be. If what he already possessed was vanity and vexation of spirit, no delusion remained to entice him onward. He had been cloyed with the pleasures of ambition before he had been seasoned to its pains. His habits had not been such as were likely to fortify his mind against obloquy and public hatred. He had reached his forty-eighth year in dignified ease, without knowing, by personal experience, what it was to be ridiculed and slandered. All at once, without any previous initiation, he had found himself exposed to such a storm of invective and satire as had never burst on the head of any statesman. The emoluments of office were now nothing to him; for he had just succeeded to a princely property by the death of his father-in-law. All the honours which could be bestowed on him he had already secured. He had obtained the Garter for himself, and a British peerage for his son. He seems also to have imagined, that by quitting the treasury he should escape from danger and abuse without really resigning power, and should still be able to exercise in private supreme influence over the royal mind.

Whatever may have been his motives, he retired. Fox at the same time took refuge in the House of Lords; and George Grenville became first lord of the treasury and chancellor of the exchequer.

We believe that those who made this arrangement fully intended that Grenville should be a mere puppet in the hands of Bute; for Grenville was as yet very imperfectly known even to those who had observed him long. He passed for a mere official drudge; and he had all the industry, the minute accuracy, the formality, the tediousness, which belong to the character. But he had other qualities which had not yet shown themselves—devouring ambition, dauntless courage, self-confidence amounting to presumption, and a temper which could not endure opposition. He was not disposed to be any body's tool; and he had no attachment, political or personal, to Bute. The two men had, indeed, nothing in common, except a strong propensity towards harsh and unpopular courses. Their principles were fundamentally different.

Bute was a Tory. Grenville would have been very angry with any person who should have denied his claim to be a Whig. He was more prone to tyrannical measures than Bute; but he loved tyranny only when disguised under the forms of constitu-

tional liberty. He mixed up, after a fashion then not very unusual, the theories of the republicans of the seventeenth century with the technical máxims of English law, and thus succeeded in combining anarchical speculation with arbitrary practice. The voice of the people was the voice of God ; but the only legitimate organ through which the voice of the people could be uttered was the Parliament. All power was from the people ; but to the Parliament the whole power of the people had been delegated. No Oxonian divine had ever, even in the years which immediately followed the Restoration, demanded for the King so abject, so unreasoning a homage, as Grenville, on what he considered as the purest Whig principles, demanded for the Parliament. As he wished to see the Parliament despotic over the nation, so he wished to see it also despotic over the court. In his view, the prime minister, possessed of the confidence of the House of Commons, ought to be mayor of the palace. The King was a mere Childeric or Chilperic, who might well think himself lucky in being permitted to enjoy such handsome apartments at St James's, and so fine a park at Windsor.

Thus the opinions of Bute and those of Grenville were diametrically opposed. Nor was there any private friendship between the two statesmen. Grenville's nature was not forgiving ; and he well remembered how, a few months before, he had been compelled to yield the lead of the House of Commons to Fox.

We are inclined to think, on the whole, that the worst administration which has governed England since the Revolution was that of George Grenville. His public acts may be classed under two heads, outrages on the liberty of the people, and outrages on the dignity of the crown.

He began by making war on the press. John Wilkes, member of parliament for Aylesbury, was singled out for persecution. Wilkes had, till very lately, been known chiefly as one of the most profane, licentious, and agreeable rakes about town. He was a man of taste, reading, and engaging manners. His sprightly conversation was the delight of green-rooms and taverns, and pleased even grave hearers when he was sufficiently under restraint to abstain from detailing the particulars of his amours, and from breaking jests on the New Testament. His expensive debaucheries forced him to have recourse to the Jews. He was soon a ruined man, and determined to try his chance as a political adventurer. In parliament he did not succeed. His speaking, though pert, was feeble, and by no means interested his hearers so much as to make them forget his face, which was so hideous that the caricaturists were forced, in their own despite, to flatter him. As a writer, he made a bet-

ter figure. He set up a weekly paper, called the *North Briton*. This journal, written with some pleasantry, and great audacity and impudence, had a considerable number of readers. Forty-four numbers had been published when Bute resigned; and, though almost every number had contained matter grossly libellous, no prosecution had been instituted. The forty-fifth number was innocent when compared with the majority of those which had preceded it, and indeed contained nothing so strong as may now be found daily in the leading articles of the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle*. But Grenville was now at the head of affairs. A new spirit had been infused into the administration. Authority was to be upheld. The government was no longer to be braved with impunity. Wilkes was arrested under a general warrant, conveyed to the Tower, and confined there with circumstances of unusual severity. His papers were seized, and carried to the Secretary of State. These harsh and illegal measures produced a violent outbreak of popular rage, which was soon changed to delight and exultation. The arrest was pronounced unlawful by the Court of Common Pleas, in which Chief-Justice Pratt presided, and the prisoner was discharged. This victory over the government was celebrated with enthusiasm both in London and in the Cider-counties.

While the ministers were daily becoming more odious to the nation, they were doing their best to make themselves also odious to the court. They gave the King plainly to understand that they were determined not to be Lord Bute's creatures, and exacted a promise that no secret adviser should have access to the royal ear. They soon found reason to suspect that this promise had not been observed. They remonstrated in terms less respectful than their master had been accustomed to hear, and gave him a fortnight to make his choice between his favourite and his cabinet.

George the Third was greatly disturbed. He had but a few weeks before exulted in his deliverance from the yoke of the great Whig connection. He had even declared that his honour would not permit him ever again to admit the members of that connection to his service. He now found that he had only exchanged one set of masters for another set still harsher and more imperious. In his distress he thought on Pitt. From Pitt it was possible that better terms might be obtained than either from Grenville, or from the party of which Newcastle was the head.

Grenville, on his return from an excursion into the country, repaired to Buckingham House. He was astonished to find at the entrance a chair, the shape of which was well known to him, and indeed to all London. It was distinguished by a large boot,

made for the purpose of accommodating the great Commoner's gouty leg. Grenville guessed the whole. His brother-in-law was closeted with the King. Bute, provoked by what he considered as the unfriendly and ungrateful conduct of his successors, had himself proposed that Pitt should be summoned to the palace.

Pitt had two audiences on two successive days. What passed at the first interview led him to expect that the negotiation would be brought to a satisfactory close; but on the morrow he found the King less complying. The best account, indeed the only trustworthy account of the conference, is that which was taken from Pitt's own mouth by Lord Hardwicke. It appears that Pitt strongly represented the importance of conciliating those chiefs of the Whig party who had been so unhappy as to incur the royal displeasure. They had, he said, been the most constant friends of the house of Hanover. Their power and credit were great; they had been long versed in public business. If they were to be under sentence of exclusion, a solid administration could not be formed. His Majesty could not bear to think of putting himself into the hands of those whom he had recently chased from his court with the strongest marks of anger. 'I am sorry, Mr Pitt,' he said, 'but I see this will not do. My honour is concerned. I must support my honour.' How his Majesty succeeded in supporting his honour, we shall soon see.

Pitt retired, and the King was reduced to request the ministers whom he had been on the point of discarding, to remain in office. During the two years which followed, Grenville, now closely leagued with the Bedfords, was the master of the court; and a hard master he proved. He knew that he was kept in place only because there was no choice except between himself and the Whigs. That, under any circumstances, the Whigs would be forgiven, he thought impossible. The late attempt to get rid of him had roused his resentment; the failure of that attempt had liberated him from all fear. He had never been very courtly. He now began to hold a language, to which, since the days of Cornet Joyce and President Bradshaw, no English King had been compelled to listen.

In one matter, indeed, Grenville, at the expense of justice and liberty, gratified the passions of the court while gratifying his own. The persecution of Wilkes was eagerly pressed. He had written a parody on Pope's *Essay on Man*, entitled the *Essay on Woman*, and had appended to it notes, in ridicule of Warburton's famous *Commentary*.

This composition was exceedingly profligate, but not more so, we think, than some of Pope's own works—the imitation of the

second satire of the first book of Horace, for example; and, to do Wilkes justice, he had not, like Pope, given his ribaldry to the world. He had merely printed at a private press a very small number of copies, which he meant to present to some of his boon companions, whose morals were in no more danger of being corrupted by a loose book, than a negro of being tanned by a warm sun. A tool of the government, by giving a bribe to the printer, procured a copy of this trash, and placed it in the hands of the ministers. The ministers resolved to visit Wilkes's offence against decorum with the utmost rigour of the law. What share piety and respect for morals had in dictating this resolution, our readers may judge from the fact, that no person was more eager for bringing the libertine poet to punishment than Lord March, afterwards Duke of Queensberry. On the first day of the session of Parliament, the book, thus disgracefully obtained, was laid on the table of the Lords by the Earl of Sandwich, whom the Duke of Bedford's interest had made Secretary of State. The unfortunate author had not the slightest suspicion that his licentious poem had ever been seen, except by his printer and by a few of his dissipated companions, till it was produced in full Parliament. Though he was a man of easy temper, averse from danger, and not very susceptible of shame, the surprise, the disgrace, the prospect of utter ruin, put him beside himself. He picked a quarrel with one of Lord Bute's dependents, fought a duel, was seriously wounded, and, when half recovered, fled to France. His enemies had now their own way both in the Parliament and in the King's Bench. He was censured; expelled from the House of Commons; outlawed. His works were ordered to be burned by the common hangman. Yet was the multitude still true to him. In the minds even of many moral and religious men, his crime seemed light when compared with the crime of his accusers. The conduct of Sandwich, in particular, excited universal disgust. His own vices were notorious; and, only a fortnight before he laid the *Essay on Woman* before the House of Lords, he had been drinking and singing loose catches with Wilkes at one of the most dissolute clubs in London. Shortly after the meeting of Parliament, the *Beggar's Opera* was acted at Covent-Garden theatre. When Macheath uttered the words—'That Jemmy Twitcher should peach me I own surprised me,'—pit, boxes, and galleries, burst into a roar which seemed likely to bring the roof down. From that day Sandwich was universally known by the nickname of Jemmy Twitcher. The ceremony of burning the *North Briton* was interrupted by a riot. The constables were beaten; the paper was rescued; and, instead of it, a jack-boot and a petticoat were committed to the flames. Wilkes had

instituted an action for the seizure of his papers, against the under-secretary of state. The jury gave a thousand pounds damages. But neither these nor any other indications of public feeling had power to move Grenville. He had the Parliament with him: and, according to his political creed, the sense of the nation was to be collected from the Parliament alone.

Soon, however, he found reason to fear that even the Parliament might fail him. On the question of the legality of general warrants, the opposition, having on its side all sound principles, all constitutional authorities, and the voice of the whole nation, mustered in great force, and was joined by many who did not ordinarily vote against the government. On one occasion the ministry, in a very full House, had a majority of only fourteen votes. The storm, however, blew over. The spirit of the opposition, from whatever cause, began to flag at the moment when success seemed almost certain. The session ended without any change. Pitt, whose eloquence had shone with its usual lustre in all the principal debates, and whose popularity was greater than ever, was still a private man. Grenville, detested alike by the court and by the people, was still minister.

As soon as the Houses had risen, Grenville took a step which proved, even more signally than any of his past acts, how despotic, how acrimonious, and how fearless his nature was. Among the gentlemen not ordinarily opposed to the government, who, on the great constitutional question of general warrants, had voted with the minority, was Henry Conway, brother of the Earl of Hertford, a brave soldier, a tolerable speaker, and a well-meaning, though not a wise or vigorous politician. He was now deprived of his regiment, the merited reward of faithful and gallant service in two wars. It was confidently asserted that in this violent measure the King heartily concurred.

But whatever pleasure the persecution of Wilkes, or the dismissal of Conway, may have given to the royal mind, it is certain that his Majesty's aversion to his ministers increased day by day. Grenville was as frugal of the public money as of his own, and morosely refused to accede to the King's request, that a few thousand pounds might be expended in buying some open fields to the west of the gardens of Buckingham House. In consequence of this refusal, the fields were soon covered with buildings, and the King and Queen were overlooked in their most private walks by the upper windows of a hundred houses. Nor was this the worst. Grenville was as liberal of words as he was sparing of guineas. Instead of explaining himself in that clear, concise, and lively manner, which alone could win the attention of a young mind new to business, he spoke in the closet just as he spoke in

the House of Commons. When he had harangued two hours, he looked at his watch, as he had been in the habit of looking at the clock opposite the Speaker's chair, apologized for the length of his discourse, and then went on for an hour more. The members of the House of Commons can cough an orator down, or can walk away to dinner; and they were by no means sparing in the use of these privileges when Grenville was on his legs. But the poor young King had to endure all this eloquence with mournful civility. To the end of his life he continued to talk with horror of Grenville's orations.

About this time took place one of the most singular events in Pitt's life. There was a certain Sir William Pynsent, a Somersetshire baronet of Whig politics, who had been a Member of the House of Commons in the days of Queen Anne, and had retired to rural privacy when the Tory party, towards the end of her reign, obtained the ascendancy in her councils. His manners were eccentric. His morals lay under very odious imputations. But his fidelity to his political opinions was unalterable. During fifty years of seclusion he continued to brood over the events which had driven him from public life, the dismissal of the Whigs, the peace of Utrecht, the desertion of our allies. He now thought that he perceived a close analogy between the well-remembered events of his youth and the events which he had witnessed in extreme old age; between the disgrace of Marlborough and the disgrace of Pitt; between the elevation of Harley and the elevation of Bute; between the treaty negotiated by St John and the treaty negotiated by Bedford; between the wrongs of the house of Austria in 1712 and the wrongs of the house of Brandenburg in 1762. This fancy took such possession of the old man's mind that he determined to leave his whole property to Pitt. In this way Pitt unexpectedly came into possession of near three thousand pounds a-year. Nor could all the malice of his enemies find any ground for reproach in the transaction. Nobody could call him a legacy-hunter. Nobody could accuse him of seizing that to which others had a better claim. For he had never in his life seen Sir William; and Sir William had left no relation so near as to be entitled to form any expectations respecting the estate.

The fortunes of Pitt seemed to flourish; but his health was worse than ever. We cannot find that, during the session which began in January 1765, he once appeared in parliament. He remained some months in profound retirement at Hayes, his favourite villa, scarcely moving except from his arm-chair to his bed, and from his bed to his arm-chair, and often employing his wife as his amanuensis in his most confidential correspondence. Some of

his detractors whispered that his invisibility was to be ascribed quite as much to affectation as to gout. In truth his character, high and splendid as it was, wanted simplicity. With genius which did not need the aid of stage-tricks, and with a spirit which should have been far above them, he had yet been, through life, in the habit of practising them. It was, therefore, now surmised that, having acquired all the consideration which could be derived from eloquence and from great services to the state, he had determined not to make himself cheap by often appearing in public, but, under the pretext of ill health, to surround himself with mystery, to emerge only at long intervals and on momentous occasions, and at other times to deliver his oracles only to a few favoured votaries, who were suffered to make pilgrimages to his shrine. If such were his object, it was for a time fully attained. Never was the magic of his name so powerful, never was he regarded by his country with such superstitious veneration, as during this year of silence and seclusion.

While Pitt was thus absent from parliament, Grenville proposed a measure destined to produce a great revolution, the effects of which will long be felt by the whole human race. We speak of the act for imposing stamp-duties on the North American colonies. The plan was eminently characteristic of its author. Every feature of the parent was found in the child. A timid statesman would have shrunk from a step, of which Walpole, at a time when the colonies were far less powerful, had said—‘He who shall propose it, will be a much bolder man than I.’ But the nature of Grenville was insensible to fear. A statesman of large views would have felt, that to lay taxes at Westminster on New England and New York, was a course opposed, not indeed to the letter of the statute-book, or to any decision contained in the Term Reports, but to the principles of good government, and to the spirit of the constitution. A statesman of large views would also have felt, that ten times the estimated produce of the American stamps would have been dearly purchased by even a transient quarrel between the mother country and the colonies. But Grenville knew of no spirit of the constitution distinct from the letter of the law, and of no national interests except those which are expressed by pounds, shillings, and pence. That his policy might give birth to deep discontents in all the provinces, from the shore of the Great Lakes to the Mexican sea; that France and Spain might seize the opportunity of revenge; that the Empire might be dismembered; that the debt—that debt with the amount of which he perpetually reproached Pitt—might, in consequence of his own policy, be doubled; these were possibilities which never occurred to that small, sharp mind.

The Stamp Act will be remembered as long as the globe lasts. But, at the time, it attracted much less notice in this country than another act which is now almost utterly forgotten. The King fell ill, and was thought to be in a dangerous state. His complaint, we believe, was the same which, at a later period, repeatedly incapacitated him for the performance of his regal functions. The heir-apparent was only two years old. It was clearly proper to make provision for the administration of the government, in case of a minority. The discussions on this point brought the quarrel between the court and the ministry to a crisis. The King wished to be entrusted with the power of naming a regent by will. The ministers feared, or affected to fear, that, if this power were conceded to him, he would name the Princess Mother, nay, possibly the Earl of Bute. They, therefore, insisted on introducing into the bill words confining the King's choice to the royal family. Having thus excluded Bute, they urged the King to let them, in the most marked manner, exclude the Princess-Dowager also. They assured him that the House of Commons would undoubtedly strike her name out, and by this threat they wrung from him a reluctant assent. In a few days, it appeared that the representations by which they had induced the King to put this gross and public affront on his mother were unfounded. The friends of the Princess in the House of Commons moved that her name should be inserted. The ministers could not decently attack the parent of their master. They hoped that the opposition would come to their help, and put on them a force to which they would gladly have yielded. But the majority of the opposition, though hating the Princess, hated Grenville more, beheld his embarrassment with delight, and would do nothing to extricate him from it. The Princess's name was accordingly placed in the list of persons qualified to hold the regency.

The King's resentment was now at the height. The present evil seemed to him more intolerable than any other. Even the junta of Whig grandees could not treat him worse than he had been treated by his present ministers. In his distress he poured out his whole heart to his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland. The duke was not a man to be loved; but he was eminently a man to be trusted. He had an intrepid temper, a strong understanding, and a high sense of honour and duty. As a general, he belonged to a remarkable class of captains—captains, we mean, whose fate it has been to lose almost all the battles which they have fought, and yet to be reputed stout and skilful soldiers. Such captains were Coligni and William the Third. We might, perhaps, add Marshal Soult to the list. The bravery of the Duke

of Cumberland was such as distinguished him even among the princes of his brave house. The indifference with which he rode about amidst musket-balls and cannon-balls was not the highest proof of his fortitude. Hopeless maladies, horrible surgical operations, far from unmaning him, did not even discompose him. With courage, he had the virtues which are akin to courage. He spoke the truth, was open in enmity and friendship, and upright in all his dealings. But his nature was hard; and what seemed to him justice was rarely tempered with mercy. He was, therefore, during many years one of the most unpopular men in England. The severity with which he had treated the rebels after the battle of Culloden, had gained for him the name of the butcher. His attempts to introduce into the army of England, then in a most relaxed state, the rigorous discipline of Potsdam, had excited still stronger disgust. Nothing was too bad to be believed of him. Many honest people were so absurd as to fancy that, if he were left regent during the minority of his nephews, there would be another smothering in the Tower. These feelings, however, had passed away. The Duke had been living, during some years, in retirement. The English, full of animosity against the Scots, now blamed his royal highness only for having left so many Camerons and Macphersons to be made gaugers and custom-house officers. He was, therefore, at present a favourite with his countrymen, and especially with the inhabitants of London.

He had little reason to love the King, and had shown clearly, though not obtrusively, his dislike of the system which had lately been pursued. But he had high and almost romantic notions of the duty which, as a prince of the blood, he owed to the head of his house. He determined to extricate his nephew from bondage, and to effect a reconciliation between the Whig party and the throne, on terms honourable to both.

In this mind he set off for Hayes, and was admitted to Pitt's sick-room. For Pitt would not leave his chamber, and would not communicate with any messenger of inferior dignity. And now began a long series of errors on the part of the illustrious statesman, errors which involved his country in difficulties and distresses more serious even than those from which his genius had formerly rescued her. His language was haughty, unreasonable, almost unintelligible. The only thing which could be discerned through a cloud of vague and not very gracious phrases was, that he would not at that moment take office. The truth, we believe, was this. Lord Temple, who was Pitt's evil genius, had just formed a new scheme of politics. Hatred of Bute and of the Princess had, it should seem, taken entire possession of

Temple's soul. He had quarrelled with his brother George, because George had been connected with Bute and the Princess. Now that George appeared to be the enemy of Bute and the princess, Temple was eager to bring about a general family reconciliation. The three brothers, as Temple, Grenville, and Pitt, were popularly called, might make a ministry, without leaning for aid either on Bute or on the Whig connection. With such views, Temple used all his influence to dissuade Pitt from acceding to the propositions of the Duke of Cumberland. Pitt was not convinced. But Temple had an influence over him such as no other person had ever possessed. They were very old friends, very near relations. If Pitt's talents and fame had been useful to Temple, Temple's purse had formerly, in times of great need, been useful to Pitt. They had never been parted in politics. Twice they had come into the cabinet together; twice they had left it together. Pitt could not bear to think of taking office without his chief ally. Yet he felt that he was doing wrong, that he was throwing away a great opportunity of serving his country. The obscure and unconciliatory style of the answers which he returned to the overtures of the Duke of Cumberland, may be ascribed to the embarrassment and vexation of a mind not at peace with itself. It is said that he mournfully exclaimed to Temple,

'Extinxi te meque, soror, populumque, patresque
Sidonios, urbemque tuam.'

The prediction was but too just.

Finding Pitt impracticable, the Duke of Cumberland advised the King to submit to necessity, and to keep Grenville and the Bedfords. It was, indeed, not a time at which offices could safely be left vacant. The unsettled state of the government had produced a general relaxation through all the departments of the public service. Meetings, which at another time would have been harmless, now turned to riots, and rapidly rose almost to the dignity of rebellions. The Houses of Parliament were blockaded by the Spitalfields weavers. Bedford House was assailed on all sides by a furious rabble, and was strongly garrisoned with horse and foot. Some people attributed these disturbances to the friends of Bute, and some to the friends of Wilkes. But, whatever might be the cause, the effect was general insecurity. Under such circumstances the King had no choice. With bitter feelings of mortification, he informed the ministers that he meant to retain them.

They answered by demanding from him a promise on his royal word never more to consult Lord Bute. The promise was given.

They then demanded something more. Lord Bute's brother, Mr Mackenzie, held a lucrative office in Scotland. Mr Mackenzie must be dismissed. The King replied that the office had been given under very peculiar circumstances, and that he had promised never to take it away while he lived. Grenville was obstinate, and the King, with a very bad grace, yielded.

The session of Parliament was over. The triumph of the ministers was complete. The King was almost as much a prisoner as Charles the First had been, when in the Isle of Wight. Such were the fruits of the policy which, only a few months before, was represented as having for ever secured the throne against the dictation of insolent subjects.

His Majesty's natural resentment showed itself in every look and word. In his extremity, he looked wistfully towards that Whig connection, once the object of his dread and hatred. The Duke of Devonshire, who had been treated with such unjustifiable harshness, had lately died, and had been succeeded by his son, who was still a boy. The King condescended to express his regret for what had passed, and to invite the young Duke to court. The noble youth came, attended by his uncles, and was received with marked graciousness.

This and many other symptoms of the same kind irritated the ministers. They had still in store for their sovereign an insult which would have provoked his grandfather to kick them out of the room. Grenville and Bedford demanded an audience of him, and read him a remonstrance of many pages, which they had drawn up with great care. His Majesty was accused of breaking his word, and of treating his advisers with gross unfairness. The Princess was mentioned in language by no means eulogistic. Hints were thrown out that Bute's head was in danger. The King was plainly told that he must not continue to show, as he had done, that he disliked the situation in which he was placed; that he must frown upon the opposition, that he must carry it fair towards his ministers in public. He several times interrupted the reading, by declaring that he had ceased to hold any communication with Bute. But the ministers, disregarding his denial, went on; and the King listened in silence, almost choked by rage. When they ceased to read, he merely made a gesture expressive of his wish to be left alone. He afterwards owned that he thought he should have gone into a fit.

Driven to despair, he again had recourse to the Duke of Cumberland; and the Duke of Cumberland again had recourse to Pitt. Pitt was really desirous to undertake the direction of affairs, and owned, with many dutiful expressions, that the terms offered by the King were all that any subject could desire. But

Temple was impracticable; and Pitt, with great regret, declared that he could not, without the concurrence of his brother-in-law, undertake the administration.

The Duke now saw only one way of delivering his nephew. An administration must be formed of the Whigs in opposition, without Pitt's help. The difficulties seemed almost insuperable. Death and desertion had grievously thinned the ranks of the party lately supreme in the state. Those among whom the Duke's choice lay might be divided into two classes, men too old for important offices, and men who had never been in any important office before. The cabinet must be composed of broken invalids or of raw recruits.

This was an evil, yet not an unmixed evil. If the new Whig statesmen had little experience in business and debate, they were, on the other hand, pure from the taint of that political immorality which had deeply infected their predecessors. Long prosperity had corrupted that great party which had expelled the Stuarts, limited the prerogatives of the Crown, and curbed the intolerance of the Hierarchy. Adversity had already produced a salutary effect. On the day of the accession of George the Third, the ascendancy of the Whig party terminated; and on that day the purification of the Whig party began. The rising chiefs of that party were men of a very different sort from Sandys and Winnington, from Sir William Younge and Henry Fox. They were men worthy to have charged by the side of Hampden at Chalgrove, or to have exchanged the last embrace with Russell on the scaffold in Lincoln's-Inn Fields. They carried into politics the same high principles of virtue which regulated their private dealings, nor would they stoop to promote even the noblest and most salutary ends by means which honour and probity condemn. Such men were Lord John Cavendish, Sir George Savile, and others whom we hold in honour as the second founders of the Whig party, as the restorers of its pristine health and energy after half a century of degeneracy.

The chief of this respectable band was the Marquis of Rockingham, a man of splendid fortune, excellent sense, and stainless character. He was indeed nervous to such a degree, that, to the very close of his life, he never rose without great reluctance and embarrassment to address the House of Lords. But, though not a great orator, he had in a high degree some of the qualities of a statesman. He chose his friends well; and he had, in an extraordinary degree, the art of attaching them to him by ties of the most honourable kind. The cheerful fidelity with which they adhered to him through many years of almost hopeless opposi-

tion, was less admirable than the disinterestedness and delicacy which they showed when he rose to power.

We are inclined to think that the use and the abuse of party cannot be better illustrated than by a parallel between two powerful connections of that time, the Rockinghams and the Bedfords. The Rockingham party was, in our view, exactly what a party should be. It consisted of men bound together by common opinions, by common public objects, by mutual esteem. That they desired to obtain, by honest and constitutional means, the direction of affairs, they openly avowed. But, though often invited to accept the honours and emoluments of office, they steadily refused to do so on any conditions inconsistent with their principles. The Bedford party, as a party, had, as far as we can discover, no principle whatever. Rigby and Sandwich wanted public money, and thought that they should fetch a higher price jointly than singly. They therefore acted in concert, and prevailed on a much more important and a much better man than themselves to act with them.

It was to Rockingham that the Duke of Cumberland now had recourse. The Marquis consented to take the treasury. Newcastle, so long the recognised chief of the Whigs, could not well be excluded from the ministry. He was appointed keeper of the privy seal. A very honest clear-headed country gentleman, of the name of Dowdeswell, became Chancellor of the Exchequer. General Conway, who had served under the Duke of Cumberland, and was strongly attached to his royal highness, was made Secretary of State, with the lead in the House of Commons. A great Whig nobleman, in the prime of manhood, from whom much was at that time expected, Augustus Duke of Grafton, was the other Secretary.

The oldest man living could remember no government so weak in oratorical talents and in official experience. The general opinion was, that the ministers might hold office during the recess, but that the first day of debate in Parliament would be the last day of their power. Charles Townshend was asked what he thought of the new administration. 'It is,' said he, mere lute-string: pretty summer wear. It will never do for the winter.'

At this conjuncture Lord Rockingham had the wisdom to discern the value, and secure the aid, of an ally, who, to eloquence surpassing the eloquence of Pitt, and to industry which shamed the industry of Grenville, united an amplitude of comprehension to which neither Pitt nor Grenville could lay claim. A young Irishman had, some time before, come over to push his fortune in London. He had written much for the booksellers ;

but he was best known by a little treatise, in which the style and reasoning of Bolingbroke were mimicked with exquisite skill, and by a theory, of more ingenuity than soundness, touching the pleasures which we receive from the objects of taste. He had also attained a high reputation as a talker, and was regarded by the men of letters who supped together at the Turk's Head as the only match in conversation for Dr Johnson. He now became private secretary to Lord Rockingham, and was brought into Parliament by his patron's influence. These arrangements, indeed, were not made without some difficulty. The Duke of Newcastle, who was always meddling and chattering, adjured the first lord of the treasury to be on his guard against this adventurer, whose real name was O'Bourke, and whom his Grace knew to be a wild Irishman, a Jacobite, a Papist, a concealed Jesuit. Lord Rockingham treated the calumny as it deserved; and the Whig party was strengthened and adorned by the accession of Edmund Burke.

The party, indeed, stood in need of accessions; for it sustained about this time an almost irreparable loss. The Duke of Cumberland had formed the government, and was its main support. His exalted rank and great name in some degree balanced the fame of Pitt. As mediator between the Whigs and the court, he held a place which no other person could fill. The strength of his character supplied that which was the chief defect of the new ministry. Conway, in particular, who, with excellent intentions and respectable talents, was the most dependent and irresolute of human beings, drew from the counsels of that masculine mind a determination not his own. Before the meeting of Parliament the Duke suddenly died. His death was generally regarded as the signal of great troubles, and on this account, as well as from respect for his personal qualities, was greatly lamented. It was remarked that the mourning in London was the most general ever known, and was both deeper and longer than the Gazette had prescribed.

In the mean time, every mail from America brought alarming tidings. The crop which Grenville had sown, his successors had now to reap. The colonies were in a state bordering on rebellion. The stamps were burned. The revenue officers were tarred and feathered. All traffic between the discontented provinces and the mother country was interrupted. The Exchange of London was in dismay. Half the firms of Bristol and Liverpool were threatened with bankruptcy. In Leeds, Manchester, Nottingham, it was said that three artisans out of every ten had been turned adrift. Civil war seemed to be at hand; and it could not be doubted, that, if once the British nation were

divided against itself, France and Spain would soon take part in the quarrel.

Three courses were open to the ministers. The first was to enforce the Stamp Act by the sword. This was the course on which the King, and Grenville, whom the King hated beyond all living men, were alike bent. The natures of both were arbitrary and stubborn. They resembled each other so much that they could never be friends; but they resembled each other also so much, that they saw almost all important practical questions in the same point of view. Neither of them would bear to be governed by the other; but they perfectly agreed as to the best way of governing the people.

Another course was that which Pitt recommended. He held that the British Parliament was not constitutionally competent to pass a law for taxing the colonies. He therefore considered the Stamp Act as a nullity, as a document of no more validity than Charles's writ of ship-money, or James's proclamation dispensing with the penal laws. This doctrine seems to us, we must own, to be altogether untenable.

Between these extreme courses lay a third way. The opinion of the most judicious and temperate statesmen of those times was, that the British constitution had set no limit whatever to the legislative power of the British King, Lords, and Commons, over the whole British Empire. Parliament, they held, was legally competent to tax America, as Parliament was legally competent to commit any other act of folly or wickedness, to confiscate the property of all the merchants in Lombard Street, or to attain any man in the kingdom of high treason, without examining witnesses against him, or hearing him in his own defence. The most atrocious act of confiscation or of attainder is just as valid an act as the Toleration Act or the Habeas Corpus Act. But from acts of confiscation and acts of attainder, lawgivers are bound, by every obligation of morality, systematically to refrain. In the same manner ought the British legislature to refrain from taxing the American colonies. The Stamp Act was indefensible, not because it was beyond the constitutional competence of Parliament, but because it was unjust and impolitic, sterile of revenue, and fertile of discontents. These sound doctrines were adopted by Lord Rockingham and his colleagues, and were, during a long course of years, inculcated by Burke, in orations, some of which will last as long as the English language.

The winter came; the Parliament met; and the state of the colonies instantly became the subject of fierce contention. Pitt, whose health had been somewhat restored by the waters of

Bath, reappeared in the House of Commons, and, with ardent and pathetic eloquence, not only condemned the Stamp Act, but applauded the resistance of Massachusetts and Virginia; and vehemently maintained, in defiance, we must say, of all reason and of all authority, that, according to the British constitution, the supreme legislative power does not include the power to tax. The language of Grenville, on the other hand, was such as Strafford might have used at the council-table of Charles the First, when news came of the resistance to the liturgy at Edinburgh. The colonists were traitors; those who excused them were little better. Frigates, mortars, bayonets, sabres, were the proper remedies for such distempers.

The ministers occupied an intermediate position; they proposed to declare that the legislative authority of the British Parliament over the whole Empire was in all cases supreme; and they proposed, at the same time, to repeal the Stamp Act. To the former measure Pitt objected; but it was carried with scarcely a dissentient voice. The repeal of the Stamp Act Pitt strongly supported; but against the government was arrayed a formidable assemblage of opponents. Grenville and the Bedfords were furious. Temple, who had now allied himself closely with his brother, and separated himself from Pitt, was no despicable enemy. This, however, was not the worst. The ministry was without its natural strength. It had to struggle, not only against its avowed enemies, but against the insidious hostility of the King, and of a set of persons who, about this time, began to be designated as the King's friends.

The character of this faction has been drawn by Burke with even more than his usual force and vivacity. Those who know how strongly, through his whole life, his judgment was biassed by his passions, may not unnaturally suspect that he has left us rather a caricature than a likeness; and yet there is scarcely, in the whole portrait, a single touch of which the fidelity is not proved by facts of unquestionable authenticity.

The public generally regarded the King's friends as a body of which Bute was the directing soul. It was to no purpose that the Earl professed to have done with politics, that he absented himself year after year from the levee and the drawing-room, that he went to the north, that he went to Rome. The notion, that, in some inexplicable manner, he dictated all the measures of the court, was fixed in the minds, not only of the multitude, but of some who had good opportunities of obtaining information, and who ought to have been superior to vulgar prejudices. Our own belief is that these suspicions were unfounded, and that he ceased to have any communication with the King on

political matters some time before the dismissal of George Grenville. The supposition of Bute's influence is, indeed, by no means necessary to explain the phenomena. The King, in 1765, was no longer the ignorant and inexperienced boy who had, in 1760, been managed by his mother and his groom of the stole. He had, during several years, observed the struggles of parties, and conferred daily on high questions of state with able and experienced politicians. His way of life had developed his understanding and character. He was now no longer a puppet, but had very decided opinions both of men and things. Nothing could be more natural than that he should have high notions of his own prerogatives, should be impatient of opposition, and should wish all public men to be detached from each other and dependent on himself alone; nor could any thing be more natural than that, in the state in which the political world then was, he should find instruments fit for his purposes.

Thus sprang into existence and into note a reptile species of politicians never before and never since known in our country. These men disclaimed all political ties, except those which bound them to the throne. They were willing to coalesce with any party, to abandon any party, to undermine any party, to assault any party, at a moment's notice. To them, all administrations and all oppositions were the same. They regarded Bute, Grenville, Rockingham, Pitt, without one sentiment either of predilection or of aversion. They were the King's friends. It is to be observed that this friendship implied no personal intimacy. These people had never lived with their master, as Dodington at one time lived with his father, or as Sheridan afterwards lived with his son. They never hunted with him in the morning, or played cards with him in the evening; never shared his mutton or walked with him among his turnips. Only one or two of them ever saw his face, except on public days. The whole band, however, always had early and accurate information as to his personal inclinations. None of these people were high in the administration. They were generally to be found in places of much emolument, little labour, and no responsibility; and these places they continued to occupy securely while the cabinet was six or seven times reconstructed. Their peculiar business was not to support the ministry against the opposition, but to support the King against the ministry. Whenever his Majesty was induced to give a reluctant assent to the introduction of some bill which his constitutional advisers regarded as necessary, his friends in the House of Commons were sure to speak against it, to vote against it, to throw in its way every obstruction compatible with the forms of Parliament. If his Majesty found it

necessary to admit into his closet a Secretary of State or a First Lord of the Treasury whom he disliked, his friends were sure to miss no opportunity of thwarting and humbling the obnoxious minister. In return for these services, the King covered them with his protection. It was to no purpose that his responsible servants complained to him that they were daily betrayed and impeded by men who were eating the bread of the government. He sometimes justified the offenders, sometimes excused them, sometimes owned that they were to blame, but said that he must take time to consider whether he could part with them. He never would turn them out; and, while every thing else in the state was constantly changing, these sycophants seemed to have a life-estate in their offices.

It was well known to the King's friends, that though his Majesty had consented to the repeal of the Stamp Act, he had consented with a very bad grace, and that though he had eagerly welcomed the Whigs, when, in his extreme need and at his earnest entreaty, they had undertaken to free him from an insupportable yoke, he had by no means got over his early prejudices against his deliverers. The ministers soon found that, while they were encountered in front by the whole force of a strong opposition, their rear was assailed by a large body of those whom they had regarded as auxiliaries.

Nevertheless, Lord Rockingham and his adherents went on resolutely with the bill for repealing the Stamp Act. They had on their side all the manufacturing and commercial interests of the realm. In the debates the government was powerfully supported. Two great orators and statesmen, belonging to two different generations, repeatedly put forth all their powers in defence of the bill. The House of Commons heard Pitt for the last time, and Burke for the first time, and was in doubt to which of them the palm of eloquence should be assigned. It was indeed a splendid sunset and a splendid dawn.

For a time the event seemed doubtful. In several divisions the ministers were hard pressed. On one occasion, not less than twelve of the King's friends, all men in office, voted against the government. It was to no purpose that Lord Rockingham remonstrated with the King. His Majesty confessed that there was ground for complaint, but hoped that gentle means would bring the mutineers to a better mind. If they persisted in their misconduct, he would dismiss them.

At length the decisive day arrived. The gallery, the lobby, the Court of Requests, the staircases, were crowded with merchants from all the great ports of the island. The debate lasted till long after midnight. On the division, the ministers had a

great majority. The dread of civil war, and the outcry of all the trading towns of the kingdom, had been too strong for the combined strength of the court and the opposition.

It was in the first dim twilight of a February morning that the doors were thrown open, and that the chiefs of the hostile parties showed themselves to the multitude. Conway was received with loud applause. But when Pitt appeared, all eyes were fixed on him alone. All hats were in the air. Loud and long huzzas accompanied him to his chair, and a train of admirers escorted him all the way to his home. Then came forth Grenville. As soon as he was recognised, a storm of hisses and curses broke forth. He turned fiercely on the crowd, and caught one man by the throat. The bystanders were in great alarm. If a scuffle began, none could say how it might end. Fortunately the person who had been collared only said, 'If I may not hiss, sir, I hope I may laugh,' and laughed in Grenville's face.

The majority had been so decisive, that all the opponents of the ministry, save one, were disposed to let the bill pass without any further contention. But solicitation and expostulation were thrown away on Grenville. His indomitable spirit rose up stronger and stronger under the load of public hatred. He fought out the battle obstinately to the end. On the last reading he had a sharp altercation with his brother-in-law, the last of their many sharp altercations. Pitt thundered in his loftiest tones against the man who had wished to dip the ermine of a British King in the blood of the British people. Grenville replied with his wonted intrepidity and asperity. 'If the tax,' he said, 'were still to be laid on, I would lay it on. For the evils which it may produce my accuser is answerable. His profusion made it necessary. His declarations against the constitutional powers of King, Lords, and Commons, have made it doubly necessary. I do not envy him the huzza. I glory in the hiss. If it were to be done again, I would do it.'

The repeal of the Stamp Act was the chief measure of Lord Rockingham's government. But that government is entitled to the praise of having put a stop to two oppressive practices, which, in Wilkes's case, had attracted the notice and excited the just indignation of the public. The House of Commons was induced by the ministers to pass a resolution, condemning the use of general warrants, and another resolution, condemning the seizure of papers in cases of libel.

It must be added, to the lasting honour of Lord Rockingham, that his administration was the first which, during a long course of years, had the courage and the virtue to refrain from bribing members of Parliament. His enemies accused him and his

friends of weakness, of haughtiness, of party spirit ; but calumny itself never dared to couple his name with corruption.

Unhappily his government, though one of the best that has ever existed in our country, was also one of the weakest. The King's friends assailed and obstructed the ministers at every turn. To appeal to the King was only to draw forth new promises and new evasions. His Majesty was sure that there must be some misunderstanding. Lord Rockingham had better speak to the gentlemen. They should be dismissed on the next fault. The next fault was soon committed, and his Majesty still continued to shuffle. It was too bad. It was quite abominable ; but it mattered less as the prorogation was at hand. He would give the delinquents one more chance. If they did not alter their conduct next session, he should not have one word to say for them. He had already resolved that, long before the commencement of the next session, Lord Rockingham should cease to be minister.

We have now come to a part of our story which, admiring as we do the genius and the many noble qualities of Pitt, we cannot relate without much pain. We believe that, at this conjuncture, he had it in his power to give the victory either to the Whigs or to the King's friends. If he had allied himself closely with Lord Rockingham, what could the court have done ? There would have been only one alternative, the Whigs or Grenville ; and there could be no doubt what the King's choice would be. He still remembered, as well he might, with the utmost bitterness, the thralldom from which his uncle had freed him, and said about this time, with great vehemence, that he would sooner see the devil come into his closet than Grenville.

And what was there to prevent Pitt from allying himself with Lord Rockingham ? On all the most important questions their views were the same. They had agreed in condemning the peace, the Stamp Act, the general warrants, the seizure of papers. The points in which they differed were few and unimportant. In integrity, in disinterestedness, in hatred of corruption, they resembled each other. Their personal interests could not clash. They sat in different Houses, and Pitt had always declared that nothing should induce him to be first lord of the treasury.

If the opportunity of forming a coalition beneficial to the state, and honourable to all concerned, was suffered to escape, the fault was not with the Whig ministers. They behaved towards Pitt with an obsequiousness which, had it not been the effect of sincere admiration and of anxiety for the public interests, might have been justly called servile. They repeatedly gave him to understand that, if he chose to join their ranks, they were

ready to receive him, not as an associate, but as a leader. They had proved their respect for him by bestowing a peerage on the person who, at that time, enjoyed the largest share of his confidence, Chief-Justice Pratt. What then was there to divide Pitt from the Whigs? What, on the other hand, was there in common between him and the King's friends, that he should lend himself to their purposes—he who had never owed any thing to flattery or intrigue, he whose eloquence and independent spirit had overawed two generations of slaves and jobbers, he who had twice been forced by the enthusiasm of an admiring nation on a reluctant Prince?

Unhappily the court had gained Pitt, not, it is true, by those ignoble means which were employed when such men as Rigby and Wedderburn were to be won, but by allurements suited to a nature noble even in its aberrations. The King set himself to seduce the one man who could turn the Whigs out without letting Grenville in. Praise, caresses, promises, were lavished on the idol of the nation. He, and he alone, could put an end to faction, could bid defiance to all the powerful connections in the land united, Whigs and Tories, Rockinghams, Bedfords, and Grenvilles. These blandishments produced a great effect. For though Pitt's spirit was high and manly, though his eloquence was often exerted with formidable effect against the court, and though his theory of government had been learned in the school of Locke and Sidney, he had always regarded the person of the sovereign with profound veneration. As soon as he was brought face to face with royalty, his imagination and sensibility became too strong for his principles. His Whiggism thawed and disappeared; and he became, for the time, a Tory of the old Ormond pattern. Nor was he by any means unwilling to assist in the work of dissolving all political connections. His own weight in the state was wholly independent of such connections. He was therefore inclined to look on them with dislike, and made far too little distinction between gangs of knaves associated for the mere purpose of robbing the public, and confederacies of honourable men for the promotion of great public objects. Nor had he the sagacity to perceive that the strenuous efforts which he made to annihilate all parties tended only to establish the ascendancy of one party, and that the basest and most hateful of all.

It may be doubted whether he would have been thus misled, if his mind had been in full health and vigour. But the truth is, that he had for some time been in an unnatural state of excitement. No suspicion of this sort had yet got abroad. His eloquence had never shone with more splendour than during the recent debates. But people afterwards called to mind many

things which ought to have roused their apprehensions. His habits were gradually becoming more and more eccentric. A horror of all loud sounds, such as is said to have been one of the many oddities of Wallenstein, grew upon him. Though the most affectionate of fathers, he could not at this time bear to hear the voices of his own children, and laid out great sums at Hayes in buying up houses contiguous to his own, merely that he might have no neighbours to disturb him with their noise. He then sold Hayes, and took possession of a villa at Hampstead, where he again began to purchase houses to right and left. In expense, indeed, he vied, during this part of his life, with the wealthiest of the conquerors of Bengal and Tanjore. At Burton Pynsent, he ordered a great extent of ground to be planted with cedars. Cedars enough for the purpose were not to be found in Somersetshire. They were therefore collected in London, and sent down by land carriage. Relays of labourers were hired; and the work went on all night by torchlight. No man could be more abstemious than Pitt; yet the profusion of his kitchen was a wonder even to epicures. Several dinners were always dressing; for his appetite was capricious and fanciful; and at whatever moment he felt inclined to eat, he expected a meal to be instantly on the table. Other circumstances might be mentioned, such as separately are of little moment, but such as, when taken together, and when viewed in connection with the strange events which followed, justify us in believing that his mind was already in a morbid state.

Soon after the close of the session of Parliament, Lord Rockingham received his dismissal. He retired, accompanied by a firm body of friends, whose consistency and uprightness enmity itself was forced to admit. None of them had asked or obtained any pension or any sinecure, either in possession or in reversion. Such disinterestedness was then rare among politicians. Their chief, though not a man of brilliant talents, had won for himself an honourable fame, which he kept pure to the last. He had, in spite of difficulties which seemed almost insurmountable, removed great abuses and averted a civil war. Sixteen years later, in a dark and terrible day, he was again called upon to save the state, brought to the very brink of ruin by the same perfidy and obstinacy which had embarrassed, and at length overthrown, his first administration.

Pitt was planting in Somersetshire when he was summoned to court by a letter written with the royal hand. He instantly hastened to London. The irritability of his mind and body were increased by the rapidity with which he travelled; and when he reached his journey's end he was suffering from fever. Ill as he

was, he saw the King at Richmond, and undertook to form an administration.

Pitt was scarcely in the state in which a man should be who has to conduct delicate and arduous negotiations. In his letters to his wife, he complained that the conferences in which it was necessary for him to bear a part heated his blood and accelerated his pulse. From other sources of information we learn, that his language, even to those whose co-operation he wished to engage, was strangely peremptory and despotic. Some of his notes written at this time have been preserved, and are in a style which Louis the Fourteenth would have been too well bred to employ in addressing any French gentleman.

In the attempt to dissolve all parties, Pitt met with some difficulties. Some Whigs, whom the court would gladly have detached from Lord Rockingham, rejected all offers. The Bedfords were perfectly willing to break with Grenville; but Pitt would not come up to their terms. Temple, whom Pitt at first meant to place at the head of the treasury, proved intractable. A coldness indeed had, during some months, been fast growing between the brothers-in-law, so long and so closely allied in politics. Pitt was angry with Temple for opposing the repeal of the Stamp Act. Temple was angry with Pitt for refusing to accede to that family league which was now the favourite plan at Stowe. At length the Earl proposed an equal partition of power and patronage, and offered, on this condition, to give up his brother George. Pitt thought the demand exorbitant, and positively refused compliance. A bitter quarrel followed. Each of the kinsmen was true to his character. Temple's soul festered with spite, and Pitt's swelled into contempt. Temple represented Pitt as the most odious of hypocrites and traitors. Pitt held a different, and perhaps a more provoking tone. Temple was a good sort of man enough, whose single title to distinction was, that he had a large garden, with a large piece of water, and a great many pavilions and summer-houses. To his fortunate connection with a great orator and statesman he was indebted for an importance in the state which his own talents could never have gained for him. That importance had turned his head. He had begun to fancy that he could form administrations, and govern Empires. It was piteous to see a well-meaning man under such a delusion.

In spite of all these difficulties, a ministry was made such as the King wished to see, a Ministry in which all his Majesty's friends were comfortably accommodated, and which, with the exception of his Majesty's friends, contained no four persons who had ever in their lives been in the habit of acting together. Men who had never concurred in a single vote found them-

selves seated at the same board. The office of paymaster was divided between two persons who had never exchanged a word. Most of the chief posts were filled either by personal adherents of Pitt, or by members of the late ministry, who had been induced to remain in place after the dismissal of Lord Rockingham. To the former class belonged Pratt, now Lord Camden, who accepted the great seal, and Lord Shelburne, who was made one of the Secretaries of State. To the latter class belonged the Duke of Grafton, who became First Lord of the Treasury, and Conway, who kept his old position both in the government and in the House of Commons. Charles Townshend, who had belonged to every party, and cared for none, was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Pitt himself was declared prime minister, but refused to take any laborious office. He was created Earl of Chatham, and the privy seal was delivered to him.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that the failure, the complete and disgraceful failure, of this arrangement, is not to be ascribed to any want of talents in the persons whom we have named. None of them were deficient in abilities; and four of them, Pitt himself, Shelburne, Camden, and Townshend, were men of high intellectual eminence. The fault was not in the materials, but in the principle on which the materials were put together. Pitt had mixed up these conflicting elements, in the full confidence that he should be able to keep them all in perfect subordination to himself, and in perfect harmony with each other. We shall soon see how the experiment succeeded.

On the very day on which the new prime minister kissed hands, three-fourths of that popularity which he had long enjoyed without a rival, and to which he owed the greater part of his authority, departed from him. A violent outcry was raised, not against that part of his conduct which really deserved severe condemnation, but against a step in which we can see nothing to censure. His acceptance of a peerage produced a general burst of indignation. Yet surely no peerage had ever been better earned; nor was there ever a statesman who more needed the repose of the Upper House. Pitt was now growing old. He was much older in constitution than in years. It was with imminent risk to his life that he had, on some important occasions, attended his duty in Parliament. During the session of 1764, he had not been able to take part in a single debate. It was impossible that he should go through the nightly labour of conducting the business of the government in the House of Commons. His wish to be transferred, under such circumstances, to a less busy and a less turbulent assembly, was natural and reasonable. The nation, however, overlooked all these considerations. Those who had most loved and honoured the great Commoner, were

loudest in invective against the new-made lord. London had hitherto been true to him through every vicissitude. When the citizens learned that he had been sent for from Somersetshire, that he had been closeted with the King at Richmond, and that he was to be first minister, they had been in transports of joy. Preparations were made for a grand entertainment, and for a general illumination. The lamps had actually been placed round the Monument, when the Gazette announced that the object of all their enthusiasm was an Earl. Instantly the feast was countermanded. The lamps were taken down. The newspapers raised the roar of obloquy. Pamphlets, made up of calumny and scurrility, filled the shops of all the booksellers; and of those pamphlets, the most galling were written under the direction of the malignant Temple. It was now the fashion to compare the two Williams, William Pulteney and William Pitt. Both, it was said, had, by eloquence and simulated patriotism, acquired a great ascendancy in the House of Commons and in the country. Both had been entrusted with the office of reforming the government. Both had, when at the height of power and popularity, been seduced by the splendour of the coronet. Both had been made earls, and both had in a moment become objects of aversion and scorn to the nation, which a few hours before had regarded them with affection and veneration.

The clamour against Pitt appears to have had a serious effect on the foreign relations of the country. His name had till now acted like a spell at Versailles and Saint Ildefonso. English travellers on the Continent had remarked, that nothing more was necessary to silence a whole room-full of boasting Frenchmen, than to drop a hint of the probability that Mr Pitt would return to power. In an instant there was deep silence: all shoulders rose, and all faces were lengthened. Now, unhappily, every foreign court, in learning that he was recalled to office, learned also that he no longer possessed the hearts of his countrymen. Ceasing to be loved at home, he ceased to be feared abroad. The name of Pitt had been a charmed name. Our envoys tried in vain to conjure with the name of Chatham.

The difficulties which beset Chatham were daily increased by the despotic manner in which he treated all around him. Lord Rockingham had, at the time of the change of ministry, acted with great moderation, had expressed a hope that the new government would act on the principles of the late government, and had even interfered to prevent many of his friends from quitting office. Thus Saunders and Keppel, two naval commanders of great eminence, had been induced to remain at the Admiralty, where their services were much needed. The Duke of Portland was still lord-chamberlain, and Lord Besborough

postmaster. But within a quarter of a year, Lord Chatham had so effectually disgusted these men, that they all retired in deep disgust. In truth, his tone, submissive in the closet, was at this time insupportably tyrannical in the cabinet. His colleagues were merely his clerks for naval, financial, and diplomatic business. Conway, meek as he was, was on one occasion provoked into declaring that such language as Lord Chatham's had never been heard west of Constantinople, and was with difficulty prevented by Horace Walpole from resigning, and rejoining the standard of Lord Rockingham.

The breach which had been made in the government by the defection of so many of the Rockinghams, Chatham hoped to supply by the help of the Bedfords. But with the Bedfords he could not deal as he had dealt with other parties. It was to no purpose that he bade high for one or two members of the faction, in the hope of detaching them from the rest. They were to be had; but they were to be had only in the lot. There was indeed for a moment some wavering and some disputing among them. But at length the counsels of the shrewd and resolute Rigby prevailed. They determined to stand firmly together, and plainly intimated to Chatham that he must take them all, or that he should get none of them. The event proved that they were wiser in their generation than any other connection in the state. In a few months they were able to dictate their own terms.

The most important public measure of Lord Chatham's administration was his celebrated interference with the corn-trade. The harvest had been bad; the price of food was high; and he thought it necessary to take on himself the responsibility of laying an embargo on the exportation of grain. When Parliament met, this proceeding was attacked by the opposition as unconstitutional, and defended by the ministers as indispensably necessary. At last, an act was passed to indemnify all who had been concerned in the embargo.

The first words uttered by Chatham, in the House of Lords, were in defence of his conduct on this occasion. He spoke with a calmness, sobriety, and dignity, well suited to the audience which he was addressing. A subsequent speech which he made on the same subject was less successful. He bade defiance to aristocratical connections, with a superciliousness to which the Peers were not accustomed, and with tones and gestures better suited to a large and stormy assembly than to the body of which he was now a member. A short altercation followed, and he was told very plainly that he should not be suffered to browbeat the old nobility of England.

It gradually became clearer and clearer that he was in a dis-

tempered state of mind. His attention had been drawn to the territorial acquisitions of the East India Company, and he determined to bring the whole of that great subject before Parliament. He would not, however, confer on the subject with any of his colleagues. It was in vain that Conway, who was charged with the conduct of business in the House of Commons, and Charles Townshend, who was responsible for the direction of the finances, begged for some glimpse of light as to what was in contemplation. Chatham's answers were sullen and mysterious. He must decline any discussion with them; he did not want their assistance; he had fixed on a person to take charge of his measure in the House of Commons. This person was a member who was not connected with the government, and who neither had, nor deserved to have, the ear of the House—a noisy, purseproud, illiterate demagogue, whose Cockney English and scraps of mispronounced Latin were the jest of the newspapers, Alderman Beckford. It may well be supposed that these strange proceedings produced a ferment through the whole political world. The city was in commotion. The East India Company invoked the faith of charters. Burke thundered against the ministers. The ministers looked at each other, and knew not what to say. In the midst of the confusion, Lord Chatham proclaimed himself gouty, and retired to Bath. It was announced, after some time, that he was better, that he would shortly return, that he would soon put every thing in order. A day was fixed for his arrival in London. But when he reached the Castle inn at Marlborough, he stopped, shut himself up in his room, and remained there some weeks. Every body who travelled that road was amazed by the number of his attendants. Footmen and grooms, dressed in his family livery, filled the whole inn, though one of the largest in England, and swarmed in the streets of the little town. The truth was, that the invalid had insisted that, during his stay, all the waiters and stable-boys of the Castle should wear his livery.

His colleagues were in despair. The Duke of Grafton proposed to go down to Marlborough in order to consult the oracle. But he was informed that Lord Chatham must decline all conversation on business. In the mean time, all the parties which were out of office, Bedfords, Grenvilles, and Rockinghams, joined to oppose the distracted government on the vote for the land-tax. They were reinforced by almost all the county members, and had a considerable majority. This was the first time that a ministry had been beaten on an important division in the House of Commons since the fall of Sir Robert Walpole. The administration, thus furiously assailed from without, was torn

by internal dissensions. It had been formed on no principle whatever. From the very first, nothing but Chatham's authority had prevented the hostile contingents which made up his ranks from going to blows with each other. That authority was now withdrawn, and every thing was in commotion. Conway, a brave soldier, but in civil affairs the most timid and irresolute of men, afraid of disobliging the King, afraid of being abused in the newspapers, afraid of being thought factious if he went out, afraid of being thought interested if he stayed in, afraid of every thing, and afraid of being known to be afraid of any thing, was beaten backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock between Horace Walpole who wished to make him prime minister, and Lord John Cavendish who wished to draw him into opposition. Charles Townshend, a man of splendid talents, of lax principles, and of boundless vanity and presumption, would submit to no control. The full extent of his parts, of his ambition, and of his arrogance, had not yet been made manifest; for he had always quailed before the genius and the lofty character of Pitt. But now that Pitt had quitted the House of Commons, and seemed to have abdicated the part of chief minister, Townshend broke loose from all restraint.

While things were in this state, Chatham at length returned to London. He might as well have remained at Marlborough. He would see nobody. He would give no opinion on any public matter. The Duke of Grafton begged piteously for an interview, for an hour, for half an hour, for five minutes. The answer was, that it was impossible. The King himself repeatedly condescended to expostulate and implore. 'Your duty,' he wrote, 'your own honour, require you to make an effort.' The answers to these appeals were commonly written in Lady Chatham's hand, from her lord's dictation; for he had not energy even to use a pen. He flings himself at the King's feet. He is penetrated by the royal goodness, so signally shown to the most unhappy of men. He implores a little more indulgence. He cannot as yet transact business. He cannot see his colleagues. Least of all can he bear the excitement of an interview with majesty.

Some were half inclined to suspect that he was, to use a military phrase, malingering. He had made, they said, a great blunder, and had found it out. His immense popularity, his high reputation for statesmanship, were gone for ever. Intoxicated by pride, he had undertaken a task beyond his abilities. He now saw nothing before him but distresses and humiliations; and he had therefore simulated illness, in order to escape from vexations which he had not fortitude to meet. This suspicion, though it derived some colour from that weakness which was the most striking blemish of his character, was certainly unfounded. His

mind, before he became first minister, had been, as we have said, in an unsound state; and physical and moral causes now concurred to make the derangement of his faculties complete. The gout, which had been the torment of his whole life, had been suppressed by strong remedies. For the first time since he was a boy at Oxford, he passed several months without a twinge. But his hand and foot had been relieved at the expense of his nerves. He became melancholy, fanciful, irritable. The embarrassing state of public affairs, the grave responsibility which lay on him, the consciousness of his errors, the disputes of his colleagues, the savage clamours raised by his detractors, bewildered his enfeebled mind. One thing alone, he said, could save him. He must repurchase Hayes. The unwilling consent of the new occupant was extorted by Lady Chatham's entreaties and tears; and her lord was somewhat easier. But if business were mentioned to him, he, once the proudest and boldest of mankind, behaved like a hysterical girl, trembled from head to foot, and burst into a flood of tears.

His colleagues for a time continued to entertain the expectation that his health would soon be restored, and that he would emerge from his retirement. But month followed month, and still he remained hidden in mysterious seclusion, and sunk, as far as they could learn, in the deepest dejection of spirits. They at length ceased to hope or to fear any thing from him; and, though he was still nominally Prime Minister, took without scruple steps which they knew to be diametrically opposed to all his opinions and feelings, allied themselves with those whom he had proscribed, disgraced those whom he most esteemed, and laid taxes on the colonies, in the face of the strong declarations which he had recently made.

When he had passed about a year and three quarters in gloomy privacy, the King received a few lines in Lady Chatham's hand. They contained a request, dictated by her lord, that he might be permitted to resign the Privy Seal. After some civil show of reluctance, the resignation was accepted. Indeed Chatham was, by this time, almost as much forgotten as if he had already been lying in Westminster Abbey.

At length the clouds which had gathered over his mind broke and passed away. His gout returned, and freed him from a more cruel malady. His nerves were newly braced. His spirits became buoyant. He woke as from a sickly dream. It was a strange recovery. Men had been in the habit of talking of him as of one dead, and, when he first showed himself at the King's levee, started as if they had seen a ghost. It was more than two years and a half since he had appeared in public.

He, too, had cause for wonder. The world which he now

entered was not the world which he had quitted. The administration which he had formed had never been, at any one moment, entirely changed. But there had been so many losses and so many accessions, that he could scarcely recognise his own work. Charles Townshend was dead. Lord Shelburne had been dismissed. Conway had sunk into utter insignificance. The Duke of Grafton had fallen into the hands of the Bedfords. The Bedfords had deserted Grenville, had made their peace with the King and the King's friends, and had been admitted to office. Lord North was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was rising fast in importance. Corsica had been given up to France without a struggle. The disputes with the American colonies had been revived. A general election had taken place. Wilkes had returned from exile, and, outlaw as he was, had been chosen knight of the shire for Middlesex. The multitude was on his side. The Court was obstinately bent on ruining him, and was prepared to shake the very foundations of the constitution for the sake of a paltry revenge. The House of Commons, assuming to itself an authority which of right belongs only to the whole legislature, had declared Wilkes incapable of sitting in Parliament. Nor had it been thought sufficient to keep him out. Another must be brought in. Since the freeholders of Middlesex had obstinately refused to choose a member acceptable to the Court, the House had chosen a member for them. This was not the only instance, perhaps not the most disgraceful instance, of the inveterate malignity of the Court. Exasperated by the steady opposition of the Rockingham party, the King's friends had tried to rob a distinguished Whig nobleman of his private estate, and had persisted in their mean wickedness till their own servile majority had revolted from mere disgust and shame. Discontent had spread throughout the nation, and was kept up by stimulants such as had rarely been applied to the public mind. Junius had taken the field, had trampled Sir William Draper in the dust, had wellnigh broken the heart of Blackstone, and had so mangled the reputation of the Duke of Grafton that his grace had become sick of office, and was beginning to look wistfully towards the shades of Euston. Every principle of foreign, domestic, and colonial policy which was dear to the heart of Chatham, had, during the eclipse of his genius, been violated by the government which he had formed.

The remaining years of his life were spent in vainly struggling against that fatal policy which, at the moment when he might have given it a death-blow, he had been induced to take under his protection. His exertions redeemed his own fame, but they effected little for his country.

He found two parties arrayed against the government, the party of his own brothers-in-law, the Grenvilles, and the party of Lord Rockingham. On the question of the Middlesex election these parties were agreed. But on many other important questions they differed widely; and they were, in truth, not less hostile to each other than to the court. The Grenvilles had, during several years, annoyed the Rockinghams with a succession of acrimonious pamphlets. It was long before the Rockinghams could be induced to retaliate. But an ill-natured tract, written under Grenville's direction, and entitled a *State of the Nation*, was too much for their patience. Burke undertook to defend and avenge his friends, and executed the task with admirable skill and vigour. On every point he was victorious, and nowhere more completely victorious than when he joined issue on those dry and minute questions of statistical and financial detail in which the main strength of Grenville lay. The official drudge, even on his own chosen ground, was utterly unable to maintain the fight against the great orator and philosopher. When Chatham reappeared, Grenville was still writhing with the recent shame and smart of this well-merited chastisement. Cordial co-operation between the two sections of the opposition was impossible. Nor could Chatham easily connect himself with either. His feelings, in spite of many affronts given and received, drew him towards the Grenvilles. For he had strong domestic affections; and his nature, which, though haughty, was by no means obdurate, had been softened by affliction. But from his kinsmen he was separated by a wide difference of opinion on the question of colonial taxation. A reconciliation, however, took place. He visited Stowe: he shook hands with George Grenville; and the Whig freeholders of Buckinghamshire, at their public dinners, drank many bumpers to the union of the three brothers.

In opinions, Chatham was much nearer to the Rockinghams than to his own relatives. But between him and the Rockinghams there was a gulf not easily to be passed. He had deeply injured them, and, in injuring them, had deeply injured his country. When the balance was trembling between them and the court, he had thrown the whole weight of his genius, of his renown, of his popularity, into the scale of misgovernment. It must be added, that many eminent members of the party still retained a bitter recollection of the asperity and disdain with which they had been treated by him at the time when he assumed the direction of affairs. It is clear from Burke's pamphlets and speeches, and still more clear from his private letters, and from the language which he held in conversation, that he long

regarded Chatham with a feeling not far removed from dislike. Chatham was undoubtedly conscious of his error, and desirous to atone for it. But his overtures of friendship, though made with earnestness, and even with unwonted humility, were at first received by Lord Rockingham with cold and austere reserve. Gradually the intercourse of the two statesmen became courteous and even amicable. But the past was never wholly forgotten.

Chatham did not, however, stand alone. Round him gathered a party, small in number, but strong in great and various talents. Lord Camden, Lord Shelburne, Colonel Barré, and Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton, were the principal members of this connection.

There is no reason to believe that, from this time till within a few weeks of Chatham's death, his intellect suffered any decay. His eloquence was almost to the last heard with delight. But it was not exactly the eloquence of the House of Lords. That lofty and passionate, but somewhat desultory declamation in which he excelled all men, and which was set off by looks, tones, and gestures, worthy of Garrick or Talma, was out of place in a small apartment where the audience often consisted of three or four drowsy prelates, three or four old judges, accustomed during many years to disregard rhetoric, and to look only at facts and arguments, and three or four listless and supercilious men of fashion, whom any thing like enthusiasm moved to a sneer. In the House of Commons, a flash of his eye, a wave of his arm, had sometimes cowed Murray. But, in the House of Peers, his utmost vehemence and pathos produced less effect than the moderation, the reasonableness, the luminous order, and the serene dignity, which characterized the speeches of Lord Mansfield.

On the question of the Middlesex election, all the three divisions of the opposition acted in concert. No orator in either House defended what is now universally admitted to have been the constitutional cause with more ardour or eloquence than Chatham. Before this subject had ceased to occupy the public mind, George Grenville died. His party rapidly melted away ; and in a short time most of his adherents appeared on the ministerial benches.

Had George Grenville lived many months longer, the friendly ties which, after years of estrangement and hostility, had been renewed between him and his brother-in-law, would, in all probability, have been a second time violently dissolved. For now the quarrel between England and the North American colonies took a gloomy and terrible aspect. Oppression provoked resistance ; resistance was made the pretext for fresh oppression. The

warnings of all the greatest statesmen of the age were lost on an imperious court and a deluded nation. Soon a colonial senate confronted the British Parliament. Then the colonial militia crossed bayonets with the British regiments. At length the commonwealth was torn asunder. Two millions of Englishmen, who, fifteen years before, had been as loyal to their prince and as proud of their country as the people of Kent or Yorkshire, separated themselves by a solemn act from the Empire. For a time it seemed that the insurgents would struggle to small purpose against the vast financial and military means of the mother country. But disasters, following one another in rapid succession, rapidly dispelled the illusions of national vanity. At length a great British force, exhausted, famished, harassed on every side by a hostile peasantry, was compelled to deliver up its arms. Those governments which England had, in the late war, so signally humbled, and which had during many years been sullenly brooding over the recollections of Quebec, of Minden, and of the Moro, now saw with exultation that the day of revenge was at hand. France recognised the independence of the United States; and there could be little doubt that the example would soon be followed by Spain.

Chatham and Rockingham had cordially concurred in opposing every part of the fatal policy which had brought the state into this dangerous situation. But their paths now diverged. Lord Rockingham thought, and, as the event proved, thought most justly, that the revolted colonies were separated from the Empire for ever, and that the only effect of prolonging the war on the American continent would be to divide resources which it was desirable to concentrate. If the hopeless attempt to subjugate Pennsylvania and Virginia were abandoned, war against the house of Bourbon might possibly be avoided, or, if inevitable, might be carried on with success and glory. We might even indemnify ourselves for part of what we had lost, at the expense of those foreign enemies who had hoped to profit by our domestic dissensions. Lord Rockingham, therefore, and those who acted with him, conceived that the wisest course now open to England, was to acknowledge the independence of the United States, and to turn her whole force against her European enemies.

Chatham, it should seem, ought to have taken the same side. Before France had taken any part in our quarrel with the colonies, he had repeatedly, and with great energy of language, declared that it was impossible to conquer America; and he could not without absurdity maintain that it was easier to conquer France and America together than America alone. But his passions overpowered his judgment, and made him blind to his

own inconsistency. The very circumstances which made the separation of the colonies inevitable, made it to him altogether insupportable. The dismemberment of the Empire seemed to him less ruinous and humiliating, when produced by domestic dissensions, than when produced by foreign interference. His blood boiled at the degradation of his country. Whatever lowered her among the nations of the earth, he felt as a personal outrage to himself. And the feeling was natural. He had made her so great. He had been so proud of her; and she had been so proud of him. He remembered how, more than twenty years before, in a day of gloom and dismay, when her possessions were torn from her, when her flag was dishonoured, she had called on him to save her. He remembered the sudden and glorious change which his energy had wrought, the long series of triumphs, the days of thanksgiving, the nights of illumination. Fired by such recollections, he determined to separate himself from those who advised that the independence of the colonies should be acknowledged. That he was in error, will scarcely, we think, be disputed by his warmest admirers. Indeed, the treaty by which, a few years later, the republic of the United States was recognised, was the work of his most attached adherents and of his favourite son.

The Duke of Richmond had given notice of an address to the throne, against the further prosecution of hostilities with America. Chatham had, during some time, absented himself from Parliament, in consequence of his growing infirmities. He determined to appear in his place on this occasion, and to declare that his opinions were decidedly at variance with those of the Rockingham party. He was in a state of great excitement. His medical attendants were uneasy, and strongly advised him to calm himself, and to remain at home. But he was not to be controlled. His son William, and his son-in-law Lord Mahon, accompanied him to Westminster. He rested himself in the Chancellor's room till the debate commenced, and then, leaning on his two young relations, limped to his seat. The slightest particulars of that day were remembered, and have been carefully recorded. He bowed, it was remarked, with great courtliness to those peers who rose to make way for him and his supporters. His crutch was in his hand. He wore, as was his fashion, a rich velvet coat. His legs were swathed in flannel. His wig was so large, and his face so emaciated, that none of his features could be discerned except the high curve of nose, and his eyes, which still retained a gleam of the old fire.

When the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action animated. Here and there his

hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his discourse, hesitated, repeated the same words several times, and was so confused, that in speaking of the Act of Settlement, he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief would have been heard. The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but, while he spoke, the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The Duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion. The dying man was carried to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, and was so far restored as to be able to bear a journey to Hayes. At Hayes, after lingering a few weeks, he expired in his seventieth year. His bed was watched to the last, with anxious tenderness, by his wife and children; and he well deserved their care. Too often haughty and wayward to others, to them he had been almost effeminately kind. He had through life been dreaded by his political opponents, and regarded with more awe than love even by his political associates. But no fear seems to have mingled with the affection which his fondness, constantly overflowing in a thousand endearing forms, had inspired in the little circle at Hayes.

Chatham, at the time of his decease, had not, in both Houses of Parliament, ten personal adherents. Half the public men of the age had been estranged from him by his errors, and the other half by the exertions which he had made to repair his errors. His last speech had been an attack at once on the policy pursued by the government, and on the policy recommended by the opposition. But death at once restored him to his old place in the affection of his country. Who could hear unmoved of the fall of that which had been so great, and which had stood so long? The circumstances, too, seemed rather to belong to the tragic stage than to real life. A great statesman, full of years and honours, led forth to the senate-house by a son of rare hopes, and stricken down in full council while straining his feeble voice to rouse the drooping spirit of his country, could not but be remembered with peculiar veneration and tenderness. Detraction was overawed. The voice even of just and temperate censure was mute. Nothing was remembered but the lofty genius, the unsullied probity, the undisputed services, of him who was no more. For once, all parties were agreed. A public funeral, a public monument, were

eagerly voted. The debts of the deceased were paid. A provision was made for his family. The city of London requested that the remains of the great man whom she had so long loved and honoured might rest under the dome of her magnificent cathedral. But the petition came too late. Every thing was already prepared for the interment in Westminster Abbey.

Though men of all parties had concurred in decreeing posthumous honours to Chatham, his corpse was attended to the grave almost exclusively by opponents of the government. The banner of the lordship of Chatham was borne by Colonel Barré, attended by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Rockingham. Burke, Savile, and Dunning upheld the pall. Lord Camden was conspicuous in the procession. The chief mourner was young William Pitt. After the lapse of more than twenty-seven years, in a season as dark and perilous, his own shattered frame and broken heart were laid, with the same pomp, in the same consecrated mould.

Chatham sleeps near the northern door of the Church, in a spot which has ever since been appropriated to statesmen, as the other end of the same transept has long been to poets. Mansfield rests there, and the second William Pitt, and Fox, and Grattan, and Canning, and Wilberforce. In no other Cemetery do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham, and from above, his own effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. The time has come when the rash and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly revised by history. And history, while, for the warning of vehemence, high, and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce, that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid name.

No. CLXIII. will be published in January.

NOTE.

*NOTE to the Article, in No. CLX., on Tucker's Life of
Admiral Lord St Vincent.*

IN reviewing this work we, as illustrative of the peculiar and characteristic manner in which Lord St Vincent was sometimes wont to convey a rebuke to an officer with whose conduct he was displeased, extracted an anecdote, in substance as follows:—A certain Rear-Admiral, in command of the in-shore squadron, who had been directed to watch the French fleet, in a bay on the French coast, made some representation to the Chief as to the obstacles presented by the shoalness of the coast; upon which, the old Admiral, in order to show the groundlessness of that representation, led the main body of the fleet within the Rear-Admiral's squadron, sailed round him, and out again. We had, from circumstances, been led to think, that this Rear-Admiral, whose name Mr Tucker did not think fit, in reciting the anecdote, to insert, was the late Honourable George Berkeley, one of four Rear-Admirals in the fleet; and we accordingly named him as the Rear-Admiral alluded to. We have lately been informed, on adequate authority, that our conjecture was wholly groundless; and we therefore feel ourselves in fairness bound to acknowledge, and to apologise for the mistake into which we had fallen, and which we rather unwarily committed to the press.

ERRATA in No. CLXI.

- Page 229, line 25, *for* "This good and heroic Prince," *read* "The good and heroic Louis IX."
- 254, line 5 from bottom, *for* "the level of his speech," *read* "the level of his opinion."
- 258, line 10, *for* "distorting, perhaps in the attempt to revive them," *read* "distorting inevitably, in the attempt to revive them."
- 269, line 3, *for* "the almost brotherly love," *read* "the love."

INDEX.

A

- Abyssinia*—British Embassy to the Christian Court of Shoa, in, 43—arrival at Aden, *ib.*—at Tajura bay and port, 44—region of Adaiel, 44-45—description of lake Bahr-Assal, 45—sufferings endured on its banks, 45-46—river Hawash; basin which it drains, 48—unwholesome country which separates the Christian and Galla tribes from the Moslem of the desert, *ib.*—appearance of the country, 48-49—inhabitants which now possess it, 49-50—history of the kingdom of Shoa and Efat, 50—Its agriculture and productions, 51-53, (See *Shoa*)—reception of the embassy—opposition raised against it at first by all classes, 53—mode of collecting the royal revenue, 54—review of the militia of the kingdom, 55—Homeric appearance of, *ib.*—their ferocity in war kept up by a barbarous point of honour, 56—military expedition against one of the neighbouring Galla tribes, 56-58—good done through the influence of the embassy, 58—treaty of commerce concluded with the embassy, 58-59—slave-trade in, 59—character of the Abyssinian Christians not to be judged of by their peculiar military usages, 59-60—credit the embassy gained by hunting elephants and buffaloes, 60—executions not frequent, *ib.*—condition of the ancient Æthiopic Church, 61-64, (See *Æthiopic Church*)—the King and his subjects victims of the most superstitious opinions, 62-63—Galla people a finer and manlier race than the Amharas, 64—appearance of their country, 64-65—their women the most beautiful of the African races, 65—consider themselves as the descendants of the Ten Tribes, *ib.*—commercial prospects which the civilization of the country is likely to realize, 65-66.
- Aden*, port of, description of, 43—its former importance, and present prospects, 43-44.
- Æthiopic* Ancient Church, present condition of, 61—the usual accompaniment of their religious worship, raw beef, collops, and hydromel,

- ib.*—religious creed, and ceremonial rituals of, 61-62—churches of, 62—singular ornaments in the Cathedral of St Michael's, at Ankober, *ib.*—theological questions a fruitful source of strife, *ib.*—opinions held regarding the 'three births of Christ,' 62-63—Major Harris's opinion of the priesthood, 63—gross superstitious feelings which pervade all classes, 63-64.—See *Abyssinia*.
- Agassiz*' observations on the motions of the glacier of the Aar, 145-146—his views on the dilatation of, 150-151—his objections to Professor Forbes's theory met, 155.
- Agricultural labourers*, the immigration of, to the large manufacturing towns the chief cause of the great increase of the population in these towns, 91-94—fearful effect which stagnation in trade would have on the landed proprietors, if these labourers were sent back to their parishes, 94-95.
- Alchemy*, a mistaken theory in physics, 212—said by some to be a relic of antediluvian wisdom, *ib.*—first traces of, in the fourth century, *ib.*—its reputed father Geber, *ib.*—great object seems to have been to discover truth and rear science, 213—declared by the Church of Rome an unlawful science, 214—instances of the rapacity of the laity and bigotry of the clergy against the followers of, 214-215—became the resource of needy and desperate men, 215-216—ignorance of modern adepts, 216—made by them the groundwork by which all difficulties in sciences were solved, *ib.*—said to bring men into close communion with the highest intelligences, 216-217—alchemists, by their experiments, acquired considerable knowledge of chemistry, 217—for two centuries this knowledge was devoted to the composition of poisons, *ib.*—fearful state society was placed in by the constant use of, both in public and private life, 218.—two poisoners, La Spars and La Tofagna, famous at Rome during the seventeenth century, *ib.*—inventors of the slow poison named *Manna* of St Nicholas of Bari, *ib.*—prevalence of poisoning among the Italians, 219—in France and England its practice never common, 220—introduced into France by Catharine de Medici, *ib.*—in disfavour with the nobles of the day, *ib.*—declined in France in the sixteenth century, but increased in the seventeenth century, 221—not confined to hatred and envy, but used to accomplish mercenary purposes, *ib.*—execution at Paris of those who were guilty of the crime, 222—not suppressed till 1682, *ib.*—uncommon in England, *ib.*—first appeared during the reign of Henry VIII. *ib.*—pursued by Dudley Earl of Leicester, *ib.*—practice of poisoning never common in private life in England, *ib.*—gave origin to the famous Rosicrucian sect, 223.
- Alligators*, derivation of the word, *note*, 431—description of the tribes and their habits, 431-435.
- Ambrosian* miracles, circumstances attending them criticised, 353-355—authorities who attested them, 355-356—sketch of Ambrose and his actions, 356-357.

America, North—Stamp Act imposed on the colonies of, by the Grenville cabinet, 566—rebellion this created, 573—repeal of the Stamp Act, 577-578—war with, 591-592.

Armada, Spanish—proposal of Sir F. Drake to attack it on the coast of Spain, or in Lisbon harbour, 396—enormous difference of, in weight and metal to that of the English fleet, 397—measures taken by the Duke of Medina Sidonia to keep the fleet together, *ib.*—attacked at night off Calais by fire-ships, 398—conduct of the Duke of Parma, *ib.*—ruin of, 398-399.

Astrology, the most scientific and satisfactory source of divination, 208—the profession of, accompanied that of alchymy; recognised as a complete and definite system, *ib.*—practised under the Romish Church, *ib.*—and by the English Puritans, *ib.*—votaries of, were in the habit of substituting authority and tradition for common sense, 209—did not attain to its height till alchymy declined, *ib.*—favour with which it was regarded in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, *ib.*—last instances of, occurred in France at the birth of Louis XIV., 210-211—Prevalent in England till the Revolution, 211-212.

Atmospheric air—various effects of the electricity of, 444-447.

B

Bagnes, Val de, inundation with which it was destroyed, 160—caused by the obstruction of the river Drance by ice, and the formation of a lake, 161—tunnelled by M. Venetz to allow the water slowly to discharge, 161-162—bursting of the barrier, and destruction of the valley, 162—velocity of the torrent, *ib.*

Bahr-Assal Lake, description of, and sufferings of the British mission on its banks, 45-46—level of, below the Red Sea explained, 47.

Bank Charter, a renewal of, considered, 492-493.

Barrow, John—his life, voyages, and exploits of Admiral Sir Francis Drake, 376—original documents brought forward in, 377-378—question as to his birth and parentage considered, 378—careless as to the authorities he quotes, 385-386—and as to the language he occasionally uses, 395. See *Drake*.

Bartholomew, Saint—True origin of the massacre of, 108-110.

Bedford, John, Duke of, influence he possessed with the Whig party, 532.

Bernard of Treves—made alchymy his study for seventy years, 213—enthusiastic in its pursuit, *ib.*—recommenced his studies at the age of eighty years, *ib.*—celebrated for his charity, *ib.*—reported to have been successful in his pursuits, 214.

Bible Society, general effects of the, 290-291.

Biron, Marshal de, preserves the Duc de la Force after the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, 110—Marries his daughter to the Duke, 111—aid he had rendered Henry IV., 119—arrest, trial, and execution of, 119-121.

Bodinus—his opinion as to an acquittal for sorcery, 239.

- Böhmen**, Jacob, a Lusatian shoemaker, and teacher of Rosicrucianism in Germany, 226—died in the year 1624, *ib.*—his followers not extinct in the eighteenth century, *ib.*
- Bowdler**, John, life, death, and character of, 302-303.
- Braché**, Tycho, marked influence which his services to astronomy had on the progress of—180. See *Tycho*.
- Brewster**, Sir David's, lives of Galileo, Tycho Braché, and Kepler, 164—distinguished for their services to astronomy; their intellectual characters and their personal histories, 164-165; *extracts from*, describing the generous reception Galileo received from Pope Urban VIII., 173—manner with which Galileo returned it, 174-175—Galileo tried before the Inquisition at Rome for publishing his 'Dialogues;' their sentence, 175-176—kindness with which Galileo was treated by the Pope, 178—Summary of Galileo's scientific character, 179—his description of the observatory at the Island of Huen, 185-186—reasons why Tycho had to leave Huen, 186-187—on the belief of alchymy, 188-189—on the melancholy posture of Kepler's private affairs, 191-192—on the feelings which possessed Kepler when he ascertained the general law of the planetary system, 192-193—on the difficulties which caused Kepler's death, 193-194—on the frankness with which Kepler detailed all the steps in his discoveries, 195—his allegation that England neglects and dishonours its distinguished characters, denied, 197-198.
- Brinville**, Marquise de—belonged, by birth, to the family of D'Aubray, 221—contracted a guilty attachment to St Croix, a pupil of Essili, a well-known Italian poisoner, *ib.*—by his advice, poisoned her father and two brothers, *ib.*—her sister avoided death by flight, *ib.*—contemplates her husband's death, but delayed by St Croix, *ib.*—death of St Croix, *ib.*—arrested at Liege, and beheaded at Paris in 1676, *ib.*
- Britain**, Great, returns of its inhabitants in 1841.—See *Population*.
- British** mission to Shoa, 43.—See *Abyssinia*.
- Brougham**, Lord, sketch of the late Mr Stephen, 273-274.
- Buildings**, best method of protecting them from lightning in thunderstorms, 471-473.
- Burke**, Edmund, his first appearance in political life, 572-573.
- Bute**, John, Earl of, character and education of, 537-538—appointed Secretary of State, 540—treatment of, by the populace of London, 545—his appearance in the House of Lords, 546—error he committed in causing the resignation of the Duke of Newcastle, 547—policy of his government, 548-549—abhorrence with which he was regarded by the country, 549-551—supported in his government by Henry Fox, 552—condition of his cabinet, 553-558—retires from office, 559.

C

Cards, divination—in the seventeenth century an amusement at the

- Court of France, 208—now the resource of vagabonds and gipsies, *ib.*—interesting anecdote of the Duc de Candale, *ib.*
- Carlisle*, Frederick, Earl of, on the idea the French had that the English were barbarians, 11—contrasts his mode of life with that of George Selwyn, 12—public offices he filled, 29-30—attacked by Lord Byron in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' 30—his attachment to Lady Sarah Bunbury, *ib.*—his fatal passion for play; losses he sustained, 31—his embarrassments mixed up with those of Charles James Fox, 32, 33—his letter regarding the youthful habits of Mr Fox, 33.
- Caspian Sea*, level of, below that of the sea, 46.
- Catharine*, Queen-Mother of France—her unscrupulous passion for power the true key to her character, 108-110.—See *France*.
- Catharine de Medici*—addicted to the occult sciences, 210—introduced poisoning into France, 220—Paris, during her time, famous for its poisoners, under the guise of druggists and perfumers, *ib.*
- Catholic Church*, 311—self-contradictory views of the Puseyites, as to one Catholic system, 315-316—on the interpretation of the Bible, and of the Fathers, 318-319—one system of, cannot be extracted from tradition or antiquity, 319-322—Puseyite theory, that it is a church one and visible, 323—fallacy of, 324-328—views held by some late writers, that Papacy is but a 'development' of primitive Christianity, 331-333.
- Catholicism* as reared at Oxford, rather in an unstable equilibrium, 310—What is Catholicism? 317-318.
- Chameleons*, species of, habits and geographical distribution described, 435-443.
- Chancery Court*—jobbing connected with the Tory bill for effecting reform in, 488.
- Charles III.* of Spain, hatred he had of England, 543—concluded the 'Family Compact' with France, 544.
- Chatham*, Earl of—(William Pitt,) correspondence of, 526—position of the Whig and Tory parties, 526-529—coalition between the Duke of Newcastle and Pitt, 530—state of parties at the accession of George III. to the throne, 530-537—influence of John Earl of Bute over George III., 537-538—condition of Parliament, 539-540—Bute appointed secretary of state, 540-541—position of Chatham, abilities of, 541-542—contrasted with his brother-in-law, George Grenville, 542-543—proposed immediate war with Spain and France, on ascertaining the 'Family Compact' between the two kingdoms, 544—this rejected by the cabinet, and retirement of, *ib.*—rewards he received, 544-545—welcome he received from the citizens of London on the Lord Mayor's day, 545—events which followed, 545-546—his genius and virtues; the session of 1762, 546-547—his conduct in opposition, 552—his speech against peace with France and Spain, 556—his two unsuccessful audiences with George III. to form a new administration, 562—estate left to him by Sir William Pynsent,

- 565—health of, at this time, 565-566—visited by the Duke of Cumberland to take office, but without success, 568-569—cause of, 569—again requested by the Duke, 570-571—his condemnation of the Stamp Act imposed on the American colonies, 574—causes which prevented him from allying himself with Lord Rockingham, 579-580—blandishments used by the court, 580—excited state of his mind, 580-581—undertook to form an administration, 581-582—complete failure of his arrangement, 583—raised to the peerage, *ib.*—general burst of indignation raised against him for accepting it, *ib.*—clamour against, had a serious effect on the foreign relations of the country, 584—despotic manner with which he treated all around him, 584-585—his interference with the corn-laws, 585—his first appearance in the House of Lords, *ib.*—sullen and mysterious manner of, 586-588—retirement from office, 588—violation of his foreign, domestic, and colonial policy, by his government during his illness, 588-590—his eloquence not suited for the House of Lords, 591—adverse to the independence of the colonies, 593—his last appearance in the House of Lords, 593-594—death of, 594—effect of, on the public, 594-595—his funeral in Westminster Abbey, 595.
- Clapham Sect*, a religious body in the reign of George the Third, 251—congregated at Clapham Common, London, 258-259—respected for its evangelical principles, 259—and for deeper insight into human nature, 260—their plans, 261—effect of the power of civilization and Christianity on, 304-305.
- Coligny*, Admiral de—ascendency he acquired over Charles IX. of France, 109—effect of this on the conduct of the Queen-Mother Catharine, 110.
- Coningsby*; or, the New Generation, 517-525.
- Conybeare*, Dr, Bampton lectures on the analytical examination of the Ante-Nicene fathers, *note* 320.
- Crocodile*, derivation of the name, *note*, 422—early writers on, 422—description of the various tribes of, 424-431.
- Crockford's Club* House, establishment and success of, 36-37.
- Cumberland*, Duke of, character of, 567-568—authorized by his nephew George III., to prevail on Pitt to accept the premiership, 568-569—prevailed on the Marquis of Rockingham to form a cabinet, 571.

D

- Dairy Farms*, the general establishment of, would vastly improve the land designed for growing wheat, 89.
- Dead Sea*, level of, below the Mediterranean, 47.
- D'Israeli*, B., his novel of 'Coningsby, or the New Generation,' characterised as the commencement of a new political party, 517-525. See *Young England*.
- Doughty*, Thomas, his account of a certain portion of Sir Francis Drake's life, 384-385—narrative of the execution, or murder of, at

- Port St Julian, by order of Sir F. Drake, 386-389—suspicions it excited in England, 388—depositions used at his trial, 388-389.
- Drake, Sir Francis*, familiarity of his name, 376—original account of his life and exploits by his nephew, 377—Johnson's memoirs of, *ib.*—that of Dr Southey, *ib.*—of Mr John Barrow, *ib.*—his birth and parentage, 378—letters and despatches of, are of a high order, and display good education, 378-379—early expeditions of, uncertain, 379—employed in the slave-trade with Sir John Hawkins, 380—issue of their adventure, *ib.*—effect of, caused war between England and Spain, 381—his determination to right himself on the Spaniards, as stated by his nephew, 381-382—his famous voyage in 1572-3, 382—his demeanour on seeing the Pacific Ocean, 382—mass of gold and silver collected at Nombre de Dios, and its value, 382—effect of his Cornish imagination on his prospects through life, 383—the first follower and victim of his example, 383-384—hiatus in the account of his life at this time, 384—Thomas Doughty's account of, 384-385—circumnavigates the globe, 385—smallness of the bark in which he sailed, 385—narrative of his execution of Thomas Doughty, 387-389—wealth he brought back in the *Golden Hind*, 390—knighted by Queen Elizabeth, 390-391—sent to the West Indies with a squadron, 391—successful in keeping on good terms with his associates in command, *ib.*—small success which attended the expedition, 391-392—brought home the remnant of the colony planted in Virginia by Raleigh, 392—his gallant exploits on the coast of Spain, 392—his letters to the officials at home, *ib.*—and to Sir Francis Walsingham after his attack on Cadiz, 393-395—character of, as a religious man, 395-396—proposed to attack the Armada on the coast of Spain, or in the port at Lisbon, 396—difference of weight and metal between the Spanish and English fleets, 397—attacks the Armada with fireships off Calais, 398—his views on the escape of the Armada, 398-399—perfect unanimity which existed between Drake and the Lord High Admiral, 399—amount of capture seized on board Don Pedro Valdez's ship, and *note*, 400—niggardly conduct of Elizabeth to her officers, 401—placed at the head of the naval armament intended for a descent on the Spanish coast, 402—annoyed by the conduct of the Earl of Essex, *ib.*—failure of the descent at Corunna and Lisbon, 403—unsuccessful voyage to the West Indies with Sir John Hawkins, 404—death of both, *ib.*—character of Drake, 404-405—descendants of, 405-406—founded with Hawkins the 'chest at Chatham,' 406—the famous 'Leat' or Aqueduct, for carrying water into Plymouth, constructed by him, 406.
- Dudley, Earl of Leicester*—supposed guilty of poisoning his friends, especially his countess, 222—his own death by poison, *ib.*

E

Early administrations of George III., 526 (See *George III.*)

Ecclesiastical Courts' Bill—excellency of the measure, 485-487.

Electricity—various effects which it has in quietness and in tempest, 444-445—little that has been done in modern times to provide against its destructive agencies, 447-448—opinion of the ancients, 449-452—appear to have had the knowledge of protecting their buildings from lightning, 452-454—Franklin's discoveries in, 455—applied to the protection of buildings, 455-456—and to the navy and mercantile vessels, 460-467—nature of thunderstorms, 467-471—best method of protecting vessels and buildings from lightning, 471-473.

Ellen Middleton, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, 199—interest it has excited, *ib.*—plot of, 199-200—inadequacy of the alleged motives, and improbability of the facts, 200-202—purity of the author's mind, and goodness of her intentions, 202—disagreeable impression left by its perusal, 203—displays proofs that Lady Fullerton could produce a work of high merit, 203.

England, census of the population of, in 1841, 67—difference between the registrar-general districts, and those of the census commissioners; effect of this anomaly, 75-77—proposed remedy for this defect, 77-79—population of the five largest commercial towns of, equal to seventeen of its agricultural counties, and equal to Scotland, 79—its population better lodged than in 1831, 79-80—diminution of the rate of increase of the population since 1821, 81—will the supply of food from the soil of this country keep pace with the increase of the population? 86-90—average rate of increase in several of the counties, 90-91—and in several of the towns, 91—increase in the manufacturing towns, caused by the immigration of agricultural labourers into them, 91-94—various causes which regulate fecundity and mortality in, 96-101—importance of the conclusions brought forward, 101-103. See *Population Returns*.

England—state of parties at the accession of George III., 530-537—retirement of Pitt, 544—administration of Bute, 540-559—sketch of the Grenville administration, 569-571—of the Rockingham administration, 571-581—of the administration of the Earl of Chatham, 582-588.

English Church essentially Protestant, 372—founders of, indulged in inconsistent language respecting the authority of the fathers, 373—its 'Book of Homilies' abounds with errors, 373—ingenious theory of Mr Isaac Taylor as to the cause of this, 373-374.

Erpétologie Générale, ou Histoire Naturelle complète des Reptiles. Par A. M. C. Dumeril et G. Bibron, 407—high character of, 444. See *Reptiles*.

Erratic blocks of granite at Neufchatel, Switzerland, 157—transported by the agency of glaciers, 157-158.

Eucharist, views held by Dr Pusey in his sermon on, 335—fallacy of, 335-336—the fathers quoted regarding, 337-338—views of English divines, 338-339.

F

Fathers—obscurity of the, regarding the influence of the Lord's Supper, 337-338—insulated passages in, citeable either for Protestants or Catholics, 374.

Fecundity in England—causes which regulate, 96-98—effect of the distribution of ages as to the proportion of births to the total population, 99—number of children born to males between 20 and 35 years of age, 99-100—importance of the conclusions that may be drawn from these facts, 101-103.

Female Sex, improvement in the habits and manners of, 38-39—immoralities of those in high life in the seventeenth century, 39-40.

Fletcher, Francis, account of Sir Francis Drake's voyage round the world, 385-386—his version of Thomas Doughty's execution at Port St Julian, 387-388—excommunication of, by Drake, 390.

Fludd, Robert—founder of the Rosicrucian sect in England, 226.

Food—is Great Britain capable of raising food for its increasing population? 86-88—the present corn-laws enhance the price of butchers' meat, milk, &c., 88—a greater demand among all classes for butchers' meat, 88—effect of the number of new houses, and the various lines of railways, on the diminishing of land capable of wheat cultivation, 89.

Forbes, James D., Travels through the Alps of Savoy, with observations on the phenomena of Glaciers, 135—interesting features of the work, 136-137, and 153—and as a record of travels and personal adventures, 158—mode of conveying cattle and sheep across the passes in the glaciers to pasture-ground, 159—narrow escape and preservation of an American traveller among the granite peaks of Trelaporte, 159-160—description of the inundation of the Val de Bagnes, and the fearful loss of lives and property which it caused, 160-162—his comparison of life to the course of a glacier, 162-163. See *Glaciers*.

Force, Duc de La—Memoirs of the, 104—belonged to the provincial aristocracy, *ib.*—religious movement of the age in which he lived, was for the aggrandizement of the secular power, 105—memoirs of, embrace the most important epoch in French history, 106-107—existence of the memoirs of, in MS. well known by writers, 107—preservation of the Duke at the massacre of St Bartholomew, 110—massacre of his relations left him sole heir to the family estates and honours, *ib.*—provided with a Catholic guardian, by royal authority, 111—married to Marshal de Biron's daughter, *ib.*—inherits M. de Larchant's fortune, *ib.*—places himself under the standard of Henry of Navarre, 111-112—state of France from that time till the accession of Henry IV. to the throne, 112-119—arrest and trial, and eventual execution of Marshal de Biron, his brother-in-law, 119-121—courtly solicitudes for his children, 121—expense of his eldest son at court,

- and marriage of, 122—part which M. La Force, (Marquis de Montpoullan) took in the assassination of the Marquis D'Ancre, 123-127—political and family motives which led to this tragedy, 127-128—ordered by Louis XIII. to resume the church property in his province, 128—alarm of the Protestants at this step, who convoke a General Assembly at Rochelle, 129—places La Force and his sons in open rebellion, 130—conduct of the town of Bergerac, 131—gal-
lant defence of the town of Montauban, 132—surrenders to the king, who rewards him, 133. See *France*.
- Fox*, Henry, appointed Paymaster-General, 533—alliance with the administration of the Earl of Bute, 552—qualities of, 553-554—conduct of, during the meeting of Parliament, 555-558.
- Fox*, Charles James—extract from his letters, 32—his early powers as a debater, 32—losses he sustained at play, 32—Lord Carlisle's observations respecting his youthful habits and intellectual powers, 33.
- France*—the Reformation in, transferred to the Crown the power which the Papal see had, 105-106—want of consistency in its policy at that time, 106—permitted the great families to assume independent powers and jurisdictions in the provinces, 106—massacre of Saint Bartholomew, 108—loose maxims of both the Catholic and Protestant parties in regard to assassination, *ib.*—character of Catharine, the queen-mother, 108-109—state of parties for two years before Saint Bartholomew's day, 109-110—war between Henry of Navarre and Henry III., 111-112—power of the Guises, 112-113—unpopularity of Henry III., 113—license of the pulpit in Paris, *ib.*—assassination of the Guises, *ib.*—assassination of Henry III., 114—Henry of Navarre ascends the throne, *ib.*—power assumed by the preachers of the League, 114-115—policy of Philip the Second of Spain, 116-117—character of Henry of Navarre, and the policy he pursued, 118-119—trial and execution of Marshal de Biron, 119-121—assassination of the Marquis D'Ancre, 123-127—edict passed for Catholic resumption of the church property in Bearn and Navarre, 128-129—Protestants alarmed, who convoke a General Assembly at Rochelle, 129—rebellion of Le Duc de la Force and his sons, 130-133—accession of Richelieu, 134. See *Force*, *Duc de La*.
- France*—policy of the Whig and Tory government towards, contrasted, 499-501.
- Frisons*—inhabitants of Friesland, 241—wise in their government, 241-242—accused as sorcerers, 242—their miserable fate, *ib.*
- Fullerton's*, Lady Georgiana, tale of Ellen Middleton, 199. See *Ellen Middleton*.

G

- Galileo*—biographies of, 166—birth and early studies of, 166-167—professorship he was early appointed to, 167—discovers the construction of the telescope, 167 and 168—honours conferred on him

- in consequence, by the senate of Venice, 167—appointed mathematician to the Duke of Tuscany, 167—interest the Duke and his successor used for his welfare, 167-168—degree of merit which he claimed in the invention of the telescope, 168—astronomical discoveries which followed, 168-169—importance of, when first observed, 169-170—value of his researches in the department of physical science, 170—slight knowledge he possessed in mathematics, *ib.*—grounds on which the gratitude of posterity is due to him, 171—considered as a so-called *Martyr of Science*, *ib.*—fair conduct of the Papal see towards him in regard to the theory of the earth's motion, 171-172—renounces the obnoxious doctrines, 172—declared by the Church to be false and contrary to Scripture, 173—graciously received by Pope Urban VIII., *ib.*—spirit with which he met this reception, 174—publishes his Dialogues, 174-175—received the license to do so in an unfair way, 175—effect produced by the publication of the Dialogues throughout Europe, *ib.*—summoned to appear before the Inquisition at Rome, *ib.*—result of the trial, 175-176—again abjures his doctrines, 176—his conduct considered, 176-177—was he put to the torture at his trial, as alleged by Libri? 177-178—latter years of his life, 178—personal, moral, and scientific character of, 179.
- Galla* nation in Abyssinia, 64—their country fertile and beautiful, *ib.*—an agricultural and pastoral people, 64-65—as a race the first in Africa, 65—consider themselves as descended from the Ten Tribes, *ib.* See *Abyssinia*.
- Gaming*—progress and decline of, at the end of the last and beginning of the present century, 34—Watier's club in Piccadilly, and supporters, 35-36—'Crockford's,' 36-37—necessity for the public interfering, 37.
- Geber*—the real founder of alchemy, 212—only one preserved out of his five hundred treatises, *ib.*—his disciples numerous and famous, *ib.*—introduction of alchemy to Europe, 212-213.
- Geomancy*—not practised in Europe, 208.
- George II.*, character of, 535.
- George III.*, his character, person, and address, on succeeding to the British throne, 535-537—influence of the Earl of Bute over him, 537-538—Tory government of, 548—spirit of party, Whig against Tory, and Englishmen against Scotchmen, 550-551—sketch of the administration under Grenville, Rockingham, and Pitt, 559-588.
- Glaciers*—on the phenomena of, by J. D. Forbes, 135—anxious research they have caused, 137-139—not to be solved as a question in natural history, but as a physical and dynamical problem, 139—theories of Saussure and Scheuchzer, 140—their general structure as a mass of ice, snow, water, and air, studied with considerable care, *ib.*—their normal structure, as produced by the mechanical forces to which they are subject, 140-141—first observed by Sir D. Brewster in 1814, 141—Professor Forbes on the veined structure

- of the ice, 141-142—form of these veins, 142—the nature and laws of their motion, *ib.*—velocity of the glacier on the Mer de Glace, 143-144—velocity of the sides and centres of several of the most important glaciers, by Forbes, Agassiz, and Twiss, 144-147—describes the striking appearance of snowy bands on the Glacier du Géant, in a letter to Earl Cathcart, 147—deductions which Forbes has drawn from his measurements, 148—effect which the season of the year has on their velocity, *ib.*—depression in the surface of the Mer de Glace in summer, 148-149—Bishop Rendu on the ductility of, 149-150—the *Gravitation* theory insufficient, from the glaciers moving fastest in the *middle*, 150—the *Dilatation* theory of Agassiz and others erroneous, 150-151—bold and startling theory of Professor Forbes, that a glacier is an imperfect fluid, urged down slopes by the mutual pressure of its parts, 151-152—texture of glacier ice, 152—resemblance between the motion of a glacier and the motion of a viscous fluid, 153—varied structure of the ice, a direct consequence of the viscous theory, 153-154—experiment to prove this, 154-155—objections to this theory by Agassiz, Professor Merian, and Mr Hopkins, 155-156—*geological agency* of glaciers, 156—removal of high erratic blocks by the agency of, 157—belts of, near Neufchatel, 157-158—horizontal grooves or flutings in the valley of the Salenche, 158—mode of conveying cattle across the passes of the glaciers, 159—description of the inundation of the Val de Bagnes, 160-162—comparison of life to the course of a glacier, 162-163.
- Gladstone*—fallacy of his views as to the advance of 'Catholic principles,' 316-318—and that the Catholic Church is one and visible, 323-324—uncharitable spirit of the principles he upholds, 328-331—adherence to Dr Pusey's views of the Eucharist, 334—his extraordinary remarks on the Puseyite party remaining in the Church, 371—his sentiments most pernicious, 372.
- Grant*, Charles, his character and influence, 275.
- Grenvilles*, powerful Whig connexion of the, 532.
- Grenville*, George, character of, and contrasted with Chatham, 542-543—sketch of the affairs of Britain during his administration, 559-571.
- Gray*, Earl, the first proposer of the Abolition of Slavery in the House of Commons, 274-275.
- Guise*, Francis of—assassination of, justified by the Protestant party, 108.

H

- Hanover*, house of, disregarded by the people of Britain before the accession of George III., 534-535.
- Harris*, W. Snow—on thunderstorms, and protection from lightning, 444—on the damage and loss suffered in the navy from want of lightning-rods, 461—his proposal to the Admiralty to make the

masts lightning conductors, 464—success which attended his endeavours, 464-467.

Harris's, Major, mission to Shoa in Abyssinia, 43—his defence of the style and composition of the work, *note*, *ib.*—is very loose about dates, distances, and names, 44—diplomatic cloud under which he conceals the objects of his mission, 47-48—considers its priesthood a set of drones and licentious shepherds, 63—his condemnation rather too sweeping, even by his own showing, *ib.*—character of the work, 67. See *Abyssinia*.

Hawkins, Sir John—engaged in the slave-trade, 379—stormed the town of Rio de la Hacha, 380—entrapped and attacked by the Spaniards, *ib.*—cruelties committed by the Spaniards, *ib.*—last voyage of, with Sir F. Drake, to the West Indies, and death of, 405—founded with Drake the 'chest at Chatham,' 406.

Henry III. of France—unpopularity of, 113—the murder of Duke of Guise by his orders, *ib.*—assassination of, by Jacques Clément, 114.

Henry IV. of France—war between, and Henry III., 112—ascends the throne, 114—policy which pervaded his actions, 118-119—contrasted with Henry III. and Louis XIII., 117—the trial and execution of Marshal de Biron displayed deep duplicity in the king, 119-121.

Houses, inhabited—increase of, shows that the population of England are better lodged in 1841 than in 1831, 79-80—Liverpool an exception to this gratifying result, 80—increase of, has diminished the land for the cultivation of wheat, 89.

Howick, Viscount, his speech on the Corn-Laws, 474.

Huguenots—position and conduct of the party after the edict of Nantes, 105-134. See *Force* (*Duc de La*), and *France*.

I

Ice—veined structure of the ice of the glaciers, 141-142—different in texture from ordinary ice, 150—results of M. Nicolet on the texture of, 152—varied structure of, is a direct consequence of the viscous theory, 153-155.

Ireland, Tory government of, contrasted with that of the Whigs, 503-506—the Irish State Trial, and its result, 506-511—highly commendable conduct of the Tory government on some questions relating to, 511-513.

J

Jerusalem, Temple of, preserved by artificial means from the effects of lightning, 453-454.

Jesse's, John Heneage, *Memoirs* of George Selwyn and his contemporaries, 1—*quoted* as to the care Selwyn took in preserving letters and memoranda, 3—an example of book-making out of small mate-

rials, 3-4—his remarks on introducing the topic of wit, 15-16. See *Selwyn*.

K

Kepler—birth, noble extraction and early years of, 189—first taught astronomy as a matter of duty at Gratz, 190—publishes his 'Pro-dromus of Cosmographical Dissertations,' *ib.*—leaves Gratz, and becomes imperial mathematician at Prague, *ib.*—succeeds on the death of Tycho to his situation, 191—publishes his researches on refraction, *ib.*—gives the first theoretical explanation of the telescope, *ib.*—his 'Commentaries on the motions of Mars,' *ib.*—melancholy posture of his private affairs, 191-192—his work entitled 'Harmonices Mundi,' 192-193—publication of the 'Rudolphine Tables,' 193—appointed to a professorship at Rostock, *ib.*—death of, 194—summary of his scientific abilities, *ib.*—frankness with which he detailed all the steps in his discoveries, *ib.*—this, in some instances, injured his reputation, 194-195—personal character, struggles with misfortune, and meritorious labours, 195-196—invited to take up his residence in England, 197.

L

Land—wheat, diminished by the great increase of houses and railways, 89—number of uncultivated acres reclaimable for wheat culture very small, and would not yield a fair return, 90—number of enclosure bills, with their acreage, which have passed since 1810, 90.

League in France, conduct of the, 112-134. See *France*, and *Force (Duc de La.)*

Libri's 'Histoire des Sciences Mathematiques en Italie' contains a valuable account of Galileo, 166—is of the belief that Galileo was tortured at his trial before the Inquisition at Rome, 177—this examined, 177-178.

Life—compared to the course of a glacier, by Professor Forbes, 162-168.

Lightning, opinion of the ancients regarding, 449-452—preserved their buildings from the effect of, 452-454—discovery of Franklin in, 455-456—history of the introduction of lightning conductors for the protection of public buildings, 456—and to the navy and mercantile vessels, 460-467—nature of thunderstorms, 467-471—best method of protecting buildings and vessels, 471-473.

Liverpool—increase of its population much greater than that of its house accommodation, 80.

Louis XI.—patron of astrology, 209—acute in worldly matters, but often rendered credulous by superstition, 210.

Louis XIII.—assassination of Marquis D'Ancre by his orders, 123-

- 127—overruns the provinces of Bearn and Navarre, for the resumption of the church property, 128-129.
Loyd, (Mr Jones,) the author of the late bill for renewing the Bank of England charter, 492-493.

M

- Macaulay*, Zachary, character of, 270—his exertions for the abolition of the Slave Trade, 271-272—first editor of the 'Christian Observer,' 302.
Mackay, Charles, his 'Memoirs of Extraordinary Delusions,' 203—errors of omission and commission he has fallen into, 203-206.
Mackenzie, Sir George—his success in reducing the number of trials for witchcraft, 246-247.
Manna of St Nicholas of Bari—invented by La Spara and La Tofagna, Italians of the seventeenth century, 218.
Manners, Lord John, 'England's Trust,' and other poems by, 577. See *Young England*.
Marriage, average age at which males marry in England, *note*, 96—table showing proportion per cent of both sexes married under twenty-one years of age, in the year 1841, *note* 98.
Martyn, Henry's, birth, labours, death, and character, 276-277—his religious opinions, 278-279—his early attachment, 280—impetus his death gave to the diffusion of Christianity in India, 281—reflections on his memoir, 283-284.
Martyrs (The) of science, by Sir David Brewster, 164—character of the work less scientific than personal, 165-166. See *Galileo*, *Tycho Brahé*, and *Kepler*.
Mer de Glace Glacier, velocity of the sides and centre of, 143-145—motions of the higher and middle parts slower than that of the lower portion, 148—cause of the depression of its surface in summer, 148-149.
Milner, Isaac, effects of his success in life, 292—reputation as a conversationist, 293—as an author, 294—character, wit, and learning of, 294-297.
Miracles—contended by Mr Newman that they belong to all ages, 344—consideration of his principles, 345-348—glaring contrast between Scriptural and ecclesiastical miracles, 347-348—traces of, faintest in the earliest remains of ecclesiastical antiquity, 348-349—pretended miracles appear to have increased in frequency as Christianity required them less, 349—testimony of the Fathers that they had ceased, 349-350—fraud in, acknowledged, 350—credulity in the belief of, 350-352—Isaac Taylor on, *note*, 352—frustration of Julian's attempt to rebuild the Temple, 353—circumstances attending the Ambrosian miracles, 353-355—authorities who attested them, 355-358—the other miracles which Mr Newman defends, 358—sophistry of the arguments by which Mr Newman maintains his

general views, answered, 359-363—what *may* be miracles according to Mr Newman's principles, 363-364.

Monteagle, Lord, speech of, on the Import Duties, 474.

Montpouillan, *Marquis de*, his early years at the court of Louis XIII., 123—details of the assassination of the Marshal D'Ancre, 123-127—political and personal motives which made the Marquis take a leading part in this tragedy, 127-128—death of, 133.

Morals, public, increase of, since the end of the last century, 38.

Mortality in England, excess of, takes place with infant lives, 100—facts which bear on this point, *ib.*—diseases which cause death among them, 101.

N

Nantes, edict of, powers which it conferred on the Protestant party, 129—should have been satisfied with guarantees then given, 134.

Napier, Lord William, observations and suggestions of, for the introduction of lightning conductors into the navy, 462-463.

Navy, history of the introduction of lightning conductors into, 460-467—best method of protecting it from the effect of lightning in thunder-storms, 471-473.

Navy, British, condition of, contrasted under the government of the Whigs and Tories, 501-503.

Neander—resorts to violent methods of interpretation to reduce a miracle to an ordinary event, *note*, 346.

Newcastle, Duke of, his coalition with the Earl of Chatham, 530—power he possessed, 530—insulted by the Earl of Bute, and retirement from office, 547.

Newgate Prison, supper at, before an execution, 13—customary breakfast given by the governor on the morning of such an occurrence, 15.

Newman, John Henry—his essay on the miracles recorded in the ecclesiastical history of the middle ages, 309—appears to hold views neither Catholic, Puseyite, nor Episcopal, 314—holds that the church is *more* or less Catholic, *note*, 317—his *Lives of the English Saints*, 343—verging fast on Catholicism in his *Essay on Miracles*, 344—contends for miracles in all ages, *ib.*—consideration of his principles, 344-348—general state of the evidence touching ecclesiastical miracles, 348-352—sketch of the Ambrosian miracles, 353-358—other miracles which he defends, 358—sophistry of his arguments in defence of miracles, 359-362—not very clear in his notions of a miracle, 362—his notions of what events *may* be miraculous, 363-364—rapid and extensive dissemination of the principles he lays down, *note*, 364.

O

Ordeal, trial by—early known among the Celtic tribes of Europe,

229—among the Druids, *ib.*—among the nations of Gothic descent, the ordeal gave place to private duels, *ib.*—private duels, their progress and limitation, *ib.*—the clergy condemn the trial by battle, *ib.*—five tests substituted instead, 229-230—the trial by ordeal never popular, 230—when abolished by law in France and England, 230—judicial combat preserved its solemn character for several centuries, 231—its reputation increased by several instances, *ib.*—trial by ordeal well known and practised among the Anglo-Saxons, *ib.*—the trial by battle unknown till the Conquest, and introduced by the Normans, *ib.*—but soon disused in England, *ib.*

Orford, Earl of—his letters to Sir Horace Mann, 526.

Oxford School of Modern Divinity, 310. See *Puseyism*.

Oxford, University of, famous for its High Tory and Jacobite principles, 548.

P

Palmer's, Rev. William—narrative of events connected with the 'Tracts for the Times,' 309 and 311—on the 'new school' formed at Oxford, *foot-note*, 314-315—on the 'development' of Christianity during the middle ages, 332-333.

Palmerston, Viscount, speech of, on the Slave-Trade, 474.

Palmyra, oriental origin of, 207—introduced into Europe by the gipsies, *ib.*—a similar superstition prevails among modern eastern nations, 208—favourite expression of, that 'every man's destiny is written on his forehead,' *ib.*

Parliament, dignity of, lowered by the conduct of Sir Robert Peel's government, 477-485—state of, in the reign of George I., II., and III., 539.

Peel, Sir Robert, his speeches on the renewal of the Bank Charter, 474—his humiliating confession of the unfortunate position he and his party were placed in, 482.

Pitt, William—correspondence of, 526. See *Chatham*.

Population returns of Great Britain for 1841, 67—great importance of such returns for solving questions in political and social economy, 68-69—sketch of the machinery used in taking the census, 69-72—erroneous admeasurements of the counties of England, 73—present anomalies between the returns of the registrar-general and those of the census commissioners, *ib.*—effect of this anomaly in various counties and towns in England, 73-77—proposed remedy for this crying defect in the system of registration, 77-79—population of the five largest towns in England equal to seventeen of its agricultural counties, and equal to Scotland, 79—population better lodged than in 1831, from the increase of inhabited houses, 79-80—Liverpool an exception, 80—diminution of the rate of increase of the population of England since 1821, 81—remarks of the commissioners on this decrease, *ib.*—effect of an increase of

population on the revenue or taxes, 82-83—reasons why the consumption of sugar has diminished instead of increased, 83-84—effect of *indirect* and *direct* taxation on the pockets of the people, 85-86—Is the supply of food from the soil of Great Britain likely to keep pace with the population? 86-90—average rate of increase of the population in several of the English counties, 90-91—and of several of the towns, 91—increase in the manufacturing towns greatly owing to the immigration into them from the agricultural districts, 91-94—causes which regulate fecundity and mortality, 96-101.—(See *Fecundity* and *Mortality*)—importance of the conclusions that may be drawn from these facts, 101-103—relief by emigration not necessary, if the demand for labour and the supply of food be allowed to take their natural course, 103-104.

Popular Delusions—Memoirs of extraordinary, by Charles Mackay, 203—sketch of what he has omitted, 203-206—blind fanaticism of the vulgar, and the ingenuity of the deluded philosopher, prolonged barbarism, 206—prediction of future events, and manufacture of precious metals, the great obstacle to European civilization, 207—some of these stated, 207-208—study of astrology, 208-209—strongly supported by authorities, 248—evil effect of this blind submission, 249.—See *Alchymy*, *Astrology*, *Ordeal*, *Rosencreuce*, *Witchcraft*.

Property Tax—amount likely to be received from, 490.

Protestants in France, power they had after the edict of Nantes, 129—their general assembly at Rochelle, *ib.*—composition of, 129-130—siege of Montauban raises their hopes, 132—ought to have been satisfied with the edict of Nantes, 134.

Public Debt—restriction of the interest on, considered, 489-490.

Pusey, Rev. C. B.—his sermon on 'The Holy Eucharist, a Comfort to the Penitent,' 310—condemned as heterodox, 314—apathy with which it was perused by the country at large, 333—style of, 334—holds that in partaking of the body and blood of Christ, it is done *literally*, *ib.*—fallacy of this view, both as being contrary to that held by the Church of England, and by orthodox writers, 335-336—authors on the subject not quoted fully, instanced in Hooker, 336—in Jeremy Taylor, 337—and *note*, *ib.*—views of the Fathers stated, 337-338—of the English divines, 338-339—shields his statements under the cover of great and incomprehensible mysteries, 340-341—talks of the opposition to his views as blasphemy and profanity, 341-342—and *note*, 341. See *Puseyism*.

Puseyism, recent developments of, at Oxford, 310—denounced as essentially Catholic, 310, 311—fatal organs of dissension within their body, 311, 312—their pretensions to catholic unity not incompatible with the widest diversity of opinion, 311—narrative of Rev. W. Palmer, *ib.*—anomalous views of the party as to their subscription to the English articles, 312-313—on the right of private judgment, 313—on the duties of obedience and faith, 313-314—diversity of their views as to *one* indivisible Catholic system, 315-316—Mr Gladstone

on the advance of 'Catholic principles,' 316—fallacy of, 316-318—rashness of endeavouring to extract *one* system of Catholicism from interpretation, 318-319—on the traditions of the fathers, 319—on antiquity, 320-322—tendency to Romanism in those who advocate Puseyism, 322—increased by this theory, that the Catholic Church is *ONE* and *VISIBLE*, 323—consistent Protestants hold, that all true Christians are members of the *invisible* Church of Christ, 324-325—fallacy of their lofty pretensions of Papal unity with all the 'variations of Protestantism,' 325-328—essential uncharitableness of their principles, 328—Popery held by some of the school, that it is but a development of primitive Christianity, 331-333—Dr Pusey maintains that the Holy Supper must be taken in a *literal* sense, 335—fallacy of, 335-341—on ecclesiastical miracles, 343-364—(See *Miracles* and *Newman*)—rapid and extensive dissemination of the monkish principles inculcated in Mr Newman's essay, 364-365—entire absence of any thing like *real* sacrifices on the part of the school, 366—no correct view of mediæval religion to be had from the 'Lives of the Saints,' 366-367—principles of, have taken a strong hold on the younger portion of the clergy, 368—various distractions with which the Oxford school has torn the church in search for Catholic unity, 368-369—the present movement degrading to enlightened piety, and destructive to all mutual charity, 369-379—views of Mr Gladstone as to the party remaining in the church, 371-372—passages in the fathers citeable for either party, 374.

Pynsent, Sir William, character of, 565—left his whole property to William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, 565.

Q

Queensberry, Duke of, his letter when Lord March to George Selwyn, 21—pregnant brevity of his letters, 22-23—particulars of his personal character, 24—his match between a coachmaker's journeyman running a wheel, and a waiter famous for his speed, 25—his wager with young Pigot, that old Mr Pigot would die before Sir W. Codrington, 25—mode of managing his intercourse with his favourites of the fair sex, 25-27—presumed attachments he had for ladies in his own rank of life, 27—scenes said to be acted at his house in Piccadilly, 27-28—an illustration of his shrewdness, by Lord Brougham, 28—dinner party at his villa at Richmond, 28—his Grace's notion of comfort, 29—mode in which he paid his physicians, *ib.*—deathbed of, *ib.*—property he left, and to whom, *ib.*

R

Railways diminish to a great extent the best land for the cultivation of wheat, 89.

Recent Developments of Puseyism, 310.—See *Puseyism*.

Registrar-general reports of births, deaths, and marriages for England, for the years 1839 to 1843, 67—difference between the districts under the control of the registrar-general, and the present local division of the counties, 73-77—remedy for this would be, to send up to London every birth, marriage, and death, under the head of the parish in which it occurred, 78-79—excess of births not to be attributed altogether to early marriages, 97-99. See *Population returns*.

Reptiles—Natural history of, 407—the most varied and extraordinary of all the departments in the animal kingdom, *ib.*—knowledge of, by ancient writers, 408-409—four orders they are arranged into, 409—the *Chelonian* order of reptiles, 410—the ten turtle tribes, 410-414—the general history of the land species, or tortoises, 415-418—the mud or marsh tortoises, 418-421—the river tortoises, 421-422—the *Saurian* order, 422—observations of early writers on the crocodile, 422-423—sacred crocodile of the Nile, 424—diversity of kinds, and their natural temper and disposition, 425-426—crocodiles properly so called, 427-430—crocodile of the Ganges, 430-431—the alligator tribes, 431-435—family group of the chameleon, 435-442—geographical distribution of the genus, 442—and *note*, 443.

Results of Tory Rule, 474, 517. See *Tory Rule*.

Richelieu—effect which his policy has had on the destinies of France, 134.

Rochelle—General Assembly of the Protestant party convoked at, 129—conduct of the party, 129-130.

Rockingham, sketch of his administration, 571-581—consistent and upright character of the Marquis of, 581.

Rosenkreuz, founder of the Rosicrucian sect, 223—account of his travels, *ib.*—binds his disciples by oath to cultivate and transmit his secret for one hundred years, *ib.*—principles revealed in 1605, *ib.*—its general foundation built upon the skilful adaptation of the general belief of both classic and Gothic antiquity, 224—inconsistency of the Rosicrucians in theory and practice, and its baneful effects, 225-226—prevalent in Germany, 226—found followers in other countries of Europe, *ib.*—founder of the sect in England, *ib.*—melodramatic introduction of it into France, *ib.*—account of its discovery, and ridicule heaped on the sect, 227.

S

Sahela Selassie, King of Shoa, policy of, 50-51—his military expedition against the tribes which surround his dominions, 56—attack on one of the Galla tribes, 57-58—personal achievement of his majesty, 58—beneficial effects which have resulted from the British embassy to Shoa, 58-59—his remarks to the British embassy on their fool-hardiness in hunting elephants, 60—his religious observances, 61.

Scotland, its population equal only to that of the five largest commercial towns in England, 79—diminution of the rate of increase since 1821, 81.

Selwyn, George Augustus, and his contemporaries, by John Heneage Jesse, 1—charm of the book, *ib.*—glimpse of a day spent with Selwyn, 1-2—care with which he preserved letters and memorandums, 3—birth, parentage, and early life of, 4-5—influential position he held in the London world, 5—expelled from Hertford College, 6—character of, at this time, 6-7—death of his elder brother John, 7—succeeds his father, and elected member for Gloucester, 8—opposed at the election of 1768, by a timber-merchant; Lord Carlisle's remarks on, 8—anecdote as to his desire to blackball Sheridan at Brookes's, *ib.*—gambling propensity of, 9—gallantry of, 10—alleged intrigue with the Marchesa Fagniani, and likeness of her daughter to him, *ib.*—his visits to Paris, and perfect purity of his French, *ib.*—English at that time regarded by the French as barbarians, 11—his habit of dozing, 11-12—not fond of the country, 12—errs in his justiceship, 13—his passion for the details of criminal justice, 13-14—this refuted by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 14—his admiration of Madame de Sévigné, 15—anecdotes of his wit and pleasantries, as well as of his contemporaries famed for the same faculty, 15-20—his death and will, 20—sincere regret expressed by Walpole and his other associates for, 20-21—his intimacy with the Duke of Queensberry, 21-29—(See *Queensberry*)—with Gilly Williams, 29—with Frederick, Earl of Carlisle, 29-33. (See *Carlisle*.)

Sharpe, Granville, his birth and apprenticeship, 262—his future employment, 263—his multifarious labours, learning, and unabated exertions in the cause of truth and justice, 264-265—his exertions for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, 265—cast of his mind, *ib.*—his old age, and anecdotes of his schemes, 266-268—his death, 268.

Shoa, kingdom of, in Abyssinia, history of, 50—power of the present king, 50-51—physical and agricultural character of, 51—freedom from wild animals in the cultivated districts, 52—climate of, *ib.*—geography of the Blue Hills of, imperfectly known, *ib.*—province of Efat, its position and natural productions, 53. See *Abyssinia*.

Simeon, Charles, remarkable countenance of, 297—description and defence of his character, 298—his 'Labours of Love,' 299—Character as a preacher, 299-300—Generosity and death of, 301.

Slave Trade in Abyssinia, 59—slaves reputed to be Christians belonging to the Æthiopic Church, *ib.*—their mode of capture or kidnapping, *ib.*—treated with indulgence, *ib.*

Slave Trade, the abolition of, first proposed in the House of Commons by Earl Grey, 274—its effects, 275.

Sliding-Scale tends to narrow the question, whether the present law is to be maintained, or a total repeal of the corn-laws, 491.

- Smith, William*, member for Norwich, character of, 268-269—an eager abolitionist, 269.
- Smythe*, Hon. E. S., his 'Historic Fancies,' 517. See *Young England*.
- Spara, La*, an Italian of the 17th century, notorious for her poisons and domestic murders, 218.
- Stamp Act* imposed on the North American provinces by the Grenville administration, 566-567—effect of this on the colonies, 573—repeal of, 577-578.
- Stephen, John*, character of, by Lord Brougham, 273-274.
- Sugar*, increased price of, has diminished the quantity imported, although the population have increased, 83-84—and an inadequate supply has diminished the consumption, 86—absurdity of the new scale of differential duties on free-grown and slave-grown, 494-497.

T

- Taxes*, effect of an increase of population on the amount to be paid by each person, 82-83—amount contributed by *indirect* taxation in the United Kingdom, in 1831 and 1843, 84—has not increased with the population, 85—*direct* taxation has increased, 85-86—average increase on those subject to *direct* taxation, 86.
- Taylor, Jeremy*, splendid endowments of, *note* 319—affirms that there is no more change in the elements at the Eucharist than in Baptism, 337, and 341-342.
- Teignmouth, Lord*, President of the 'Bible Society,' 283—his character, 283-4—birth and education, 284—success in life, 285—Governor-general of India, 285-286—inefficiency of his government, 286-288—his private life, 288—fitness as President to the 'Bible Society,' 289—constitutional indifference, 289-90.
- Telescope*, construction of, found out by Galileo, 167—degree of merit Galileo claimed in the invention, 168—astronomical discoveries which followed its invention, 168.
- Templars, Knight*, accused of sorcery, 241—their destruction by Philip the Fair, 241.
- Thornton family* at Clapham, sketch of, 251-253.
- Thornton, Henry*, the high character of his mind, 253—his sagacity and eager desire of the truth, 253, 254—fortune moderate, 254—charity great, *ib.*—upright transactions in business, 254-255—member of parliament for thirty years, 255—an infrequent speaker, *ib.*—his domestic liturgy, 255-256—command over his passions, 256—description of the meetings at Clapham, 257.
- Thunder-rods*—history of the protection of buildings from lightning by, 456-459—of vessels by the same means, 460-467.
- Thunder-storms*—history of the introduction into the British navy of lightning-rods to preserve the vessels from the effect of, 460-467

- nature of, 467-471—best method of protecting buildings and vessels from the effect of lightning in, 471-473.
- Tofagna, La*, an Italian of the 17th century, notorious for her poisons and domestic murders, 218.
- Tortoises*, general history of the land, 415-418—of the sand or marsh, 418-421—of the river, 421-422.
- Tory*, results of their rule, 474—strength of the party in the House of Commons on their accession to office, 474-475—Lord Lyndhurst's comparison of the Whigs when they were in power, 475-477—topics adverted to in the royal speech, 477—effect of their rule on the business of the House, and on the character of Parliament, 477-482—failure of his government allowed by Sir Robert Peel, 482—has lowered the dignity of Parliament, 483-485—fate of the Ecclesiastical Courts' Bill; importance of the question, 485-487—jobbing connected with the bill for effecting reform in the Court of Chancery, 488—financial measures; reduction of the interest of the public debt, 489—cause of the increasing resources of the Exchequer, 489-490—adherence to the sliding-scale of corn-duties; average price of wheat, 490-492—Canada corn-bill illustrates their insincerity to the farmers, 492—removal of the Bank Charter; author of, Mr Jones Lloyd, 492-493—new scale of sugar duties, 493-494—absurdity of their differential duty between foreign free-grown and slave-grown sugars, 494-497—Lord Stanley's colonial administration, 497-498—conduct of Lord Ellenborough, 498—their vehement outcry against the French foreign policy of the Whigs contrasted with the results of their policy, 499-501—state of the navy under both governments, 501-503—relations with European powers, 503—with the United States, *ib.*—condition of Ireland, 503-506—the Irish State Trials, 506-511—highly commendable measures brought forward, 511-513—questions on which they have been defeated, 514—defeat of, in the House of Lords, on the union of the Bangor and St Asaph bishoprics, 514-516—conduct they ought to pursue, 516-517.
- Tory and Whig*, essential characteristics of, 526-527.
- Towns*, manufacturing, rate of increase of population in, 91—this caused by the enormous immigration into them from other parts of the country, 91-94—matter-of-fact reasons which regulate the fecundity and mortality of large towns, 96-102.
- Tradition*, authors who have treated on the uncertainty of, *note* 319-320.
- Tracts for the Times*, 309. See *Puseyism*.
- Truth*, startling effect which the first germ of a new truth has on the mind of the discoverer, 151-2—eventual ascendancy of, in whatever difficulties it may be placed, 375.
- Turtles*, ten tribes of, described, 410-414.
- Tycho Brahé*, influence which his labours had on the progress of astronomy, 180—memoir of, by Gassendi, *ib.*—birth and education of,

ib.—duel in which he lost his nose, 180, 181—constructs an enormous quadrant and sextant, *ib.*—pursues with ardour alchymy and astronomy, *ib.*—his work on the star of 1572, *ib.*—marriage of, to a peasant girl, *ib.*—his second journey through Germany, 182—Observatory built for him on the island of Huen by the king of Denmark, *ib.*—fame of, in Europe, *ib.*—leaves Huen for Prague, 182-183—death of, 184—state of science at the time he commenced his labours, *ib.*—his observations in the hands of Kepler led to the true nature of the planetary orbits, *ib.*—discoveries of, in astronomy, *ib.*—his catalogue of fixed stars, *ib.*—description of the observatory at Huen, 185-186—speedy demolition of the observatory, *ib.*—probable reasons why he quarrelled with the Danish court, 186-187—his character stained with the grossest weaknesses and defects, 188-189.

V

Vessels—best method of protecting them from the effect of lightning in thunderstorms, 471-473.

W

Walpole, Sir Robert, anecdotes of George Selwyn's taste for executions, 13-14—his letter to Miss Berry on the death of Selwyn, 20.

Walpole, Horace, (Earl of Orford,) letters of, to Sir Horace Mann, 526.

Ward, Rev. W. G., on the ideal of a Christian Church, 310—author of the Catholic articles in the *British Critic*, 312—anomalous principles he holds as to the 12th and 19th articles of the English Church, 312-313—terms in which he contends for liberty of private judgment, 313—and views on obedience and faith, 313-314.

Welsh Bishoprics—defeat of Sir Robert Peel's government on, in the House of Lords; value of the measure, 514-516.

Wheat, average prices of, in 1844, 491.

Wheat land would be improved by the creation of dairy farms, 89—is diminished by the great increase of houses, 89—of railways, *ib.*

Whig administration contrasted with that of the Tories, 474-516.

Whig and Tory, essential characteristics of, 526-527.

Wilkes, John, illegal measures brought against him by the Grenville administration, 560-561—persecution of, for his Essay on Woman, 562-563.

Williams, Gilly, anecdotes of, 12—on a supper at Newgate, the night before an execution, 13—on Mr Legge the night before his death, 14—on a military execution at Hyde Park, 14.

Wiseman, Dr—on interpretation of the Bible and of the Fathers, 318-319—denies, according to the Puseyite views, that the Catholic church is one and visible, 323.

Witchcraft, trial by—general belief in superior intelligences, and their connexion with mankind, 232—contrast between ancient and modern, 232-3—superstitions of former days not deficient in terrific interest or poetical beauty, 233—degrading notions respecting the spiritual world, 234—character of a witch, *ib.*—our ancestors insensible to the influence of imagination, 234-5—demonology of the Middle Ages not associated with feelings of poetical sublimity, 235—dulness of a trial for witchcraft, 236—annals of sorcery abound in horrors, *ib.*—trials for witchcraft not regulated by common sense or common law, 237—account of the trials by ordeal to discover witchcraft, 238—rule of the continental jurists, *ib.*—confirmed and extended by James I., *ib.*—imputation of sorcery raised a presumption of guilt, 239—punished from the earliest times among the nations of Western Europe, 240—no accusation in ancient times without a motive, *ib.*—exemplified in modern times, 240-241—a pretext for revenge or oppression, 241—religious zeal a motive to persecution, 242—encouraged by the church, *ib.*—frightful increase throughout Europe, 243—readiness of belief among the authorities, *ib.*—confined to France and Germany in the 16th century, *ib.*—number of executions, *ib.*—late of making its appearance in Great Britain, 244—recognised by the legislature, *ib.*—increases during Queen Elizabeth's reign, *ib.*—witches of Harbois, *ib.*—James I.'s horror of sorcery, *ib.*—a new act passed for detection and punishment, 245—number of deaths in England, *ib.*—in Scotland, *ib.*—decline of, in the 17th century, *ib.*—its final suppression in France, 1680, 247—consequent suppression throughout Europe, *ib.*—last instance of death for sorcery, 248.

Y

Young England—a political party designated by that name, 517-519—their estimate of the Tory leaders, 519-521—vices of their style, 521-522—political opinions of, 522, 523—their conclusions drawn from English history extravagant, 523-524—state of society in their view, 524-525.

